THE NEW
Liberty
APRIL 10, 1943
10¢

Book:
PHANTOM LADY
Best Selling
Mystery Thriller

LIBERTY

WE BOARD A U-BOAT
By a Canadian
Petty Officer

LIBERTY

TEN YEARS OF ROOSEVELT —AND HITLER
By Ernest K. Lindley

LIBERTY

FOOD MAGIC IN THE ARMY
By Lowell Brentano

LIBERTY

SHORT STORIES

This week . . . and every week
THE BIGGEST VALUE IN ANY 10c MAGAZINE
a best selling **BOOK** condensed for easy reading

MOVIES
AVIATION
CARTOONS

MITCHELL BOMBERS FIND GOOD HUNTING N NEW GUINEA

Giving Japs no rest...they pound ships, ports, munitions dumps, planes, airfields

B-25 Mitchell bombers attacked a Japanese convoy attempting to land troops on the north coast of New Guinea. Several destructive hits were scored on transports and escorting warships, five Zeros were shot down and the whole convoy fled . . .

"B-25's made the heaviest attack in weeks on Salamaua. The port was badly battered and ravaged by fires and explosions. A munitions dump was blown up . . .

"In two runs over the Jap airdrome at Lae, B-25 Mitchells destroyed five bombers and six fighters on the ground . . .

"B-25's located a Jap destroyer and two smaller vessels attempting to bring supplies to New Guinea and sank all three . . ."

You could fill a book with the list of Jap losses in New Guinea. Into this bottomless pit the enemy has poured men, ships, supplies and planes in a desperate effort to conquer the island. Instead they suffered their first major land defeat of the war in the South Pacific.

On this front, as on many others, "North American Sets the Pace." Powerful North American B-25 Mitchell bombers, more hated by the Japs than any other United Nations planes, have been active in the New Guinea theater for more than a year. At Gona, Buna, Lae, Salamaua and every other point where there were Japs to be killed, the B-25's found good hunting.

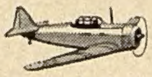
Today, with New Guinea safely in Allied hands and the threat to Australia smashed, B-25 Mitchells are out to blast the enemy from his other bases in the South Pacific. Back home in North American's plants the hunting goes on too. We're looking for, and finding, many improvements that keep us ahead of the Axis.

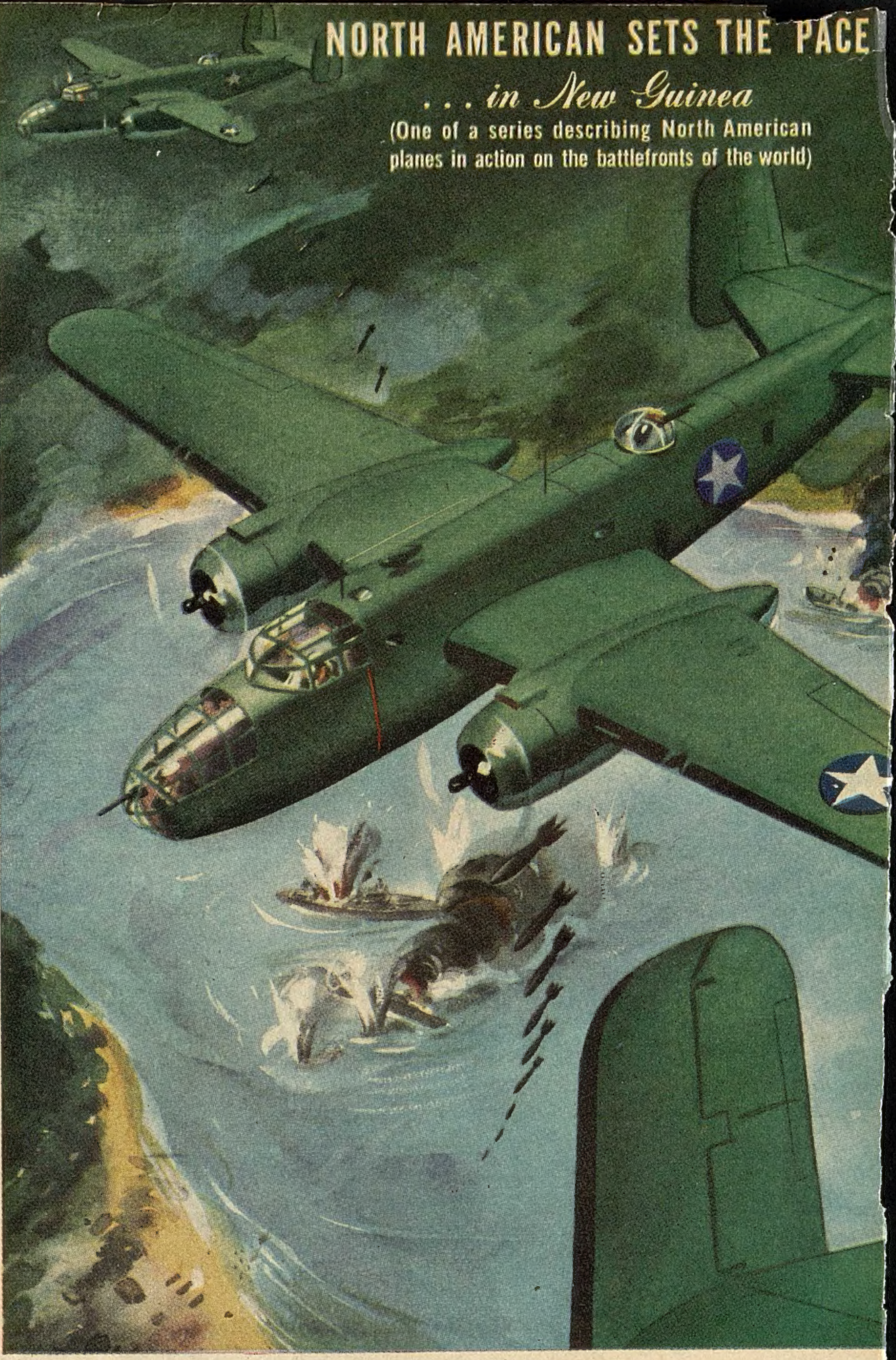
The Office of War Information says of the B-25: "No other airplane of its type in friendly or enemy air forces is known to equal it." The Japs in New Guinea found that was true. We mean to keep it that way.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
Inglewood, California
Kansas City Dallas
Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

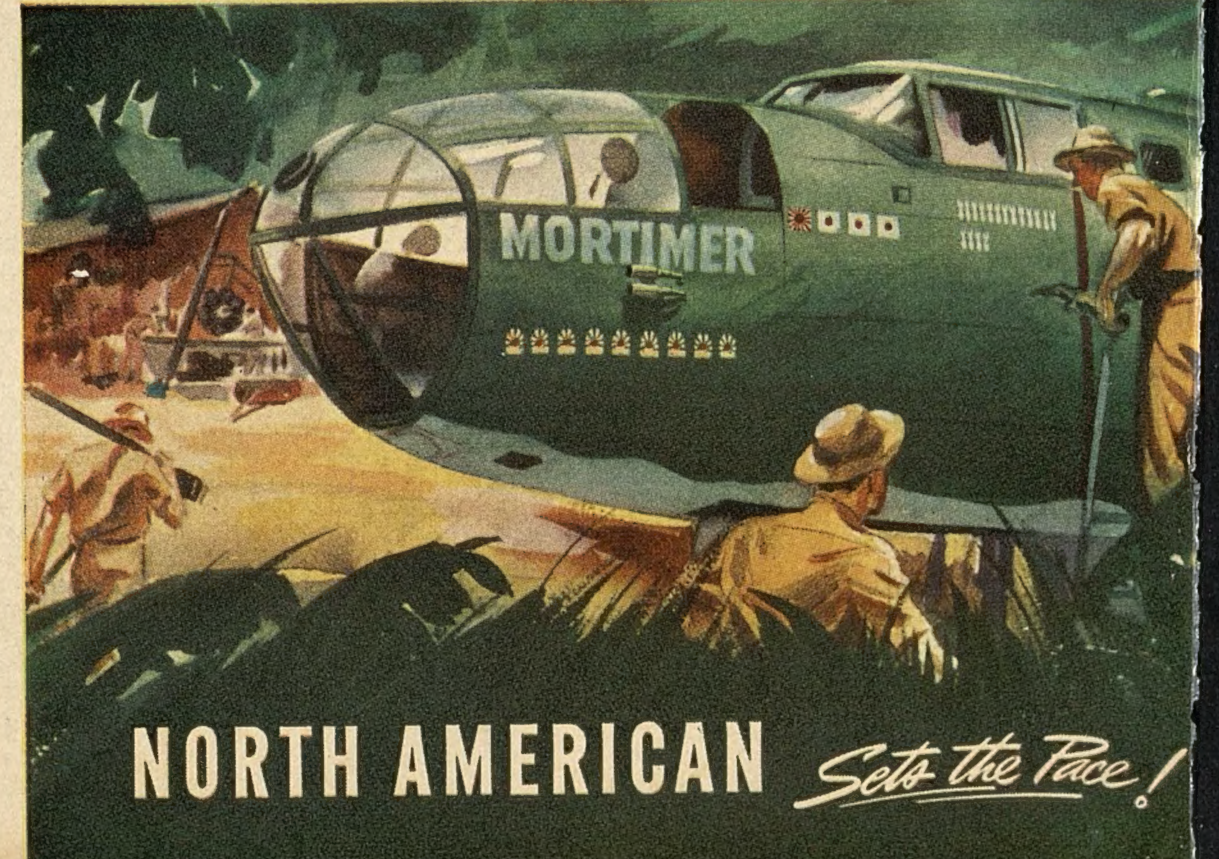
B-25 MITCHELL

P-51 MUSTANG


AT-6 TEXAN


NORTH AMERICAN SETS THE PACE
. . . in New Guinea
(One of a series describing North American planes in action on the battlefronts of the world)

Deadly B-25 Bombers attack a Jap beachhead. Like American planes everywhere, they are painted a camouflag color to match the natural setting in which they are based—in this case, the vivid green of the New Guinea jungl


MORTIMER
NORTH AMERICAN Sets the Pace!

The Japs hate Mortimer and with reason. This North American B-25 Mitchell bomber has its individual record painted on the fuselage: four flags, one for each Jap sunk, nine rising sun emblems, one for each Zero shot down, and 17 bombs, one for each raid in which the plane took part. Mortimer has room for more flags and emblems. He symbolizes that unconquerable superiority which infuriates the Japs.

"WARTIME PROVES A LOT ABOUT TIRES"

GOOD YEAR
TIRES

As a Goodyear dealer, I've been telling my customers for years how much extra value they get in Goodyear tires. Now *they're* telling *me!*

You see, everybody's keeping closer watch on tires these days, and folks who got Goodyears before the war are now finding out what real mileage-bargains they bought!

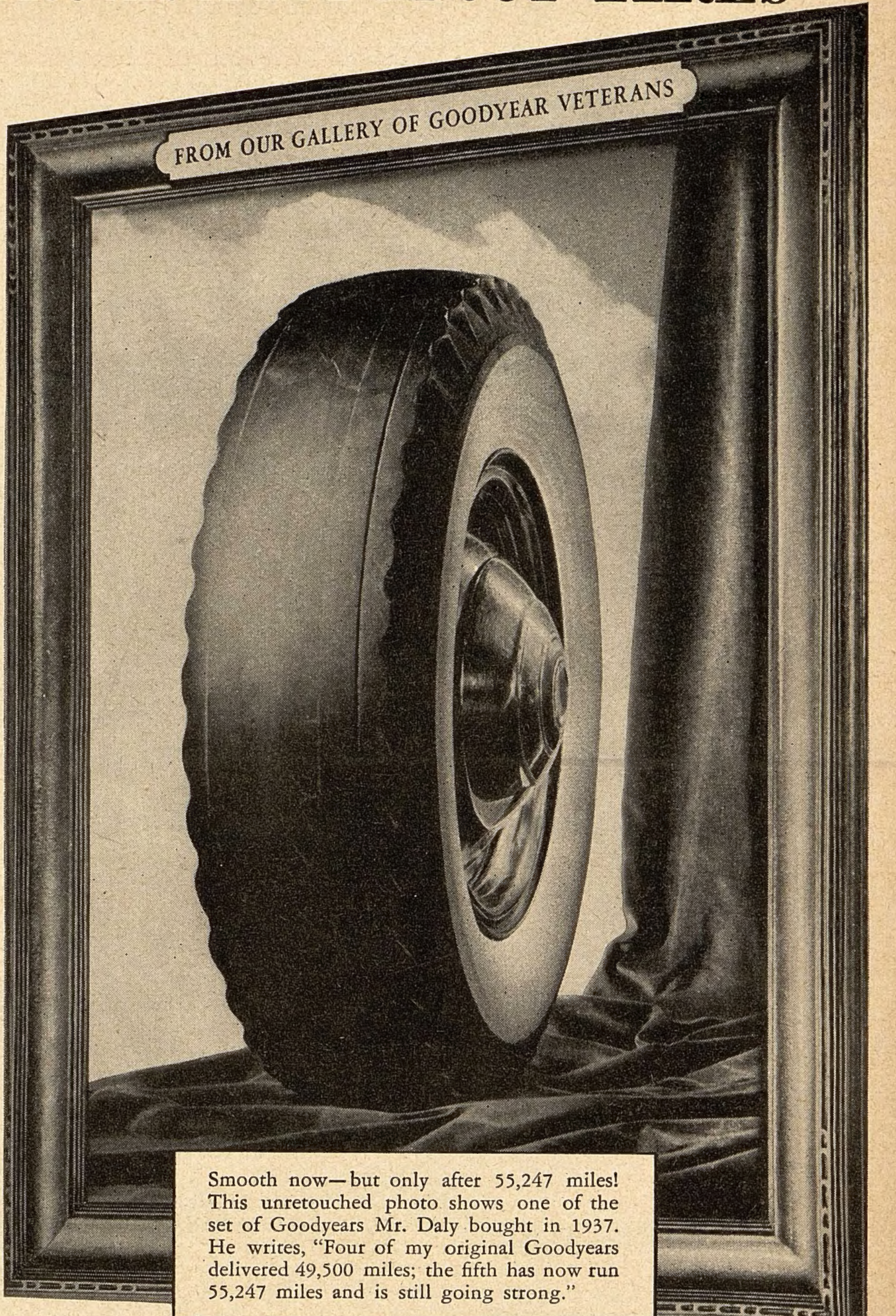
Take the case of Mr. Francis A. Daly, 8 Zamora Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass. The photo at the right shows one of a set of Goodyears Mr. Daly bought in 1937. This tire has now traveled more than 55,247 miles – and it's still good for plenty more after a Goodyear extra-mileage recapping job!

This case is by no means an exception. The home office has many letters from enthusiastic Goodyear users who testify to getting 50,000, 60,000 and more miles from Goodyears.

What About Tomorrow's Tires?

This ability to build longer-wearing tires is now being fully utilized in the casings Goodyear is producing for our armed forces, from synthetic rubber. And when similar tires, made of Chemigum – Goodyear's synthetic rubber – are available to the public, motorists will find they measure up fully to the Goodyear standard of quality.

If you're now riding on Goodyears –you're lucky! Take good care of them. Follow the wartime driving rules. Keep a check on your mileage – and you'll see why so many car owners are saying, *"As soon as I can buy new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*



Smooth now—but only after 55,247 miles! This unretouched photo shows one of the set of Goodyears Mr. Daly bought in 1937. He writes, "Four of my original Goodyears delivered 49,500 miles; the fifth has now run 55,247 miles and is still going strong."

Chemigum—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GARDEN
V
FOR VICTORY

America is short on food—plant a VICTORY GARDEN

• WHEN TREADS WEAR OFF, SEE YOUR DEALER ABOUT GOODYEAR EXTRA-MILEAGE RECAPPING

WHENEVER YOU DRINK...DRINK DUBONNET
one of these exciting ways:

Dubonnet **STRAIGHT:**
serve well chilled, no ice

Dubonnet **HIGHBALL:**
jigger of Dubonnet, juice of
half a lemon, add ice cubes
fill with soda and stir

MERRY WIDOW:
one-half Dubonnet,
one-half dry ★Vermouth
by Dubonnet,
stir with ice, strain,
add twist of lemon peel

WRITE FOR FREE
Dubonnet Smart Drink Guide
Dubonnet Corporation
350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Dubonnet
wine
An Aperitif

that man

is here again to say...

make your drink

DUBONNET

straight or mixed...

★ Made with a know-how that's world-famous, product of the U. S. A., prepared and bottled by Dubonnet Corp., Lodi, Calif.

Tune in! "Alec Templeton Time" 10:30–10:35 p.m. (E.W.T.) Blue Network Mon., Wed., Fri.

Aperitif wine, product of U. S. A., Dubonnet Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa.

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER
Associates
Edward Maher
Edward Hutchings, Jr.
Sid L. Hydeman
Kathryn Bourne
Lee Pasquin
E. A. Piller

Staff: David Brown • Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Harriet Gould • John Keavey • Frances Kornblum • Otto Kurth • Margaret Mochrie • Barbara Palmer • Bill Reiche • Daniel E. Wheeler
Elizabeth K. Wylie

★ **THE WORLD AT WAR**

We Board a U-Boat, *Stoker Petty Officer Arthur Powell, R. C. N. as told to Allen May* 14
Ten Years of Roosevelt—and Hitler, *Ernest K. Lindley* 24
Food Magic in the Army, *Lowell Brentano* 26
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 47

★ **STORIES**

The Ghost's Return, *Stanley F. Donath* 13
Mail Call—Liberty's Short Short, *Robert J. Levin* 16
Such Sweet Sorrow, *Cecile Gilmore* 18
Lady with Wings—Part VI, *Oscar Schisgall* 22
Daffy and the Seeing Eye, *Reita Lambert* 48

★ **FUN**

Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*) 63

★ **MOVIES**

Liberty Goes to the Movies, *Harriet Gould* 50

★ **PEOPLE**

Helen of Nyack, *Therese Lewis* 20

★ **SPORTS**

Our Cousins Call It "Beisbol," *Allan Chase* 28

★ **BOOK**

Phantom Lady—*The mystery novel by William Irish abridged to a reading time of one evening* 31

★ **FEATURES**

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 10
Crossword Puzzle 30
Next Week 49
Tricks of Trades 54
Guess Who Said It? *Eric Devine* 58
Direct Hits 59
The Gyp of the Week, *Frank W. Brock* 66
Just Between Ourselves, *The Editors* 73

★ **EDITORIAL**

Pity the Poor White-Collar Man, *Paul Hunter* 74

COVER: PHIL BERRY

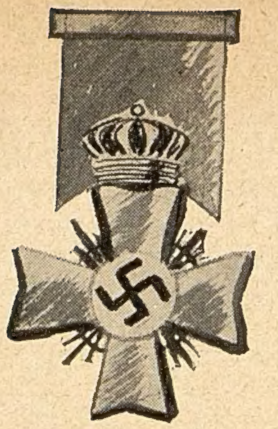
PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

PAUL HUNTER, PRESIDENT; EDWARD MAHER, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE BOYD, JR., SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, April 10, 1943. Vol. 20, No. 15. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1943, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.



This is your personal enemy

He is a Nazi civilian:

He knows that in order to survive he must produce more for the war than you do.

If you produce nothing, his job is easy. You lose your share of the war. *He wins his.*

If enough individual Germans and Japs win *their* share of the war, the Axis wins the total war. And you die or become a slave.

Right now they must turn out war materials without stint or limit.

Do you?...

Right now they are forbidden to consume anything that's needed for war.

How about you?...

They don't dare gripe, spread rumors, or chisel against rationing that is far more stringent than yours.

Do you?...

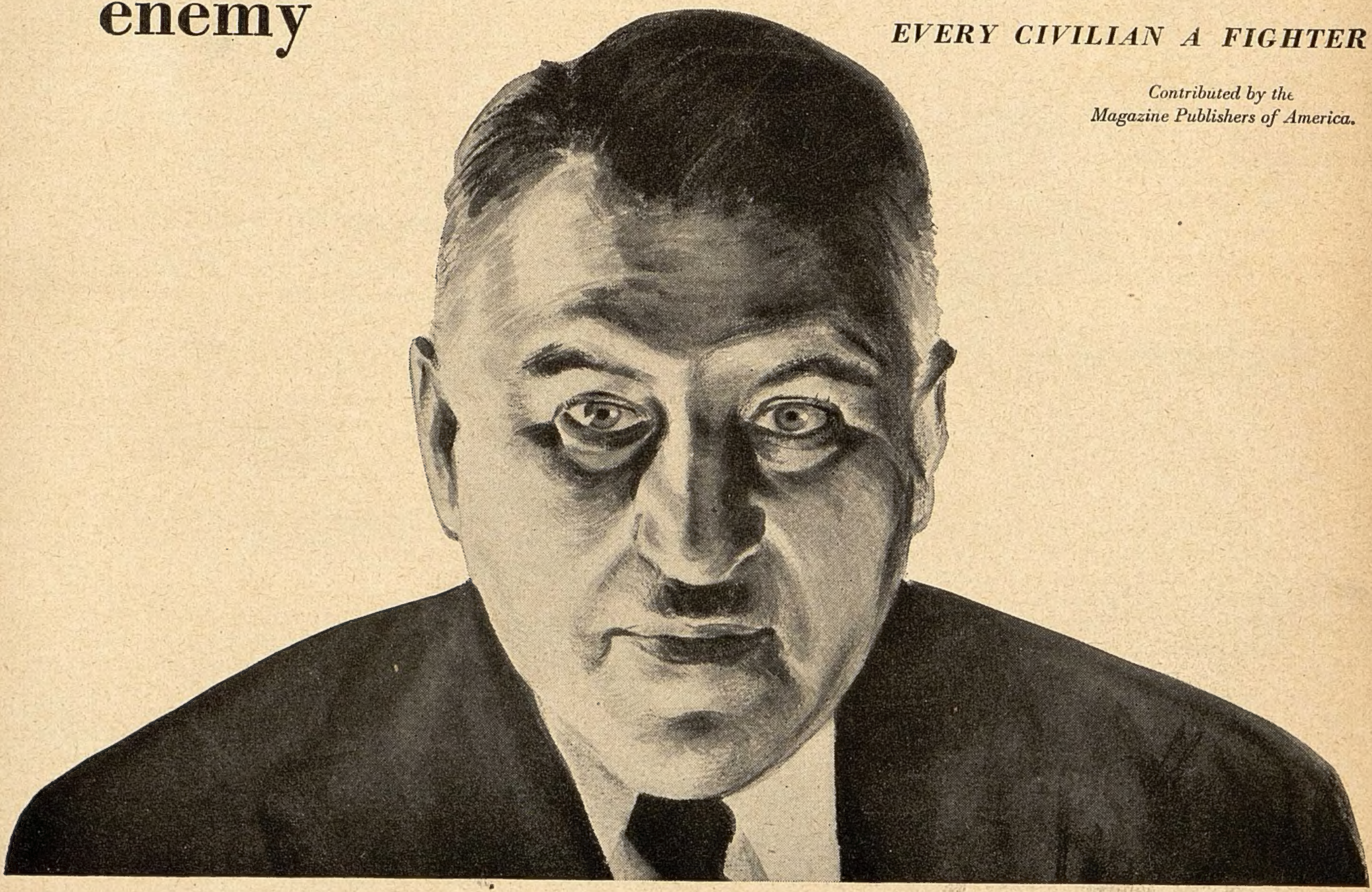
Ask yourself now... are your personal Axis enemies doing more for their countries than you are doing for yours? If they *are*, there is still time for you to catch up. *But not much!*

* * *

Be a civilian fighter! Here's how: Look up your local branch of the Citizens Service Corps, a part of the Defense Council. If none exists, start organizing now. Write this magazine for a free booklet that will tell you how. Act today—time is short!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the
Magazine Publishers of America.



★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

SMALL-ARMS PRIMER

Chicago, Ill.—On page 16 of February 13 Liberty, in Oscar Schisgall's Gift for a Lady, a revolver was described as a flat black weapon. The illustration on page 17 definitely pictures an automatic pistol.

I wonder if the author ever saw either a revolver or an automatic pistol. I would suggest that both you and he consult your dictionary. Tell him that a revolver and an automatic are two different weapons and that about all they have in common is that they are hand fired.

A revolver has a cylinder that revolves (hence the name) and it is not flat. An automatic works on a different principle and there is no part of its mechanism that revolves. The bullets are forced from the magazine, which is inside the handle, to the firing chamber, and ejected after firing by a recoil caused by an explosion.

No, as clever as the fingerprint angle may have seemed to your author, to the experienced it is a laugh. Fingerprints are not left on a pistol. Take hold of one, and you will find that your fingers are wrapped around the handle (which is rough and will not take prints), and your thumb is placed on your fingers.

During a period of over thirty years, while on the police force, I have sent hundreds of pistols for recorded prints, but in no single instance were prints ever found.—*Lieutenant Ralph A. Weaver.*

THAT'S THAT

Fort Benning, Ga.—On behalf of all the staff sergeants who serve in a Battalion Headquarters, I protest against the story Sergeants Never Make Mistakes (February 27 Liberty). Sergeant Craig, the hero, made several goofy mistakes.

Will some one please tell Miss Clark that:

1. The Special Service Office is a part of Regimental Headquarters, therefore a mere Battalion Headquarters would never dare reprimand it, much less issue a reprimand over a lowly staff sergeant's signature.
2. On official communications the name of the signer is always typed, in addition to being signed; so the heroine would have known in advance whom she was going to bawl out.
3. In this man's army the chances are few and far between for a noncom (grade 3) to make the huge jump to captain.
4. In these days of gasoline shortage, detail cars are used only for *essential* purposes, and not for flighty civilian workers.

Further, will some one please tell the illustrator that the insignia of a staff sergeant is 3 up and 1 down? The insignia shown in the picture is that of a first sergeant, and is an obsolete chevron, at that.—*S/Sgt. Martin W. Frankfort.*

Camp Butner, N. C.—Who ever heard of a civilian employee scolding a sergeant major at Headquarters?—*T/Sgt. V. E. Russell.*

WANTS MORE SPORTS

Via V-mail—You have improved Liberty 100 per cent, but what ever happened to those swell sports stories? I haven't seen a single thing on sports since the new Liberty came out.—*A Sports-Minded Yank.*

It's not quite that bad, Yank. You must have missed a couple of issues. But more sports features are in the offing, starting next week with the story of that never-to-be-forgotten boxing figure, Corporal Barney Ross.

1884 AIR MAIL

San Diego, Calif.—The first Air Mail in America—or anywhere, so far as is known—was flown daily from Catalina Island to Los Angeles for three summers, starting in 1884.

Pigeons, not planes, were used.

A fifty-bird loft was maintained in downtown Los Angeles. Mail was collected from a special postbox in the heart of Avalon, the island's resort. It departed daily at 2 P. M., arrived in Los Angeles about fifty minutes later—unless it was poor flying weather—and was dispatched by a messenger on a bicycle from there to its destination. Air mail was the only island-to-mainland means of communication and thousands of messages were sent. The Los Angeles Times correspondent sent his daily column to the mainland via the bird. Postage was fifty cents.—*Curtis Zahn.*

HIGGINS' DREAM

Webster, Mass.—I have read the article Andrew Higgins' Dream (February 13 Liberty) and beg to differ in many respects with both the authors and Mr. Higgins.

South America has always held my interest. The only feasible transport route in this area of monetary and scientific significance is an organized air line. Such an airway, supplied with modern equipment, could transport both passengers and cargo from remote sections into the more civilized areas, and vice versa.

In the air age to come, we will witness a wholehearted acceptance of aircraft as the fastest and *safest* means of transportation.

The countries of South America are all rich in natural resources, but, due to lack of scheduled transport systems, only a minute portion of their riches can be procured. With airplanes—not boats—these hermit regions can reach an unprecedented export peak.—*Thomas J. Juke.*

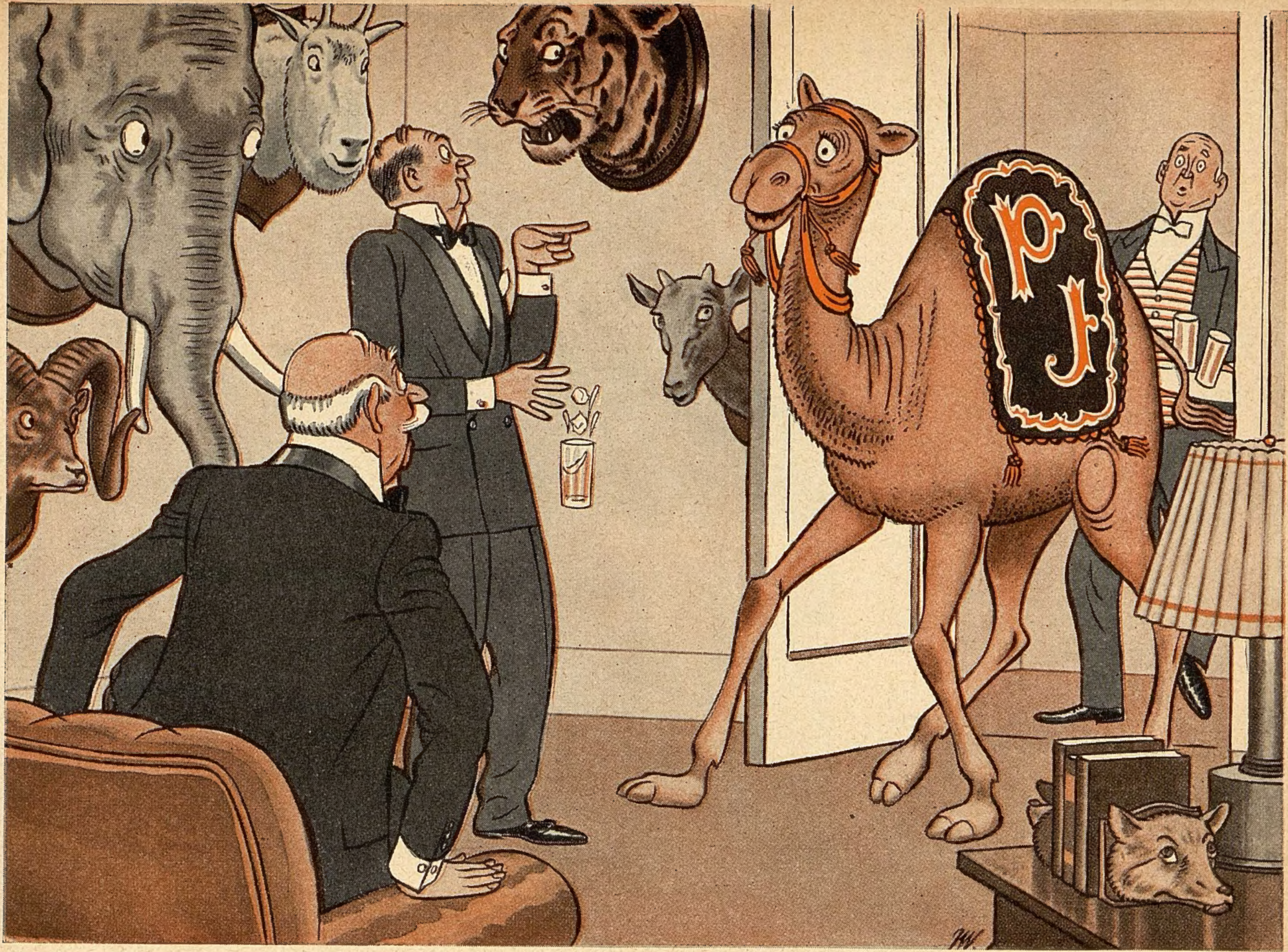
WOMAN-POWER DRAFT

Kearns, Utah—If women want to join the WAAC or one of the other branches of the service or go to work, that is all right, but don't draft them (February 13 Liberty). We boys in the service like to be with our wives as much as possible before we go across, and how are we even going to see them if they are drafted and forced to go somewhere else in the country?

G'BYE DEAR. SEE YOU AFTER THE WAR
SAILING ORDERS

We are fighting to save democracy and to keep Hitlerism and dictatorship out of the United States, so we sure don't want to see Congress forcing it on us at a time like this.—*Pvt. Henry C. H.*

Well, Vox Poppers, is the little woman's place in the home—or at the workbench? Should it be voluntary or conscripted labor?



"Egad, Colonel, the one that got away!"

COLONEL: Zounds. Camel! How dare you come charging in here like this?

CAMEL: But, *Sahib!* Are you not that celebrated sportsman, that King of Connoisseurs, that World-Famous Host . . . J. SANFORD NORRIS, *ESQUIRE?*

COLONEL: Ah-hhhh! Hmmmm! Well, now! I mean, by Jove, m'friend, I—

CAMEL: Exactly, Effendi! And I am the Paul Jones Camel. The living symbol of the *dryness* in dry Paul Jones whiskey! The—

COLONEL: Fap! Faugh, you ignorant beast! Don't you know that this dryness you're talking about is a quality of champagne?

CAMEL: Pardon, Terror of the Jungle. But had you ever tasted the superb Paul Jones you would know that it, too, has this quality of *dryness*, or lack of sweetness. For Sahib, it is the *dryness* of Paul Jones which permits you to enjoy *all* of its flavor and mellowness!

COLONEL: Hold, Camel! Stop it, Beast! My palate fairly twitches for a taste of this expensive whiskey. But . . . well . . . my dividends falling off, I—

CAMEL: Ah, Mighty Hunter, but the superlative *dry* Paul Jones is *most* moderately priced!

COLONEL: Eh? Oh, well now! Sit down, my friend! Sit down, Camel, while I order up a round of this fine *dry* Paul Jones! And say! Did I ever tell you how I was once trapped by twelve man-eating tigers? Well, Sir . . .

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

DRY
Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

PATRIOTS
WITHOUT
UNIFORM

NORTH PLATTE—A LITTLE TOWN WITH A BIG HEART

BY HELEN HOVER WELLER

ON the night of December 17, 1941, excitement ran high at the depot of the North Platte, Nebraska, station, a division point of the Union Pacific. That was the night when a special troop train carrying a lot of the town's own soldier boys was due to come through. The boys were only passing through from their Eastern camp to the West. But all day long the people of the town had been preparing for the event, and boxes were bulging with candy, cakes, and cigarettes to give the boys during their brief stop.

In the happy group that jammed the small depot no one was more thrilled than pretty twenty-six-year-old Rae Wilson, a drugstore salesgirl whose brother commanded one of the companies on the train. When the troop train finally grunted into the station, the crowd yelled and waited impatiently for their boys to disembark. Out came the company commander—but he was a stranger, not Rae Wilson's brother. The Nebraska troops had been rerouted through the Southern States and this was the Kansas outfit. The townsfolk had been waiting in the cold for hours, holding fast to their precious presents. Some of the women began to cry.

Then some one in the crowd yelled, "Well, what are we waitin' for? Welcome to our city, sons, and here's a little something for you." Suddenly every one began passing out their gifts to the boys. When the train pulled out a half hour later, the boys, crammed with food, cigarettes, and the impulsive hospitality, were cheering.

As Rae Wilson walked home, an idea began to take shape: Why not meet all the trains going through North Platte and give other boys the same sort of send-off?

The next morning she took time off from her job and got busy. She called practically every one in town, asking the merchants for candy, magazines, tobacco, and anything else they could give; lining up the housewives to contribute cakes and cookies; and getting the younger women to promise to be on hand at the station to dish up coffee and conversation for the boys.

The canteen board is ready with sandwiches when troops pass through North Platte.

Eight days later—on Christmas—when another troop train pulled in at North Platte, the boys, glumly anticipating an uneventful holiday, were greeted by a crowd of smiling young women and a regular canteen set up in a workshop near the depot.

Since troop trains stop there at all hours of the day and night, Rae organized the young women into shifts to serve from 7 A. M. to 11 P. M. But should any one hear the rumble of a train after that hour, the canteen "regulars" are aroused and rush, sleepy-eyed but eager, to dispense coffee, gifts, and a home-town welcome. When men on special troop trains are not allowed to dismount because of the short stay, the women barge into the cars carrying baskets of food and cigarettes.

It was soon apparent that the little workshop could not serve the needs of the canteen, so Rae collared William Jeffers, president of the Union Pacific—and now rubber czar—on his next trip through town. A few days later he closed the sunny depot lunchroom to the public and turned it over to the canteen. Now serving a thousand men a day is nothing for North Platte, and once they took care of 7,500 men in a single day. Not bad for a town of 13,000!

Last summer Rae Wilson moved to California for her health and Mrs. A. M. Christ, wife of a freight conductor, took over. But the whole town pitches in and no one person wants to be singled out for praise. Last November, Father Patrick McDaid gave twelve turkeys and sixty pies to the canteen. Just as he was sitting down to his own Thanksgiving dinner he received a call from the canteen that the turkeys had been finished off. Much to the dismay of his housekeeper, he had his turkey placed back in the pan and hurriedly carried it over to the canteen. The seven-year-old son of a yard man saved his pennies and proudly contributed ten chocolate bars. There isn't a housewife whose kitchen isn't steaming every day with a fresh batch of goodies for the boys. Instead of exchanging gifts last Christmas, the high-school classes brought their presents to the canteen to be distributed on Christmas Day.

It's just a small town with a dusty railroad depot. No highfalutin ideas. No millionaires. Just plain folks. But it is now hailed by service men throughout the country as the bright spot that reminds them of home as they pass through on their way to other destinations of war. And its "morale center" was born of disappointment, a town's simple generosity—and a smart girl who welded it into shape.

THE END

Just the KISS of the hops

...None of the bitterness in

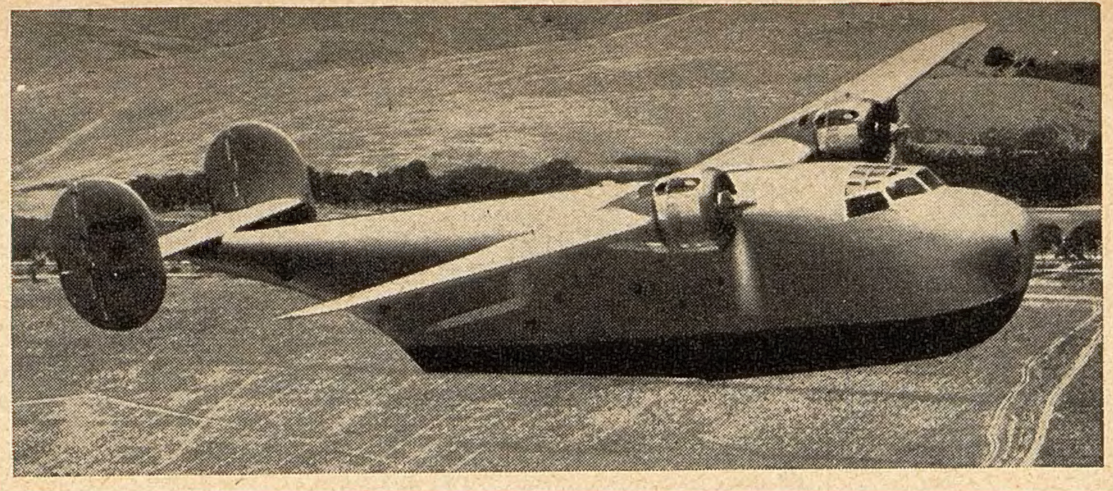
SCHLITZ
Schlitz
SCHLITZ
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

SCHLITZ

Copr. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Claimed to be the fastest flying boat built in America, the Consolidated Aircraft Corp.'s Model 31, prototype of the P-4Y1, is to go into production soon at the company's new plant in New Orleans. Powered with two 2,000-horsepower motors, it is 74 feet long, 25 feet high, and weighs about 25 tons. Wing span is 110 feet. Other details are secret.



ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Planes Get the Bird

The air is more crowded with traffic than you think—and not with more airplanes, either. It seems that birds had exclusive rights to the air long before man came along, and some of these birds have been reluctant to share the road. Collisions with birds weighing as much as fifteen pounds at a height of 8,000 feet, especially at night, presented a tough problem.

But the engineers buckled down, and have come up with a solution. A development program carried out by the Civil Aeronautics Administration with a group of commercial companies, including E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Libbey-Owens Ford Glass Company, and Monsanto Chemical Company, has resulted in a windshield assembly which protects the pilots. What happens to the birds is another matter.

The windshield, a combination of glass and plastic with reinforced panels, not only stops a fifteen-pound carcass at 200 miles an hour, but eliminates the hazard of flying glass. In addition, the windshield prevents the accumulation of ice—another forward step in safety. To test the windshields, freshly killed bird carcasses were placed in flour sacks, stuffed into a super air gun with an eight-inch bore and a twenty-foot barrel, developed by the Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., and shot at speeds simulating flight conditions in excess of 400 miles per hour.

Freedom of the Air

The hottest aviation problem in Washington is postwar international air transportation. There has been much talk of "freedom of the air," but such a slogan means all things to all people.

Many countries want to establish air routes around the world, but few of these countries want air lines of other nations flying over their own territory. The biggest unknown quantity is Russia, which isn't as isolated as is generally believed. Before the war it operated its own air lines into the Balkans, and permitted the Swedish air line to fly into Moscow.

The British want real freedom of the air—that is, permission to operate anywhere in the world—but this position is natural in view of Britain's small land area and its reliance upon world trade.

The United States has plenty of advocates for freedom of transport, too, but not many want to see the Japanese flying into this country, and a general "open door" or "open skies" policy is considered unlikely. Many airmen want the United States to become the big merchant of the skies around the world. Another tough problem is whether we should have one international United States air line (and whether it should be privately or government owned) or whether we should let all air lines seek international fields for conquest.

Helicopter Ready

There are three stages in the life of every new type of airplane—the design conception, the experimental model, and the final refined product. Years are usually required to complete all three stages.

The helicopter, that strange-looking air buggy whose rotor blades whirl overhead and which rises and descends almost vertically, has now passed the experimental milestone. At least, its U. S. designer, Igor Sikorsky, has announced that all major problems of his helicopter have been solved. Such a statement from the conservative Sikorsky means more than mere words.

Some airmen see the helicopter as the American family plane after the war, at least in the crowded and suburban East. Many have been the magazine drawings depicting a typical commuter landing on top of his office building every morning. But those dreams can't come true until the "bugs" in the new vehicle have been licked. Sikorsky says they have—that is, all except the usual refinements made in any new machine.

The longest trip the helicopter has made is from Stratford, Connecticut, to the army's Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio—760 miles. (The army has accepted delivery on the first model, the VS-300.) It's an amazing plane.

Fortress vs. Lancaster

British and American air authorities are still waging a verbal war over which four-engined bomber is "tops" in the European theater. The British have never warmed up to the Boeing Flying Fortress and keep insisting that the British Lancaster is superior. Only recently a British aviation magazine again stated unequivocally, "The Lancaster is faster, carries several times the bomb load, and has a longer range than the Fortress."

American authorities insist the British claim is not supported by facts, and have loads of statistics (so far, considered secret) to support their claim that the Fortress is tops. Some months ago the War Department permitted American Aviation to make the flat statement that the latest Fortress, B-17F, has the greatest bomb-carrying capacity of any bomber in the world, bar none. By inference was included the statement that it is also faster and has greater range per given bomb load. Added to this is the known fact that the Fortress carries more armament and armor because it's a daylight bomber too, and thus needs more protection.

Odds and Ends

In one large jungle area of South America there are two points reached on the surface by canoe and raft in four to six months' tedious traveling, but the airplane connects the two points in one and a half hours.

do you see WHAT I SEE?

G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC
G-E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER
MAZDA

You'd be surprised how dust and dirt hold back light from your reading lamp. Wash the bulb and reflector and you'll get 25 to 30% more light. It's an easy way to conserve light and help your eyes.

Remember: Letting dust collect on your lamps is like throwing away the last 35 years of General Electric research . . . which has been making G-E MAZDA lamps better and brighter every year.

Other practical wartime lighting suggestions . . .

1. **Use** white-lined shades on your lamps for more light. If parchment shades are too bad, repaint or reline 'em.
2. **Arrange** lamps and furniture so each lamp can, if necessary, serve two or more people.
3. **Sit close** enough to the lamp . . . a few inches farther away may mean 50% less light.
4. **Tilt** your work or reading to the angle that gets rid of reflected glare. Try it; you can *see* the difference.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

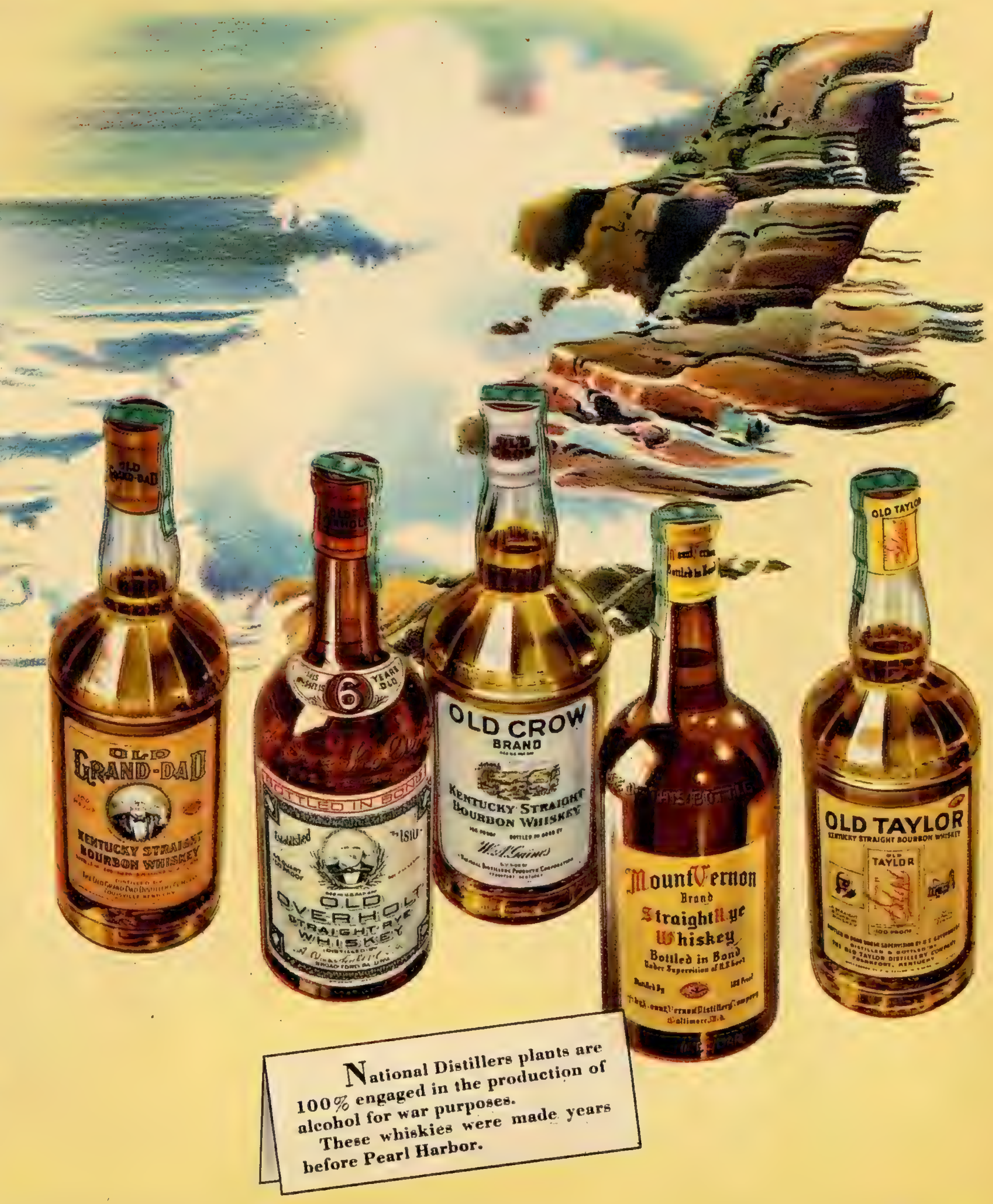
100 PROOF AGAINST THE BOMBS OF CHANGE

HAVE YOU ever made a list of the things that have changed lately? It's like making a catalog of everything you ever bought, used or wanted. No cuffs on your trousers, no vests, tires, overshoes, or garden hose, one cup of coffee and half the sugar, no Sunday driving, "meatless" days, one pat of butter . . . and so on!

Of course, no red-blooded, straight-thinking American will grumble about anything that's needed to win the war. But when, to save vital materials and labor, the old, familiar trademarks and brands that you've known and depended on for years, begin to show up in new packages and labels and sizes and prices, you can't help wondering if there's anything that isn't going to change.

And in this uncertainty, it's a distinct pleasure for the men who love fine whiskies to know that here are five great whiskies whose quality is *100 proof against the bombs of change!*

The illustrious quality of Old Grand-Dad, Old Taylor, Old Crow, Old Overholt and Mount Vernon *hasn't changed!* And it won't change! For the simple reason that even in wartime, THE STRICT U. S. GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS SPECIFYING HOW BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKIES SHALL BE PRODUCED ARE NOT CHANGED.


OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
6 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

National Distillers plants are 100% engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes. These whiskies were made years before Pearl Harbor.

OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

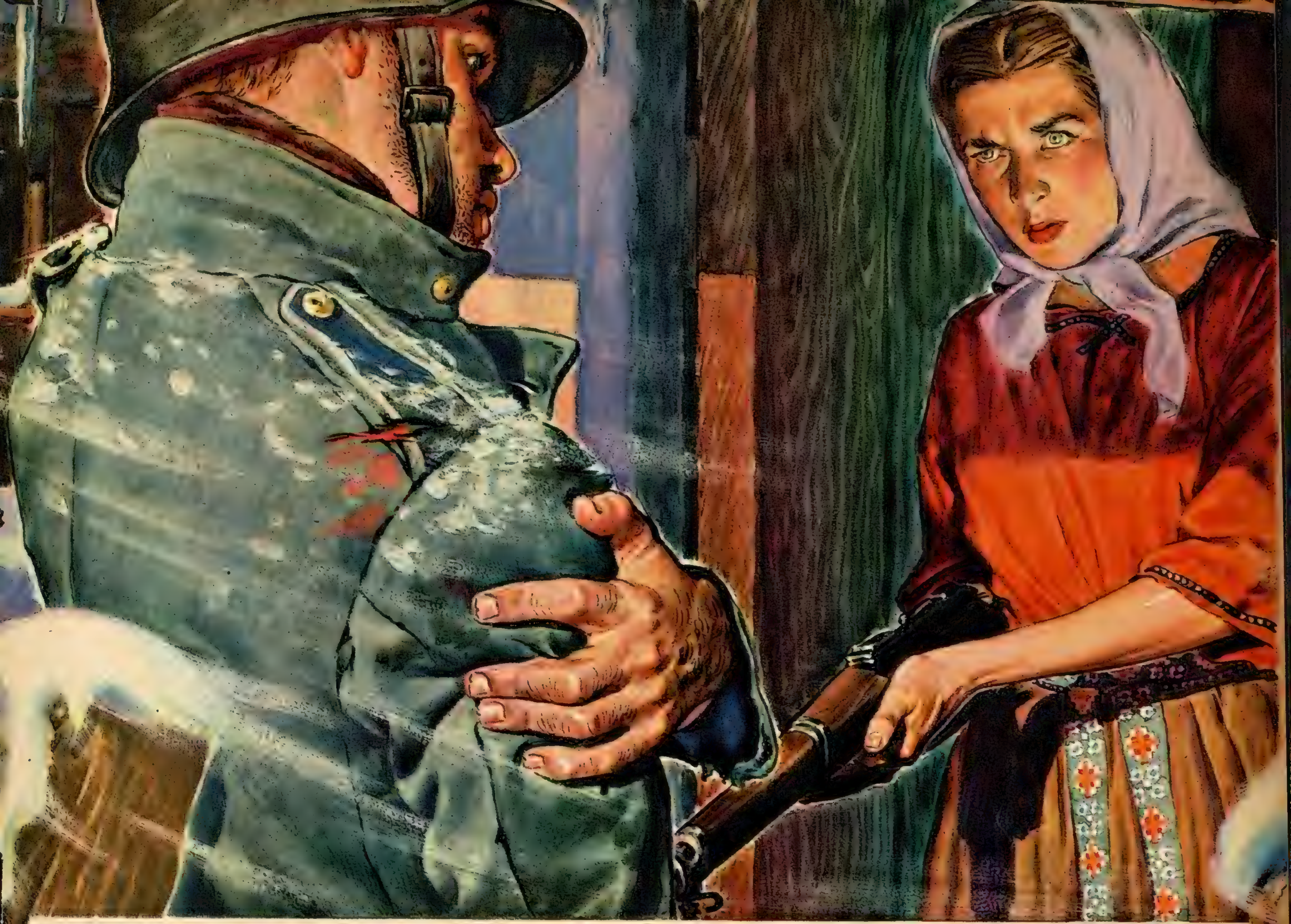
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

MOUNT VERNON
BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF, NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK



"Drop that gun," the woman said. "Stay where you are. If you move I'll kill you."

THE GHOST'S RETURN

A powerful story from the Russian front—of a German soldier who found sanctuary, only to be betrayed by his own treachery

BY STANLEY F. DONATH

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

THERE was the flash of a gun when the two soldiers approached the village, and while the sound of the shot rolled over the plain, Kurt dropped into the blue shadows of the snow, struggled a little, digging with his hands like a rabbit that looks for food, and lay still. Gerbert ran forward, his hands raised, yelling *"Kamerad!"* at the top of his voice.

Then a second shot rang out. Gerbert staggered a little, and his hands dropped, but he kept on running and he still shouted *"Kamerad,"* but it sounded now like the whining of a dog that is frightened. As he came nearer to the first hut of the village he saw a boy standing in the road. The boy was about seventeen years old, and he wore the patched-up coat and the woolen cap of a poor peasant boy. He grinned when he saw the soldier.

"Don't shoot," Gerbert said, and raised his hands again. The Russian words were heavy on his tongue. "Please don't shoot. I want to surrender. I have no weapons. Don't shoot, please."

The boy looked at him. His grin grew deeper, and suddenly he stuck out his tongue and turned round with an obscene gesture. "An idiot," Gerbert said aloud and with surprise in his voice. He thrust his hand in his coat pocket, but at this moment the door of the hut opened and a woman came out. The woman was about thirty or thirty-five, and she had the strong shoulders and hips of a White Russian peasant woman. She held an army rifle in her hands, the bore pointed toward the soldier's stomach. Her eyes were cold and gray like lumps of lead, and her bony finger tightly gripped the trigger of the rifle.

"Drop that gun," the woman said. "Throw it over there, behind the fence. Stay where you are. If you move I'll kill you."

Gerbert tossed the automatic into the snow. It made no sound when it fell. "I am hurt," he said. *"Herr des*

(*Continued on page 61*)

By daylight, a U-boat disabled and forced to surface looks like this as she lies waiting to be boarded.

WE BOARD A U-BOAT

A Canadian stoker and a junior officer slug it out with the Jerries on the deck of a doomed Nazi sub — and live to tell one of the great action stories of the war

By Stoker Petty Officer ARTHUR POWELL, R.C.N.

As told to Allen May

WE'RE no ruddy heroes, me and Mr. Lawrence—just a couple of guys, a stoker and a junior officer aboard the Oakville, a corvette in Canada's little-ship navy. One night last August we boarded a German submarine in the Caribbean and kicked her under with our bare feet.

That night we were bringing a sixteen-ship oil-tanker convoy through the Caribbean under strong escort. It looked like another routine run to some East Coast U. S. port. The subs weren't bothering convoys then. All we did was drill and eat, keep lookout, eat and drill some more.

When the Old Man, Lieutenant Commander C. A. King, came up out of the wardroom that night about six thirty and headed for the bridge, we knew still another drill was coming. We had been through it so often we knew every move and command by heart.

The sun was going down when we finished the drill. The bosun went around piping "Darken ship," and the watchmen put up shutters around the wheelhouse and pulled the blackout curtains over the scuttles. The singing gang we call "the Birds" got together aft with one of them playing a mouth organ. Below, the Old Man started his nightly game of cribbage. When the watch changed at eight o'clock he and Lieutenant Cully, our first officer, climbed up to monkey island—that's a superstructure over the bridge—and turned in.

Nobody slept below decks. It was too hot. I bunked up with the Oerlikon crew beside the gun platform where I had stowed my gear. Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Fenwick pitched mattresses on the boat deck. Mr. Scott was on the bridge.

Everything was running smooth when I turned in. There were clouds over the stars and the moon wasn't due to rise for three hours. That meant we'd be hard to see if there were subs around. I could hear the PBY prowling over the convoy off to starboard. It wasn't hard to go to sleep. I figured on three and a half hours of good solid snoozing before my next watch. I got three.

"Action stations" on the bells doesn't wake you—it yanks you up on your feet and starts you running. I was down on the main deck before I remembered that when I went to bed I had taken off my life belt—against orders. I went back to the gun for it. It was darker than a dead mine shaft. Everybody was running. I figured the Old Man must be springing a night practice on us.

What had happened was that the PBY had spotted a sub a mile ahead making ready for an attack on the convoy. The PBY dropped flares and bombs. Our lookouts woke Mr. King. The Old Man stuck his head over the edge of the monkey island.

"What's up, Mr. Scott?" he said.

"Bombs and flares ahead, sir," said Scott.

The Old Man was down on the bridge in a leap, Mr. Cully after him. The orders started cracking. Mr. Scott then rang "Action stations," and the Old Man gave "Full ahead" to the engine room. I had got my Mae West and my pants on and was

Stoker Petty Officer Powell stands by as Lieutenant Lawrence (left) shakes hands with Mr. Macdonald, Canada's Minister of National Defense for Naval Services.

pulling on a shoe when the first depth charges went over. I dropped the shoe and ran forward to the fiddley (the superstructure over the boiler rooms we call the stokers' lookout). I had a grandstand seat. I saw the plane drop a set of flares off our port bow. The Old Man swung the Oakville over. A sub came up under the flares less than fifty yards away—like a big black rock pushing out of the water. I don't suppose any one heard me, but I bellowed: "Submarine off port quarter!" The Old Man altered course again to close and ram.

The sub was still stern-down and we went over her. She came up behind us, traveling almost as fast as we were. The Old Man quartered off to get his guns in play and came around in a tight turn, hard aport. All our guns opened up with a blast. The four-inch got away two rounds and blew the sub's forward gun clean off its mounting.

I could see the Germans scrambling out of the conning tower and the sub maneuvering, trying to keep inside our turning circle. It didn't have a chance—a corvette turns like a minnow. We came down out of a wave with our bullets going *ping, ping, ping* against the sides of the sub.

We hit her aft of the conning tower. You could feel the big reinforced prow of the Oakville bite in. There was a grinding and scraping noise and our ship tried to climb up and over. The sub flopped on her side, but the wave we came in on seemed to lift and pull her away, and she scraped past astern. Suddenly there was a blast that shook the Oakville. It was two more depth charges the Old Man had timed to the split second and fired over the stern.

I figured we had the Jerries licked right then. After two jolts like that there must have been hell to pay inside the sub. Later we picked her commander up with two bullet holes in his leg. When the sub is surfaced the conning tower is his bridge—so he probably got tossed into the water when we rolled her over that first time.

THE Old Man never gave them a chance to get untangled. The sub was still under her own power and plenty dangerous. We quartered off again and came around in another tight turn to ram her again, all our guns blazing. The Old Man was playing it safe, never letting his ship get in front of the business end of her. I was wondering what would happen if she did manage to get away a torpedo when I heard the bridge shout: "Away, boarding party!"

That meant me. I'd been watching the show when I should have been getting my gear. From then on I moved fast. I got the captain's revolver out of his cabin, raced aft, grabbed a flashlight and wheel spanner, pulled off my pants, and tore forward up in the break of the fo'c'sle.

Mr. Cully was bawling at the four-inch gun crew: "Misfire! Misfire! Get that gun clear, you so-and-sos!" In practice, you wait thirty minutes before clearing out a misfire. Murchison Gordon yanked that one out so fast he had the gun firing again before I got up on the fo'c'slehead. The concussion knocked me flat. I was still dizzy when I got up on the rail.

We hit the sub with a hell of a jar this time and the Oakville didn't stop—kept right on going up and up and up till we were going right over. There wasn't any place to jump to. The sub was under us.

Mr. Lawrence yelled in my ear: "Aft! She's going aft! Come on!"

We started to run. It was all uphill. The sub was scraping along our keel and I heard a big ripping noise. It was the jagged stump of the sub's forward gun mounting gouging a hole in our No. 2 boiler room.

We fought our way back to the stern rails, but the sub was out from under and a good distance off before we made it—too far to jump. There were Nazis in the water between us and the sub and more coming out of the conning tower and diving overboard. Our .5s were blazing away and the Oerlikon was pouring lead into the conning tower. Some of the boys had rifles. Everybody was firing.

Milt Cheyne, up on one of the .5s, told me afterward he got a corner of our own bridge in his sights once and blew it out of his way. Johnny Drinkwater was operating a Lewis gun beside me. He'd fix his

(*Continued on page 52*)

An R. C. N. corvette like the Oakville on the lookout for U-boats.

MAIL CALL

A story for every woman who has a man away from home
Liberty's Short Short

BY ROBERT J. LEVIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

A GUST of wind flung raindrops against the pyramidal army tent and the hard, rapid splattering sounded like a far-off burst of machine-gun fire. Then, just as suddenly as the gust had sprung up, it died away. The rain continued falling steadily on the bleak North Ireland plain.

His uniform and overshoes still on, Private Ralph Richards stretched out on his cot and covered himself with a blanket. All week long it had been drizzling, until now a soldier couldn't walk around in his tent without overshoes because of the mud. And though the rain didn't come through the tent, the chilly dampness did.

From a pocket of his field jacket he pulled out a letter, but only after he had first glanced around to see whether any of his bunkmates were watching him. They weren't. Mac, with his comforter over his head, was grabbing a little sleep, and Higgins was reading a detective-story magazine; Sheppard had pulled guard duty, and Miller and Stewart were out on K. P.

The letter was crumpled and smudged and in some places the ink was blurred. That's what happens when a letter is carried in a soldier's back pocket when he's route-stepping along with full field equipment and sweat begins to soak through his uniform.

"Dearest," the letter began. That word hit him in a certain way, in the same way his bayonet ripped into the rag dummies they used for practicing. Sally had called him "dearest" many times. He hadn't heard it now for three months. It seemed like years, but he knew it was only months that he could count off on his fingers: August, September, October.

He hadn't realized then how lucky he was to be able to come into the city on those rare occasions when he got a three-day pass, and take Sally out on a date, usually Dutch treat. It had meant traveling ten hours by bus, and then he had griped about it, but now he would have leaped at the chance to see her, even if it involved a twenty-hour bus trip. Or a forty-hour trip.

The letter brought to mind the time he and Sally had gone to a movie in the afternoon and after dinner to a band concert in the park. He liked being out in the open at night, holding hands and sitting close to her in the dimout darkness. It was then, in the middle of a military march, he remembered, that she had suddenly leaned toward him and breathed "Dearest!" and squeezed his hand tightly.

That was the last time he heard her say it. When he unexpectedly got a furlough, they both had a premonition what the next step would be. As he got into the bus to return to camp, she hadn't trusted her voice, but she kissed him good-by. Within the month he had sailed for "destination unknown."

He went on to read the badly creased letter: "It was wonderful hearing from you again. I took your letter over to your mother, as you asked me to, and we both had a refreshing sniffle or two together. But our chins are up—and so are our thumbs."

Ralph could picture his mother fighting to stem her tears, and he could see her chucking Sally under the chin and thrusting her own chin out defiantly.

Funny what a letter can do for you, he thought! It's like turning on your own movie projector, almost.

Loneliness poured into his heart like lead and everything seemed drearier than it had before: the soggy weather, the mud, guard duty in another hour, the army's maneuvers.

"We're all in this war," the letter went on, "from my kid brother Herb, who is supposed to be a messenger but who is just a nuisance around the post headquarters, to pop, who is now sector warden. And mother is . . ."

He skipped over that paragraph and the next. She was writing about her family and that didn't interest him. Then the words "no more dates" caught his eye and he read carefully: "I don't go out any more—no more dates for me! I'm not so wonderful, though, dearest. It's just that there's nobody around to ask me. Practically nobody, anyway. But there never was anybody I knew who could hold a candle to you in the first place! Honest Injun!"

He put the letter down, looked up at the tent wall, and said flatly, "Well, I'm stepping out plenty."

Private Higgins glanced up from his magazine. "What'd you say?"

"Nothing."

"O. K. Go right on talking to yourself," said Higgins as he started reading again. "You meet a better class of people that way."

"Go tell it to the chaplain, Joe," said Ralph shortly.

Higgins eyed Richards, then shrugged and continued his detective story. He knew how rainy weather set a fellow's nerves on edge.

Ralph picked up the letter again. The rain began to come down more heavily, drummed on the canvas.

He turned to the last page. "I can't tell you how much I miss you," he read, "because I don't know what words to use. But you needn't worry about my writing—I *do* know what letters mean to you. I'll write a letter every week, dearest, even though you'll probably get them in bunches. Perhaps if I try hard enough and often enough to tell you how much I love you, you'll begin to understand. But it's good-by for now, dearest. Love. . . ."

THE signature dissolved before his eyes. He knew what it was and he didn't want to see it. It wasn't Sally. It was Evelyn.

"Mac," he called.

From under the cover a face peered out. "Yeah?"

Ralph stuffed the letter back into the battered envelope that was addressed to Private First Class James MacDonald. "Here," he said. "Thanks for letting me read it, Mac."

"Forget it. Say, how long's it been since you heard from your babe?"

"Since we left the States."

Mac grunted, turned on his side again, and, muttering to himself, pulled the comforter over his head.

Ralph stared up at the tent pole and listened to the rain.

THE END

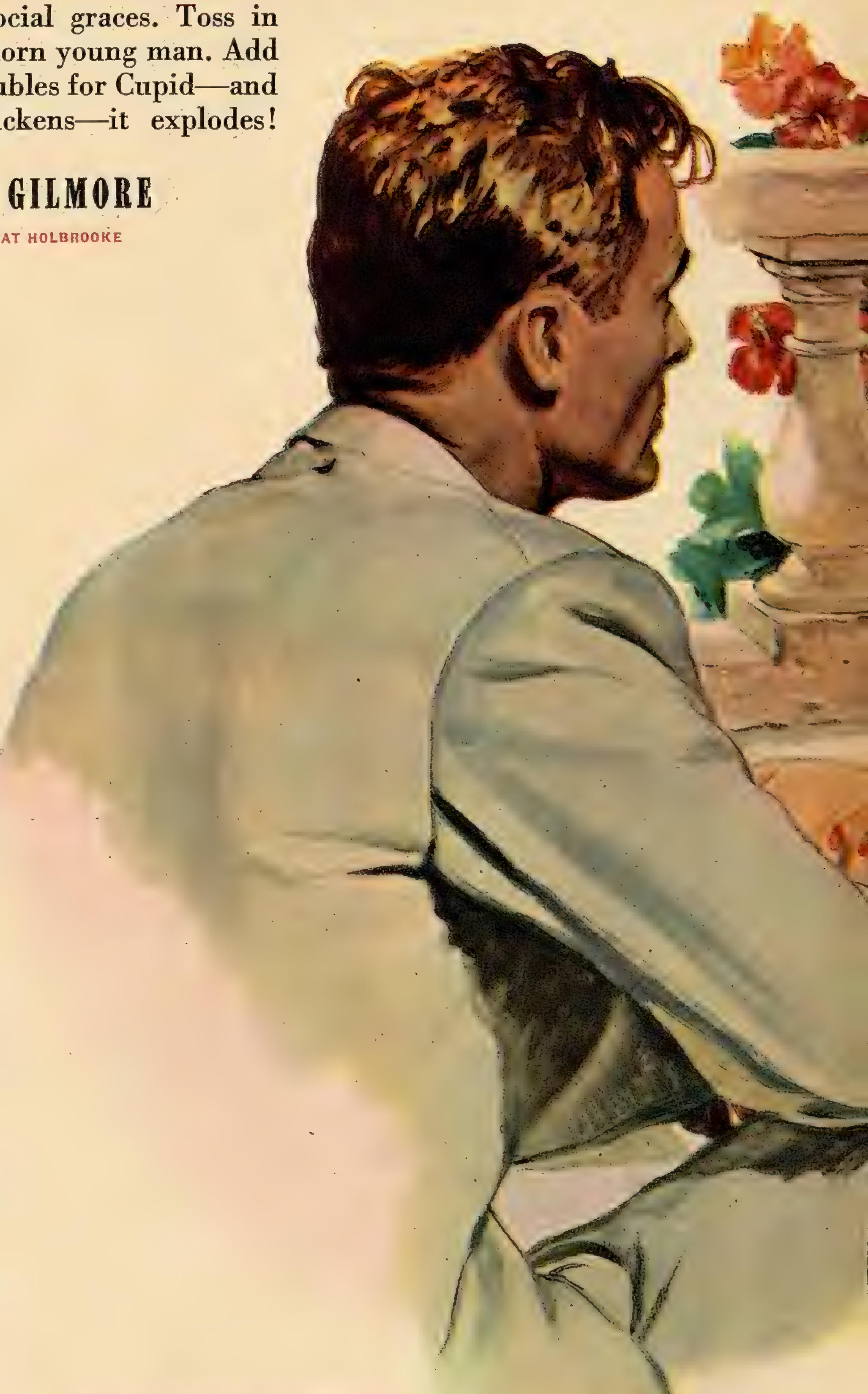
"Dearest," the letter began. That word hit him. Sally had called him "dearest" many times.

SUCH SWEET SORROW

Stuff one shirt with social graces. Toss in a pretty girl and a lovelorn young man. Add one kid brother who doubles for Cupid—and the plot not only thickens—it explodes!

BY CECILE GILMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE



"I can't," she said softly. "I've promised. Oh, Bill—I wish I could!"

THE man walking up the avenue of tamarinds wore white ducks and no hat. Under the West Indian sun his close-cut chestnut hair had a young and healthy glint.

Near the house a little boy in overalls stepped out, pointed the nozzle of a garden hose at him, and said, "Ta-dat-dat-dat-ta-dat—you're a cashalty, Mr. Emerson."

"How come?" Bill Emerson put his big hands up in the traditional gesture of surrender and eyed his pupil calmly.

"Because you're ribbled with bullets," replied the other gravely. "By and large, you ought to lie down and act really dead. I don't suppose you would, though, in those clothes—"

"I don't suppose I would," agreed Bill placidly. He was not a man who stood on his head to please children. "By the way, what are you, Butch?"

"Navy," said Cyril Hargreave succinctly. "Iceland patrol. I'm on a destroyer."

"Well, make a landing party and meet me on the veranda in ten minutes for lessons, Hargreave. We won't be having many more together."

"Oh! *You're not leaving!*" The anguish in Cyril's voice was as genuine as the grime and leaf mold across his damp forehead. "You're not going away, are you?"

You're darned right I'm going away, thought the other. To get away from this place quickly—this place that he loved, that drew him like a magnet—was necessary now. Every day his visits to the plantation became greater torment. Finish up his work for the government and go home—yes, that was the thing to do. Maybe he could talk Washington into letting him join the army or the marines. The heck with being a public-health expert—with being loaned out to other governments like a cup of sugar!

He was striding with such vigor between the borders of flowery hibiscus that the breeze of his passing seemed to sway their scarlet and pink bells. He had quite forgotten Cyril, who kept up with him in little hops and skips.

"Well, but *are* you, Mr. Emerson?"

"What? Oh. Not in a trice, anyway."

"What's a trice?"

"A flash—a twinkling. We'll take it up in your lesson today. It's the

kind of word"—Bill eyed the bullet-round head at his elbow with amusement—"that you like, Butch. Why don't you beat it in the back way before your mother sees you? And wash that face, sailor."

"O. K."

The sun climbed, high and hot, drinking the freshness out of the morning. A tiny lizard ran out to the tip of a pomegranate leaf and stared at Bill, its throat throbbing. He scowled at it and it disappeared.

He looked up again and caught his breath sharply. A girl had ridden around the corner of the house and pulled up beside the steps. Leather riding boots, shabby. Breeches of bleached gabardine, washed and washed and washed again. Blouse blue, faded, scrupulously darned.

But the girl herself was as crisp and beautiful as a newly opened jonquil, and as she dismounted, brushing a cloud of pale yellow hair out of her eyes with the back of one gloved hand, it was of a jonquil in his mother's prim New England garden that the man thought. She was so straight, so slender, so delicately perfect.

"Good morning, Miss Hargreave." He put up his hand for the hat that wasn't there and was swept by a sudden queer instinct to run away.

Get out of here, Bill Emerson. . . . This is no place for you. . . . Trouble and nothing but, unless you dust the island off your feet. . . .

"Oh!" Cynthia Hargreave turned away from the field hand who had come to take her horse. "Oh, hello, Mr. Emerson." She smiled. "Is it time for Cyril's lessons already?"

"Five minutes," he said laconically and watched her peel her gloves from her young hands. "Have a good ride?"

"Too hot." Cynthia made a face. "I try to make the round of the plantation every day." She dropped down on the steps in a friendly fashion and motioned to the man to sit down. "A good thing I rode out today, too," she added. "Our foreman had left and I didn't know it. Just when the cane was ripening! Gosh, I don't know what we'll do now." She sighed, then straightened her shoulders and took a deep breath.

He sat with his hands clasped loosely between his knees, watching what the sun did to her hair. "I expect you'll get another foreman," he suggested. "With that look in your eye, I'm sure you will."

"You don't know the sugar-cane crop," she replied morosely. "Or do you? Seasonal, you know. Well, anyway, there were the hands having the time of their lives, with nobody

(*Continued on page 55*)

HELEN OF NYACK

BY THERESE LEWIS

The off-stage Helen Hayes is neither fragile nor wistful, outwalks her husband and has a crackling good temper—but she's as real as any part she plays

BECAUSE she is not darkly handsome like Katharine Cornell, or seductively arresting like Lynn Fontanne, or brittle and chic like Gertrude Lawrence, Helen Hayes is not considered an actress in the glamorous sense of the word. This impression is the secret of Miss Hayes' appeal. For, as she herself once put it, "When most girls and women see me on the stage, they say to themselves, 'Gee, that could be me up there.'"

Totally lacking in affectation, Miss Hayes strikes theatergoers as a simple, conventional kind of person not unlike themselves.

But she never disappoints her audiences by offering them her reputation in place of a first-class performance. All her industriously acquired skill is directed at making them forget Helen Hayes and conscious only of the character she's playing. Just now they are conscious of the character of Harriet Beecher Stowe—whom Miss Hayes is portraying in the current Broadway production, Harriet.

Miss Hayes' husband, writer Charles MacArthur, included Harriet Beecher Stowe in a list of likely characters whom his wife might portray on the air. But her radio sponsors vetoed the suggestion, fearful that a broadcast about the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin would even now be resented in the South. Whereupon MacArthur visualized transferring Mrs. Stowe's life to the stage. Miss Hayes liked the idea and said so. Scripts about Mrs. Stowe soon began to pour in. She read a dozen of them before Harriet turned up.

Miss Hayes got her first part in the theater because she moved Lew Fields, the Broadway producer, to tears. He laughed till he cried when he saw her impersonation of a Gibson bathing girl. Miss Hayes was five at the time, and she's been acting ever since. She loves it. Although she often talks of taking a long rest, a few idle months invariably convince her that retirement is not what she really wants.

Because of her boundless vitality, Miss Hayes habitually tackles enough to exhaust three people. First there's her work in the theater. She's usually starring in a radio series at the same time. Finally, there is the whole complicated and demanding chore of being a kind of Symbol to the public.

No one knows quite how this last development came into being. A delegation recently arrived at her Nyack, New York, home to photograph her as "America's Most Representative Housewife," only to find there was no apron in Miss Hayes' house that would fit her. Several years ago, the Mother's Day people asked her to be "America's Most Representative Mother" at the World's Fair—although she has produced but one child, daughter Mary. Last summer Miss Hayes learned that the WAAC wanted her to represent "The Typical American Woman in the War" at their first graduation. Highly appreciative, but feeling herself unworthy of such a title, Miss Hayes regretted. The climax came several months ago when she went to Washington, her home town, for the opening of its Stage Door Canteen, of which she is chairman. One of her oldest friends telephoned her there. "Oh, Helen," she said, "we all think it's so wonderful, what you're doing for the war and your country, and now we hear you're going to run for Congress!"

Miss Hayes' chief off-stage interests are her family. She cherishes them not just as family but as people, and spends every possible moment in their company. She lives in a big white house in Nyack with her husband, Charles MacArthur, their twelve-year-old daughter, Mary, a five-year-old adopted son, Jamie, and Charles McNaughton, a British évacué of six. They have a farm twenty miles away.

Miss Hayes depends upon her family even for professional advice. Mr. MacArthur—currently Major MacArthur, U. S. Army—supplies a professional writing and directorial mind. From daughter Mary she has come to expect uncolored honesty. When she phoned home recently for a critique of her radio program, she was greeted with Mary's most concise verdict: "Mush, mommy!"

Although Miss Hayes knew some lighthearted moments in What Every Woman Knows, as the young Victoria Regina, and in the revival of Twelfth Night, most of her stage roles have been tragic. Even in her motion pictures, she was far more apt to embrace death than any of her leading men.

Because of this, too few people are aware of the Hayes sense of humor—one of her chief attractions as a human being. Hers is a highly developed appreciation of the ridiculous. She frequently figures as the butt of her own jokes. Because she has the assurance of the finished performer, she has no fear of laughing at herself and letting her friends join in.

One night after a performance of Victoria Regina, Ruth Gordon was with her in her dressing room. The two of them were going to a party and stood before the mirror inspecting themselves. Almost of a size—a size twelve—delicate and bright-eyed, they looked utterly charming but utterly unspectacular in their chaste dinner dresses. As they were leaving, Joan Crawford joined them—sleek and lovely in a white turban, dazzling diamond ear clips, and a white ermine coat that plunged in unbroken magnificence from her chin to the floor. Leading the way, Miss Crawford's blazing, ermined presence swept from the dressing room. Miss Hayes took a final look in the mirror, sighed, shrugged, and, beckoning Ruth Gordon to follow, murmured, "Snow White and her two dwarfs."

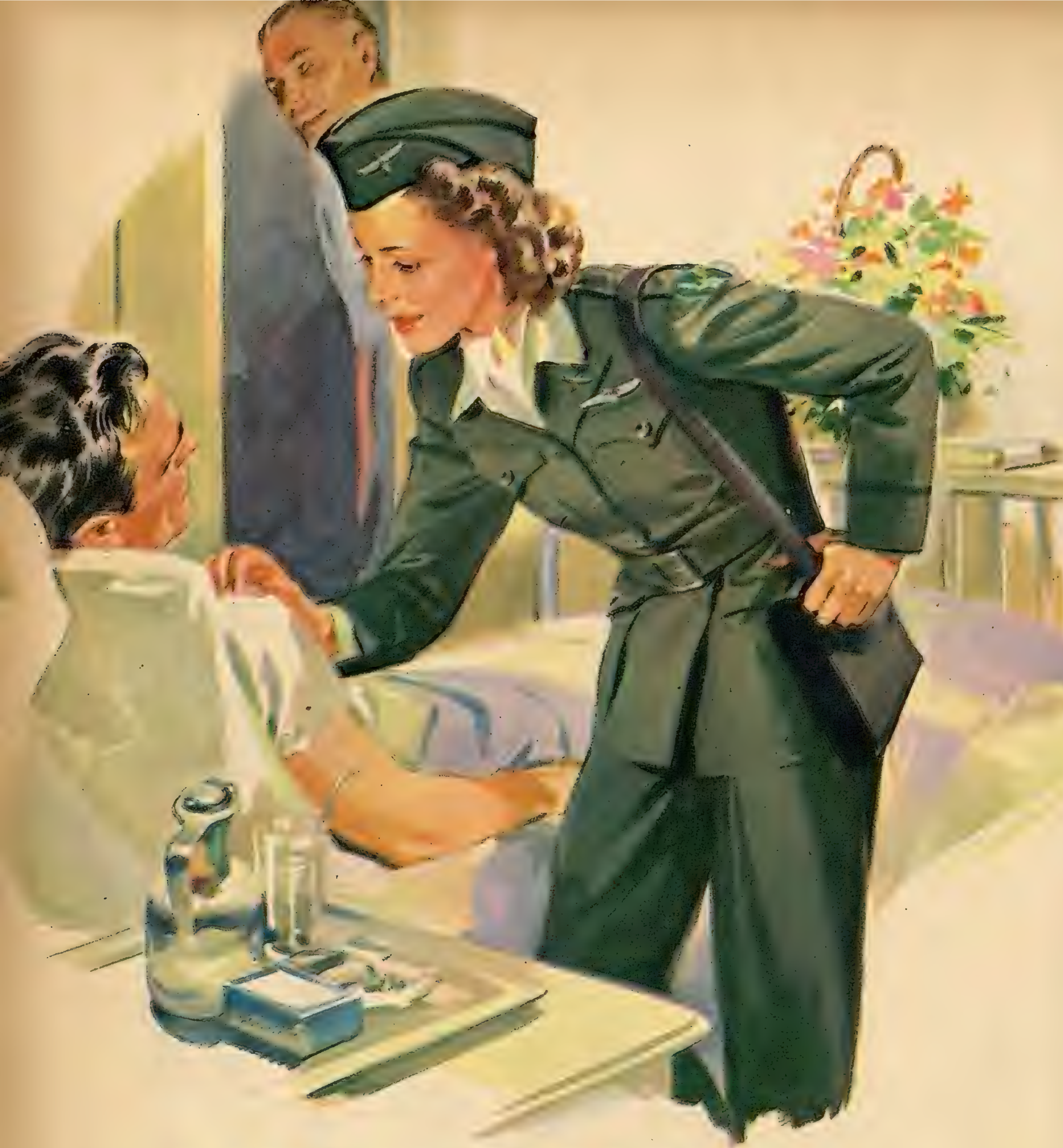
And here's a story Miss Hayes tells, even though it hurts. Following the closing in Pittsburgh of Victoria Regina, there was a farewell gathering on the stage. People who have played together for almost three years can get very emotional when it is time to say good-by. Miss Hayes was no exception. When her manager, Harry Essex, murmured that it was time to leave for the train, she took a final look at the set and departed tearfully. At the stage door, where her car waited, there were some kids hanging about for autographs. Essex said he was sorry but there was no time; Miss Hayes had to get to the station. She, meanwhile, collapsed in the back of the car, immersed in sad farewell thoughts: "Never again to wear those costumes; never again to speak those lines; farewell, Victoria!" But as the car started slowly from the alley, she was rudely shaken by the raucous voices of the kids who, maddened by frustration, ran screaming alongside: "Aw, nuts to you! Victoria's a louse, and you stink!"

Polite by choice and shy by temperament, Miss Hayes is apt to be rude only when angry or bored. At such times she fails to resort to any of the elaborate escape devices used by most celebrities. She just gets up and leaves. In less anguished moments of ennui she uses a milder trick. She simply blacks out. The body is present, the eyes stare back at the speaker, but the spirit has taken refuge elsewhere. In this state,

(*Continued on page 73*)

When she isn't acting in New York or on the road, Helen Hayes has time to spend in her garden—and she loves doing it.

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY NOURBEL



"Oh, Bill—no!" In a rush of sympathy she put a hand on his shoulder.

LADY WITH WINGS

Lennie earns her wings—and inherits the sky—but when Bill is in danger, she stakes her future on an impulse that leads straight to disgrace

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

WHEN Lennie reached the base hospital, her eyes were wild with alarm. The same flight surgeon who had refused to let her see Bill a couple of hours ago met her in the entrance foyer. He gave her a reassuring smile.

"No need to be panicky, Miss Chase. This isn't a summons to a deathbed."

"How is he?"

"Much better than I thought. We didn't have to put him to sleep."

"Did *you* send for me?" Lennie asked.

"Oh, no. The major did. You'll find him in 7. Please don't stay more than a few minutes."

As she hurried along the corridor, looking for Room 7, her heart pounded. She found Bill lying in a bed between two other occupied beds. He hadn't yet been shaved. Under the dark stubble of beard his face was gray and drawn, but at the sight of her he twisted it into a wan smile. A blanket concealed the injured arm.

"Hello, Lennie." His voice, thick and hoarse, still weary with pain, made her feel wretched. And yet it was wonderful to know he was well enough and strong enough to talk at all. "Swell of you to come," he said. "I hear you got into trouble over me."

Though she was startled that he knew, she ignored that to ask about his arm.

"I'll be all right," he said. "Nothing too serious. Feeling better already."

"How—what happened to you, Bill?"

"Bunch of Messerschmitts and FW-190s. Fired a lot of stuff into us, but we got through. Maybe it's a break." He grinned without much humor. "I *needed* a rest."

Lennie scarcely knew what she replied. With the men in the adjoining beds listening, it was hard to speak of the things that welled up in her.

"Proved quite a few items to my satisfaction," Bill told her, with that mirthless smile. "If you're ever piloting a twin-engine bomber, Lennie, and one of the motors is shot dead, just remember to keep up air speed. And when you bank, don't ever forget to bank *into* the dead engine."

"I'll write it in my little book," she promised. But she thought in desperation: *Why do we talk of things like this? What have they to do with you or me?* It was difficult conversation, unsatisfactory, meaningless, and exasperating. It emphasized the fact that between them there was a barricade which hadn't yet been cracked. In formalities like hospital calls Bill would always be amiable. It was in the more important things that she'd never be able to soften him.

"What about yourself?" Bill asked. "How're the WAFS?"

"This is my last week of training."

"They didn't chuck you out, did they, for what happened today?"

"No!" She felt a rush of warmth to her cheeks. "How do you know about it, Bill?"

"Grapevine," he said, with that twisted grin. "It creeps even into this place."

At that she narrowed her eyes, remembering how, after the death of Eddie Bonham, the aviation grapevine had flashed rumors of her guilt over the entire country within a day or two.

"I heard you'd been haled before the director," Bill said. "So I asked them to get you in here—to make sure you're still all right."

"Yes, I'm still all right."

"When do you get wings?"

"Saturday."

"And after that you'll be hopping all over the country—which means I won't be seeing you."

She said, "Oh, I'll be back. Between trips."

"But *I'll* be gone."

Lennie lifted startled brows. "Where can they send you with that arm?"

"Home. Sick leave. My mother's out on the Coast. I'll probably go there."

"And—and afterward?"

He frowned at the bulge under the blankets. "The arm will be no good for quite a while, Lennie. Maybe for the duration—and longer. I'll be—through."

"Oh, Bill—no!"

In a rush of sympathy she put a hand on his shoulder. For a man like Bill Keith there could be no greater defeat than to be grounded. She knew. She was built of the same stuff.

Lennie glanced up at the door to see a flight surgeon motioning to her, suggesting it was time to leave. She nodded.

"Bill," she said, "they won't let me stay now. I—I'll try to come in again. But I wouldn't lie here worrying, if I were you. Maybe it won't be as bad as you think. When the wound heals—"

"I'm not going to kid myself about it. I know." He lifted his eyes to hers, and he couldn't hide the despair in them. "This time they licked me, Lennie. The Heinies licked me. Not my plane—just me." He forced a smile again. "So there's just one thing to do."

"What do you mean?"

"Say good-by to all you folks who fly, and find myself a new kind of life somewhere."

"Bill—"

The flight surgeon was gesturing more emphatically. She was suddenly afraid to talk, afraid of what her voice might do. So she gave Bill's shoulder a final reassuring pat, murmured something in farewell, and turned away. She went quickly, crushing all signs of emotion until she was out of the hospital. Only then did she allow dismay and a sense of loss to sweep over her. It was clear that Bill's plans for the future didn't in any way include her.

TWICE that week, between cross-country training flights, she went back to visit him. The first time, she found him sitting up; the second, he was walking about. Invariably she had to speak to him in the presence of other invalids, or of orderlies or flight surgeons, and their meetings, though pleasant enough on the surface, achieved nothing. They were, Lennie felt, like calls on a stranger. Bill talked only of joining his mother on the Coast as soon as he'd be well enough to travel home without having his appearance cause her too great a shock.

(Continued on page 67)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ELEANOR CHASE, ace woman flyer, was in love with Major Bill Keith. But the ghost of a dead man stood between them. When Eddie Bonham, Bill's friend and Lennie's navigator, had been killed when Lennie made a forced landing during a transcontinental flight, a rumor was started that the famous Miss Chase had been seeking publicity by pretending to be lost and that she had sacrificed Eddie's life for newspaper headlines.

Bill believed the rumor, and so, among others, did Doris Taggart, a rival woman flyer. Doris was in the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron and Bill was on the committee which passed on WAFS candidates. Because of this Lennie had hesitated to enter the service. But finally she applied for admission.

"The WAFS isn't a glamour outfit," Bill warned her. "You'll work hard and you won't get a bit of newspaper publicity out of it."

He still believed the old story! thought Lennie. Well, she would make good—*without publicity*—and show him he was wrong!

Soon after she arrived at the WAFS training school in New Castle, Bill returned from a ferrying trip to North Africa. During a walk in the moonlight he told her, "Lennie, I used to love you—I guess I still do—and yet, the things you do make me want to sock you."

Then he took her in his arms, kissed her savagely—and turned and walked away toward his quarters.

He went back to Africa, and in three weeks Lennie was almost ready to receive her wings.

One morning, as she was about to start on a practice flight, a transport came in and was met by an ambulance.

"What's wrong out there?" Lennie asked Control over her phone.

"Transport bringing in a couple of casualties. Captain Rauck and Major Keith."

She jumped out of her plane. Her instructor tried to wave her back.

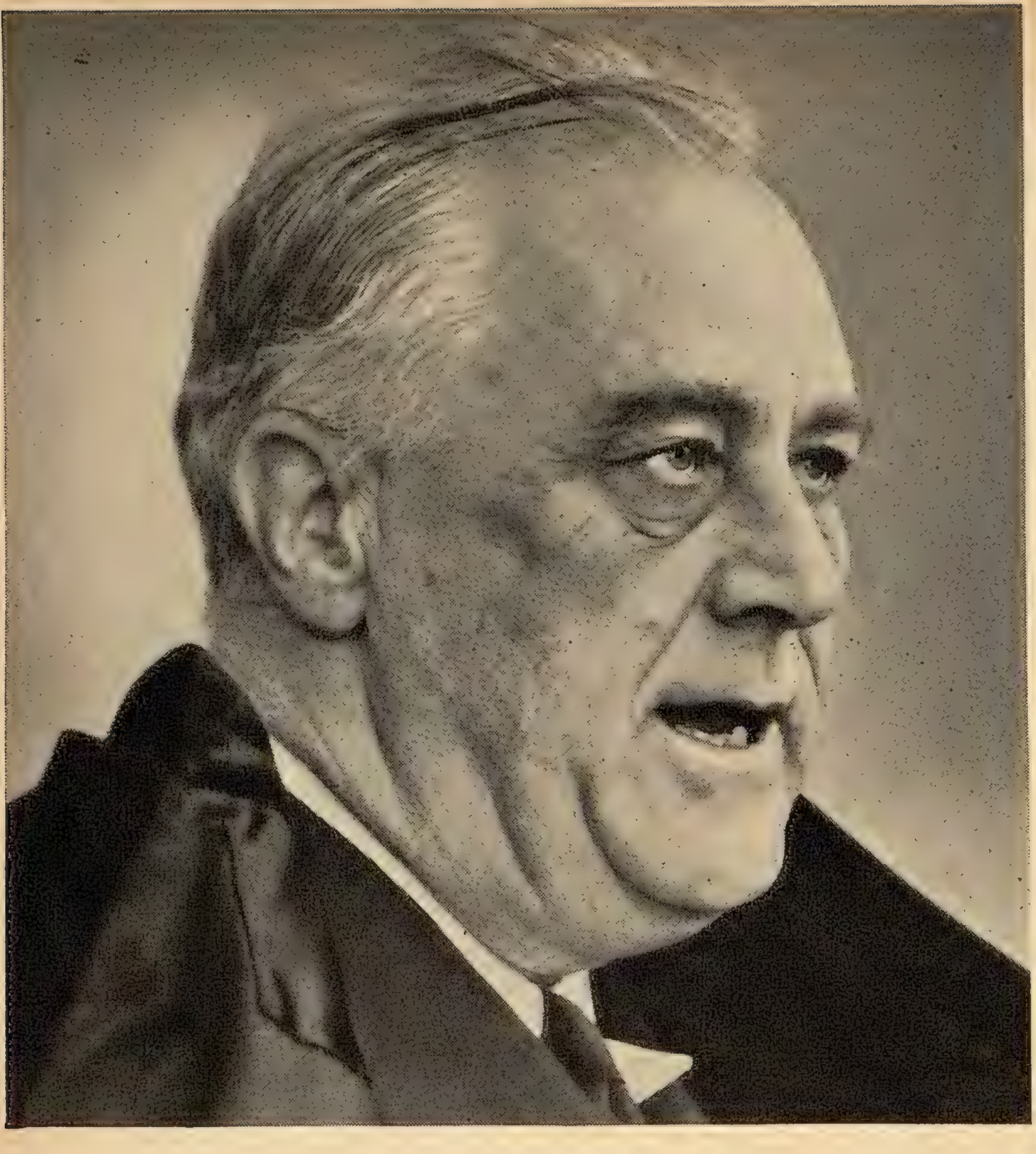
"You've been cleared, Miss Chase. You take off—"

"I can't," said Lennie, thinking only of Bill. "Not—not now!" And she ran toward the transport.

She saw Bill get out, his arm in a sling. She followed the ambulance to the base hospital, but they wouldn't let her see him.

Only then did she realize that she had jeopardized her career in the WAFS by disobeying orders!

She was lucky, however. She was called to headquarters and reprimanded, not cashiered. She had just returned to her barracks when a message came that she was wanted at the base hospital.



TEN YEARS OF ROOSEVELT-

The one strives to elevate the human race and the other to degrade it. In Roosevelt, Hitler finds an adversary as tough and cunning as himself

BY ERNEST K. LINDLEY

MARCH 4 and 5, 1933, stand out as among the most significant dates in history. On March 4, 1933, Franklin D. Roosevelt became President of the United States. On March 5, 1933, an "election" held in Germany firmly established Adolf Hitler as Chancellor.

Few then realized how much the fate of the world would be determined by these two men. Yet they were opponents from the beginning, although neither fully realized it, and soon they became open enemies. Now they are locked in the death struggle which will shape the future of the world for centuries.

The past records no world-shaping struggle so perfectly personified by two men. These two became antagonists not only because of the personal differences between them but also because of what they represent.

When they came to power the United States and Germany were the two leading industrial nations of the world. They were also the two nations with the greatest potential capacity to wage modern war. By a curious circumstance they were the two large countries which, in some respects, suffered most severely from the world depression. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the United States and Germany there was sharp political upheaval.

The direction each nation took, politically, was well advertised in advance. Hitler's contempt for democracy and his ambitions for Germany had been outlined long before, in Mein Kampf. Even in Roosevelt's first year as President, his hatred for Hitler and Nazism was no secret, either.

The divergent paths taken by Roosevelt and Hitler are strikingly evident in comparing their day-today records. For example:

On May 2, 1933, Hitler destroyed German labor unions, arrested their leaders and confiscated union property. The same day, Roosevelt's aides drafted the National Industrial Recovery Act, which included a "magna carta" or bill of rights for labor.

On October 4, 1933, the Nazis, having "Aryanized" the professions, suppressed Catholic organizations in Prussia, declared the Nazi Party the only legal party, and killed the free press. On the same day Roosevelt, addressing the National Conference of Catholic Charities, stressed the importance of social justice and political and religious freedom.

On April 24, 1934, the Nazis set up a court of inquisition to try "treason" cases secretly. On July 13, after the "Bloody Saturday" purge, Hitler asserted his right to kill without benefit of law. At the same time, Roosevelt was asking the American Law Institute to study the adaptation of criminal law to modern needs, and had commended the American Judicature Society for its effort to "promote the efficient administration of justice" in accordance with the guaranties of the Constitution.

On July 25, 1934, Hitler's Nazis in Austria tried to seize that country by putsch, but failed; Chancellor Dollfuss was murdered. A few weeks previously Roosevelt had transmitted to the Senate a new treaty with Cuba abolishing the Platt amendment, thus renouncing the right of armed intervention or other interference in Cuban affairs and placing relations between the United States and its neighbors on the basis of "sovereign equality and friendship."

On June 28, 1935, Nazis denied workers the freedom to choose jobs. On July 5 of the same year Roosevelt signed the National Labor Relations Act to protect the rights of workers to organize and bargain collectively.

The contrasting diary could be amplified to cover the entire ten years. Hitler brought out the worst in the German character and tradition. Roosevelt sought to bring out and strengthen the best in the American character and tradition. Some citizens believed, or pretended to believe, that they could see no difference between Roosevelt and Hitler or another dictator. But they have long since been refuted by events, and those who were not simply pur-

AND HITLER

blind will be regarded by historians as either sinister figures or mental curiosities.

If Hitler had been the leader of a weak nation, he might not have engaged Roosevelt's attention. But Roosevelt saw him as the heir of the tradition of Prussian militarism. Roosevelt had known this tradition from his boyhood—when he went to a German school and learned military map-making. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy during World War I, he knew how close the Allies had come to losing that war. In the years which followed the armistice he did not forget German military genius, Germany's imperial ambitions, and the immense strength of German industry. And when Hitler came to power and Germany started to rearm, Roosevelt knew trouble lay ahead.

Roosevelt hoped, of course, that Hitler would be content with limited objectives. He supposed, too, that Germany's near neighbors would stop Hitler before it was too late. But he took the lead in testing Hitler's motives and in trying to arouse the world to the perils which were being incubated.

As early as May, 1933, Roosevelt addressed a message to the heads of all nations, proposing what seemed to him a practical method of controlling armaments. This was, simply, to limit offensive armaments while permitting every nation to go the limit in fortifying its borders.

"Modern weapons of offense," the President declared, "are vastly stronger than modern weapons of defense. Frontier forts, trenches, wire entanglements, coast defenses—in a word, fixed fortifications—are no longer impregnable to the attack of warplanes, heavy mobile artillery, land battleships called tanks, and poison gas."

Our Maginot-minded generals should have hearkened to this statement.

Time after time Roosevelt called attention to the menace of Hitlerism. His first important act after his reelection in 1936 was to attend the Special Inter-American Conference at Buenos Aires, and say: "Beyond the ocean we see continents rent asunder by old hatreds and new fanaticisms. We hear the demand that injustice and inequality be corrected by resorting to the sword and not by resorting to reason and peaceful justice. We hear the cry that new markets can be achieved only through conquest. We read that the sanctity of treaties between nations is disregarded.

"We know, too, that vast armaments are rising on every side. . . . Can we, the Republics of the New World, help the Old World to avert the catastrophe which impends?"

ROOSEVELT'S immediate concern was the restoration of the American economy and the correction of long-standing social injustices. But he never lost sight of the threats gathering abroad, and in 1937, with the Chicago "quarantine" speech, his warnings began to come thicker and faster.

The President was guilty of one misjudgment. He underestimated the speed and extent of German rearmament. In this he erred less than the French and the British (with the notable exception of Winston Churchill) and far less than most Americans. But even then Roosevelt placed too much faith in the French army, and undervalued the new offensive weapons and tactics which the Germans had developed. He thought that with some help from American industry, especially in the way of airplanes, the Anglo-French alliance had a good chance to hold the Nazis at bay and away from us. His error in judgment was in degree only; and he was nearer the mark than most of the leaders of the nations of Europe.

One basic error—common to many European statesmen—Roosevelt never made. He never regarded Nazism as a barrier to Communism. When one of the leading financiers of Great Britain came to Hyde Park in 1933 to sell that idea, Roosevelt laughed in his face. That October, three days after Germany quit the League of Nations and withdrew from the Disarmament Conference, Roosevelt invited the Russians to send a special representative to Washington with a view to re-establishing diplomatic relations. There were other reasons, including the Far Eastern situation, for this action. Unlike the British and French conservatives—and the German industrialists who helped put Hitler in power—Roosevelt was not afraid of Communist Russia. He saw correctly that in the years immediately ahead Nazi Germany would be the

(Continued on page 49)

FOOD MAGIC IN THE ARMY

Our soldiers eat the vitamin-packed foods of the future. Dehydrated fruits and vegetables, onion bars and powdered prunes now save space in transports and will later save it in America's kitchens

BY LOWELL BRENTANO

NET WEIGHT 2 POUNDS
DEHYDRATED·COMPRESSED·SLICED
ONIONS
LIBERAL SERVINGS FOR 100 MEN
DEHYDRATED·COMPRESSED·DICED
BEETS
LIBERAL SERVINGS FOR 100 MEN

These cartons of dehydrated-compressed onions and beets each hold 100 servings.

VETERANS of the last war who retain vivid memories of hardtack, cold beans, and bully beef would raise their eyebrows if they saw the table Uncle Sam sets for Johnny Doughboy in 1943. Many of our boys—and girls—overseas are eating better than the folks at home. While you are fumbling in your pocket for your next ration coupon, they are enjoying the foods of the future.

Army brass hats were at first dubious when scientists talked about diets balanced in fats, carbohydrates, and proteins and about foods enriched with vitamins and basic minerals. But the scientists went to the mat and proved conclusively that faulty diet was responsible for many kinds of illness—to say nothing of such ailments as extreme fatigue, shot nerves, and night blindness.

The scientists won. If our armed forces are "tops" physically, much of the credit belongs to their food.

Tucked away in the sprawling acres of the Chicago Quartermaster Depot, hidden behind a labyrinth of storage bins, is the Quartermaster Subsistence Research Laboratory. Here, since 1939, Colonel Rohland A. Isker and his staff have been studying how to improve army rations. The laboratory does not serve the army alone. The navy has a liaison officer constantly on the premises, and the marines, too, use many of the products developed there.

"Our biggest problem," says Colonel Isker, a brilliant chemist, "is to develop food and containers that will stand up under war conditions in all parts of the world—and then to send that food thousands of miles to millions of soldiers."

Another problem, equally important, is the shortage of shipping space for food. Dehydration helps solve this, as our enemies well understand. By transporting dehydrated cakes of vegetables, milk, eggs, and sauerkraut by air and dropping them by parachute, Hitler's supply forces were able to keep up with the rapidly advancing Nazi armies. Similarly, the Japs, with their dried rice and vegetable patties, had few supply problems during their rapid advance through Malayan jungles.

When the United States entered the war, we were wasting precious tonnage by filling hundreds of boats with water—54,000,000 pounds of potatoes, for example, when the equivalent quantity of the dehydrated variety would weigh only 6,000,000 pounds.

Colonel Isker's men were even then aware of the strategic value of compact foods and were working to get them into mass production. They knew, for instance, that one pound of dried whole eggs is the equivalent of three dozen liquid eggs; that a five-pound can of powdered chicken soup is sufficient to make twenty-five gallons of the fluid; that the contents of a four-pound can of tomato juice, with water added, will make ninety servings of eight ounces each.

Of course dehydration is nothing new. Some dehydrated foods, edible but not tasty, were used in the last war. But never before has dehydration been regarded as an exact science. Each vegetable is a prima donna and is minutely studied. Every detail of its growth and condition is considered before it is dried. That accounts for the appetizing flavor of our new dehydrated products.

The Quartermaster laboratory staff has prepared a book on dehydration cooking which army cooks use as a text. It has collaborated with engineers and inventors in devising portable dehydration units, to be set up in the field. The dehydration Section of the laboratory, is headed by Captain Matthew E. Highlands. Cooperation between this branch and the dehydration industry has produced many novel dehydrated products such as cranberry- and tomato-juice cocktails, powdered apricots and prunes, apple butter, apple nuggets for sauce; certain dehydrated soups, and rice pudding.

In the field of dehydrated products, cranberries, potatoes, onions, and apples for applesauce have been highly successful from the army standpoint—to the boundless gratitude of the boys on K. P.

Two dishes are destined to be on every housewife's must list after the war—dehydrated cereal, already containing sugar and powdered milk, and dehydrated Boston baked beans . . . just add hot water and simmer for twelve minutes.

Within the past few months a new process has been sufficiently developed for use in mass production. Food already dehydrated is quick-frozen to avoid damage to the tissues, fats, and cells—and then squeezed in hydraulic presses at from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds pressure per square inch.

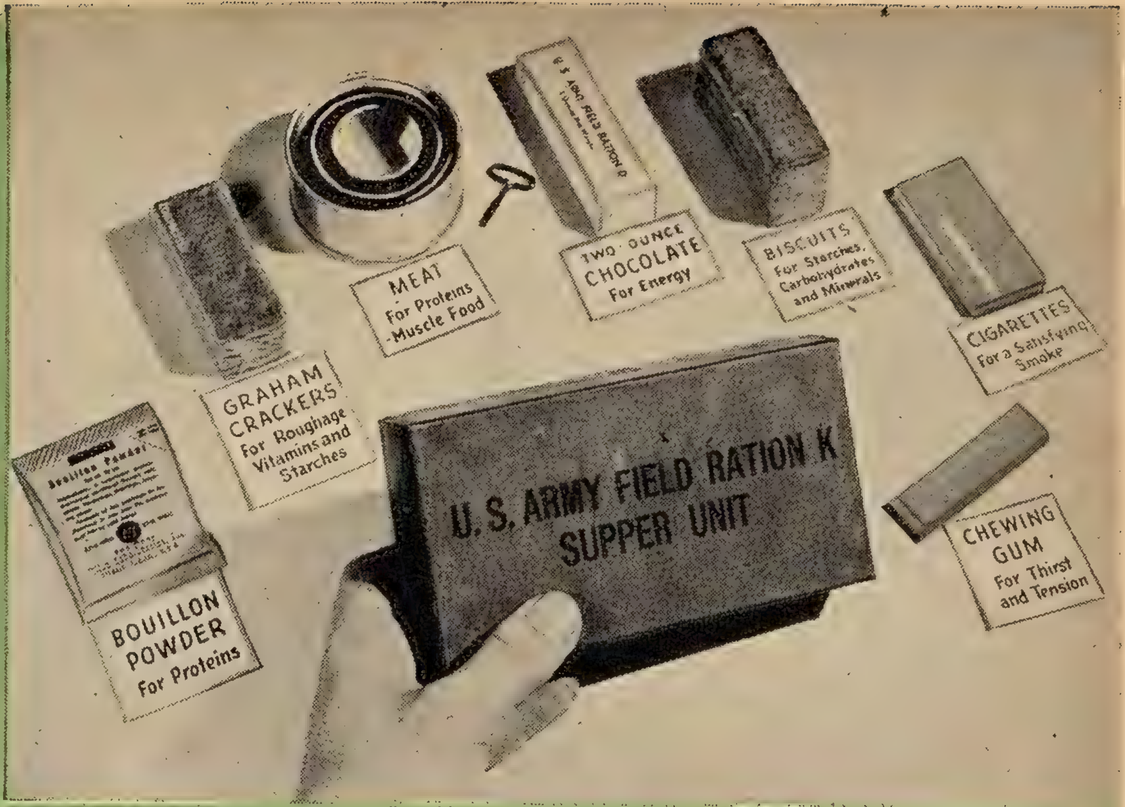
In other words, after dehydration takes the water out of food, compression removes the air. This produces a saving in volume of from 30 to 90 per cent over and beyond the space saved by dehydration. Shoe-box-size bricks of onions or mashed potatoes, with water added, will feed 100 men. It's getting so that a man can carry a month's supply of food in his overcoat pocket.

VITAMIN deficiencies have influenced many a campaign. Our soldiers fighting at Bataan, cut off from outside supplies, suffered from beriberi and scurvy, both vitamin-deficiency diseases. The technical section of the laboratory, headed by twenty-eight-year-old Major V. O. Wodicka, is constantly analyzing for vitamin content in foods. Great emphasis is placed on this testing because, of all the food nutrients, the vitamins are the most easily destroyed by improper processing or storage. Furthermore, according to Colonel Isker, "many of the most important sources of the vitamins are bulky foods, which it is always a temptation to eliminate in the constant effort to concentrate a great deal of food value in a small space."

To offset this danger, all the flour purchased for the army is enriched with vitamin B, niacin, and iron. This brings white bread up to the nutrition level of dark bread. Similarly, some of the soups sent overseas are fortified. Two other specials, enthusiastically endorsed by the men, are "hot dogs" vitalized with soybean flour, and lemon-juice powder synthetic. With the addition of water and sugar, this powder makes a delicious lemonade; a normal serving contains enough vitamin C for a day, regardless of the other foods eaten.

Major Wodicka also has charge of combat rations and has shared in the development of ration K, the pride of the laboratory. This was contrived for troops in any climate separated from their base of supplies. The three meals, packed in individual boxes, contain over 3,000 calories, as contrasted with the 2,000 daily caloric allowance of the average civilian. The breakfast box contains com-

(*Continued on page 71*)

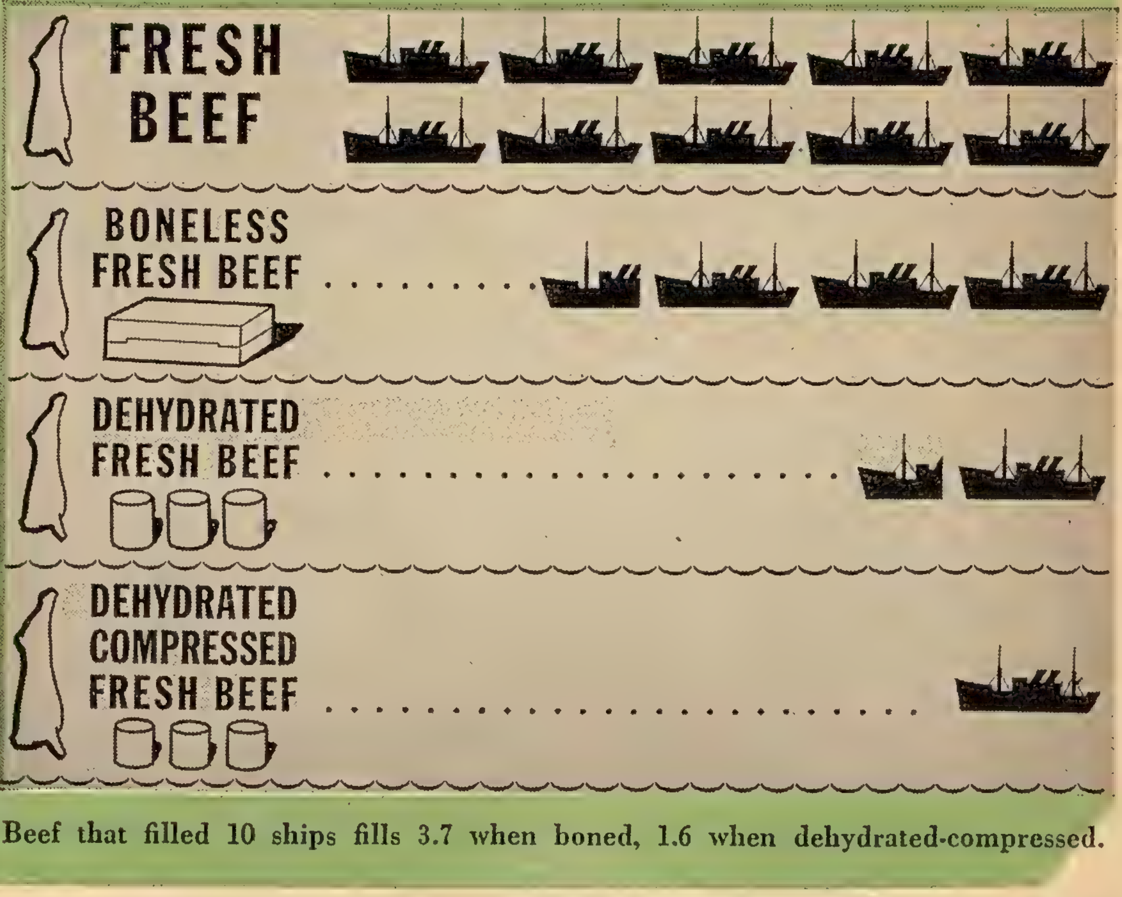

MEAT For Proteins Muscle Food
TWO OUNCE CHOCOLATE For Energy
BISCUITS For Starches, Carbohydrates and Minerals
CIGARETTES For a Satisfying Smoke
GRAHAM CRACKERS For Roughage Vitamins and Starches
U. S. ARMY FIELD RATION K SUPPER UNIT
CHEWING GUM For Thirst and Tension
BOUILLON POWDER For Proteins

SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. ARMY

The Field Ration K supper unit packs a full balanced meal in one small package.

ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS

Five pounds dehydrates to 18 ounces and compresses to 5 per cent original bulk.



Beef that filled 10 ships fills 3.7 when boned, 1.6 when dehydrated-compressed.

OUR COUSINS CALL IT "BEISBOL"

The umpire takes a beating in Latin America, too—where baseball is played six months a year and calling a ball a strike may provoke a diplomatic incident

His Indian origin is written on the face of this South American ballplayer. His pitcher is part Indian too.

"LOOK, *amigo*," a Latin-American sports writer told me. "Movie stars are fine for women. But if you want the good will of our men, send us one of your big-league baseball teams."

If Washington ever does organize a baseball mission to Latin America, our players will be in for many surprises. Our Good Neighbors play the kind of game the New York Giants were playing when they were winning pennants for Massa Bill Terry—tight, tricky pitching, spectacularly wonderful fielding, and plenty of scoring punch.

Beisbol—the name our Latin-American cousins give to baseball—is played to full stadiums six months or more of the year in Cuba, Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Mexico, and Santo Domingo. In Cuba and Venezuela baseball traditions are nearly as old as our own. There is a plaque in Havana's Tropical Stadium to the memory of the Cuban Negro named José Mendez, the immortal "Black Diamond" who pitched a no-hitter against the Detroit Tigers in 1910. That was the slugging Detroit team which boasted batsmen like Cobb and Mullins in its line-up.

Baseball was introduced to Cuba in 1880 by a Cuban who had lived in the States. The teams, the Reds and the Blues, started to play every Sunday. The games were great social affairs. Señoritas who attended wore white dresses adorned with corsages of red or blue ribbons bespeaking their team loyalties. There were ten men to a team, and the pitcher always asked the batter what sort of ball he preferred. These teams are still in existence—as professionals. Adolfo Luque, the old National League mound wizard, manages the Blues. Mike Gonzales, the St. Louis Cardinals' coach, runs the Reds.

There are two amateur leagues in Cuba, embracing fifty-two teams; two juvenile leagues of fourteen teams each; a semipro league of eleven teams, and the Cuban National Professional League's three teams—the Reds, the Blues, and the Greens. The last team is managed by Joe Rodriguez, former New York Giants scout and "Rubber Man" of the International League.

A Cuban cigar maker, Emilio Cramer, introduced baseball to Venezuela in 1895. The game was quick to enter Venezuelan politics. During a diplomatic dispute between Venezuela and the British Empire in the '90s, an American senator stood up in the Capitol and sounded off with a stirring pro-Venezuelan oration. The Caracas Baseball Club responded by staging a monster and gala triple-header in the senator's honor.

Today organized baseball is played as widely in Venezuela as it is in the U. S. It is so well supported that stars like Shortstop Aparisio can afford to turn down offers from American big-league clubs.

Customs at Latin-American ball parks are almost carbons of those prevailing at Wrigley Field or the Yankee Stadium. Umpires are abused. Pitchers throw dusters, and first-base men pull hidden ball tricks. And when a Latin puts his fingers to his mouth and whistles, he is giving out with his version of the Bronx cheer.

Only one word of warning should be given our American stars if they invade Latin America: the constant hissing in the stands is not what it sounds like. Under the tropical sun fans grow thirstier than they do at home, and when Latin Americans want to call a waiter they hiss at him.

It's a sharp, angry hiss—but all it means is that the señor craves a bottle of beer, soda, or limonada.

Although millions of Latin-American fans know all about the players and box scores in the North American big leagues, most North Americans know nothing about the World Series that Latin-American teams have been playing since 1939. Yet, oddly enough, it was originally the brain child of a Yanqui promoter, one Leslie Mann. In 1938 Mann discovered that during the Havana baseball season some 20,000 fans jam the Tropical Stadium of a Sunday to see the weekly double-header between teams of Cuban professionals. Forthwith Mann grabbed the next plane to Havana to seek an audience with Colonel Jaime Marine, Cuba's wiry little sports director. Colonel Marine (you pronounce it Marinay) agreed to let Mann stage a World Series of amateur baseball in Havana.

This was played in September, 1939, when teams representing the U. S., Nicaragua, and Cuba battled it out before 50,000 ticket buyers. Cuba won the series and the right permanently to stage the series in Havana.

WITH Marine's backing, Mann was really able to go to town in 1940. This time teams representing Venezuela, Nicaragua, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Mexico, and Hawaii played through twenty days of sizzling double-headers until the Cuban stars smashed through to a well earned victory.

The take on this series ran somewhere about $50,000.

Soon Mann clashed swords with Marine over mundane matters and was divorced from the Latin-American World Series of amateur baseball. A permanent commission, headed by Colonel Marine, was set up to run the succeeding series. This body made its bow by staging the 1941 series, in which Venezuela triumphed over teams from Cuba, the U. S., Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo, Panama, Nicaragua, Mexico, and El Salvador. The series lasted through a month of double-headers, and drew 200,000 paid admissions.

I saw some of the 1942 games from the press box of the Tropical Stadium in Havana. Flags of five participating American nations were flying. More than 30,000 fans packed into the stands, the bleachers out near the royal palms, and the standing room on the field. Around me fifty sports writers from all over Latin America were banging out copy on their portables, while three radio announcers spoke to the sports fans of twenty countries.

This 1942 Havana series will be remembered in Latin America as the one which resulted in a breach of diplomatic relations between Venezuela and Santo Domingo. Toward the end Cuba and Santo Domingo were tied for the lead, each team having won seven games and lost one.

That day the Dominicans were to play a singularly inept U. S. amateur team, while Cuba was to meet the tough 1941 champions from Venezuela.

For reasons best known to themselves, the U. S. team proceeded to make like Joe DiMaggio. Toward the seventh inning, with Los Yonkees leading three to nothing, the delighted Cuban fans were screaming *"Arriba,* Johnny!" every time the ball was thrown. (Every North American is "Johnny" to the Cubans.) On the field, amid shouted prayers that Johnny lead a long and happy life, nerves were snapping fast and loud like machine guns.

Something had to give. In this case it was a baseball. While the Dominicans were at bat, a ball rolled into the American dugout. An American tossed it back to the field. It landed between the Dominican batter's shoulder blades. It was then returned —*con caliente*—to the American dugout.

To the Cuban fans, by now delirious in their gratitude to the Johnnies for knocking the Dominicans out of the tie for the series lead, this was the insult direct. As in Brooklyn, St. Louis, Chicago, and points north, the fans had but one recourse—beer bottles. At least half of the bottles fell short of the field, landing instead on the skulls of other fans. Then one bottle landed in the face of the Dominican manager. Unfortunately, this

BEIS-BOL
PARQUE DELTA
ALIJADORES
FATIMA

They can't afford tickets, but they bore peepholes and watch the game anyway.

He hurled a bat at the stands, so he has to be guarded as he leaves the field.

gentleman was carrying a bat at the moment. Without a word, he wheeled and flung the bat into the stands, where it made forceful contact with the noggin of a Habanero who had paid for his ticket.

This was the signal for the crowds to start heaving filled as well as empty beer bottles. Police and civil guards swarmed out onto the field, formed an old-fashioned block of stout men and true around the bat-heaving Dominican manager, and escorted him safely to the nearest station house.

As soon as the game ended, every man in the idolized Cuban team rushed over to the Dominican dugout, put his arm around a visiting player and, careful to keep himself between his fellow athlete and the stands, walked him in safety to the dressing rooms. This prevented another bottle barrage—and more. The demonstration of good sportsmanship put the Cuban fans to shame.

That night the chief of the Dominican government, Rafael Trujillo, withdrew his team from the series. At the request of many sportsmen he rescinded his order, but two days later the Dominicans failed to take to the field to meet the Venezuelans in their scheduled game. The Venezuelans gallantly refused to accept the game by forfeit. One gesture led to another, and finally the whole series of gestures growing out of the unplayed game led to a breach of diplomatic relations between Venezuela and the Dominican Republic that has since grown steadily worse.

The diplomatic repercussions of the World Series came as no surprise to Pepe, my Cuban host, or his friends. "We take our baseball seriously down here," he said, "and we like to be taken seriously."

Pepe's friend, a Venezuelan columnist, agreed. "We're all proud of our teams," he said, "and we're all crazy about American big-league ball. Yet, outside of Havana, not a single baseball-loving Latin-American city has ever seen an American big-league team in action. And never has an American sportsman ever suggested that the winner of the American series play the best team in Latin America for the real world championship."

THE END

HOW TO TALK BASEBALL IN LATIN AMERICA

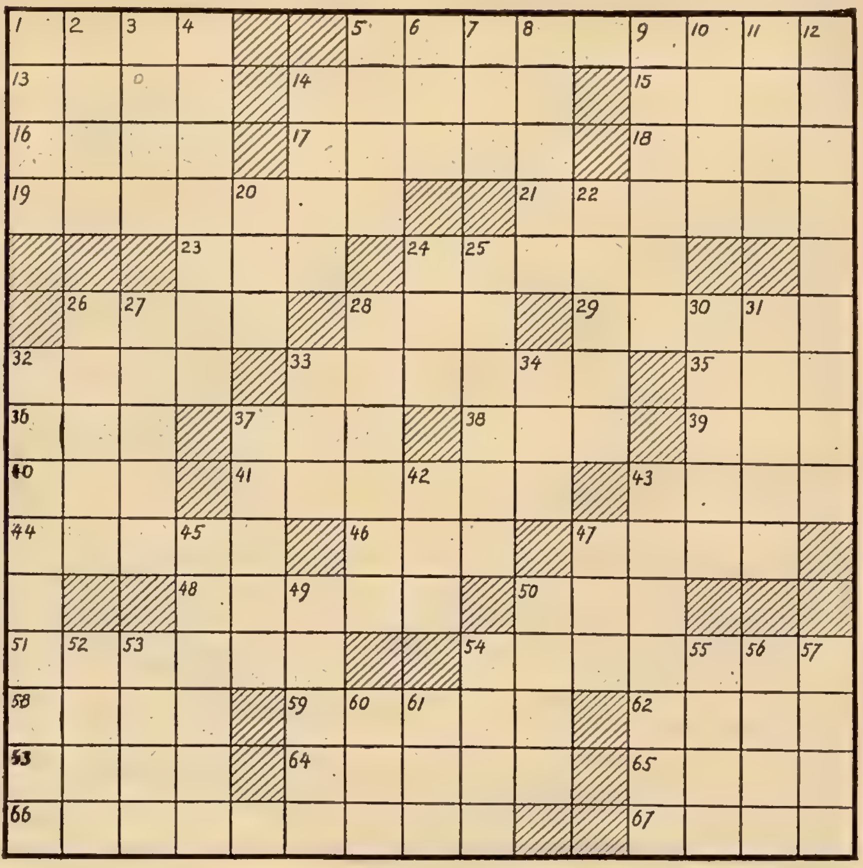
Baseball	Beisbol	Three-base hit	Tri bey
Catcher	Receptor	Two-base hit	Tu bey
Pitcher	Lanzador	Error	Error
First baseman	Primera base	Safe	Quieto
Second baseman	Segunda base	Out	Out
Third baseman	Tercera base	Fly	Fly
Shortstop	Torpedero	Foul	Foul
Left fielder	Jardinero izquierdo	Pop fly	Palomon
Right fielder	Jardinero derecho	Bunt	Plancha
Center fielder	Jardinero central	Sacrifice	Sacrificio
Strike	Strike	Squeeze play	Squeeze play
Ball	Bola	Double play	Double play
Run	Carrera	Inning	Entrada
Hit	Hit	Umpire	Arbitro
Single	Sencillo or un discutable	Pinch hitter	Emergente
		Relief pitcher	Tapon
Strike out	Ponchado	Home team	Home team
Base on balls	Transferencia or pase	Visitors	Visitators or visitantes
Stolen base	Base robado		
Home run	Cuadrangular or cuadro esquina	Slide	Des lizarse

HOW TO ADDRESS UMPIRES IN LATIN AMERICA

Drunkard	Borracho	Blind	Ciego
Fifth columnist	Quintacolumnista	Thief	Ladron
Bum	Bulto		

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



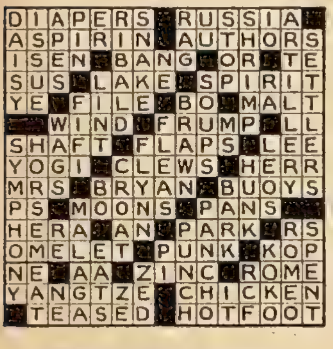
HORIZONTAL

1 A group of N. G. men
5 No way to run a war (German)
13 Space to shuttle back and forth in Russia (German)
14 Greek dame chasing around the woods in a sarong
15 Italian I-scream festival
16 If you're on it, you are in no position to drink it
17 Kamerad!
18 Makes love to a milkmaid
19 They cause a certain callousness in horsemen
21 Dish it out of the country
23 First receiving set
24 Mud sludge seasoned
26 Southern shoe filling
28 With a yell he tamed lions
29 Man power
32 Writin' spit (pl.)
33 Sell on the hoof
35 Whoppergander
36 Nuther's pal
37 A little burp
38 American Ltd.
39 Short answer
40 Return trip from to
41 A helpsie-selfsie
43 Very (Fr.)
44 Speed the Italian army doesn't retreat
46 It's usually followed by a big boom
47 Great place for a gal (masc.)
48 Churchgoers' places in X words
50 If you're yellow and you do this, you may turn green
51 A hunk of spaghetti that got somewhere
54 Jitterbug with wings
58 Kind of whim my wife has
59 Metal stew
62 Adam good man, according to G. Eliot
63 XX reversed
64 Modern darning
65 Nonunion leaders
66 Here's a butter that's not been rationed (two words)
67 Formerly in X-words (and still in 'em)

VERTICAL

1 Lets the wind play through the pipes with the front stop open (fem.)
2 What to give a fat tenor when he takes off with one
3 Want
4 Here's where you can make a lot of nasty digs at the Axis (pl.)
5 A bright pupil
6 A funny Bill
7 Best part of a tale
8 All you need is a little pull here and you'll get all the milk you want
9 A city in Florida (Brooklynese)
10 Em Cee
11 Outstanding thing about "Stinky" Jones
12 The buttermilk of inhuman unkindness
14 A human chameleon
20 Chap she'd like on her hands
22 Algerian pirate's ocean greyhound
24 Sittin' plush
25 Unmentionable things about women
26 Music of the wind playing through the loose adenoids
27 Where we've raised the world's biggest rubber plant
28 Give His Majesty the gate
30 Don't cause it when the air-raid siren sounds it
31 The laughing waters of the West Coast
32 Even when this comes along, I'll still have no money
33 4
34 Mrs. D'lno (abbr.)
37 Take it on the lam with pop's lamb
42 Decorate the mahogany backward
43 What Quakers do during earthquakes
45 The kick found in tea
47 Forever
49 Poetry of the masses
50 Booze fighters
52 Cockney Uriah
53 Crunch-crunch time
54 Hitler's reluctantly made him an ally recently
55 Look loose at a lulu (masc.)
56 Wot Mussolini does when they inevitably approach in March
57 Scene of the Cock Robin Murder Case
60 Guy with a big puss
61 Let's Ration Alimony (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the April 24 issue.



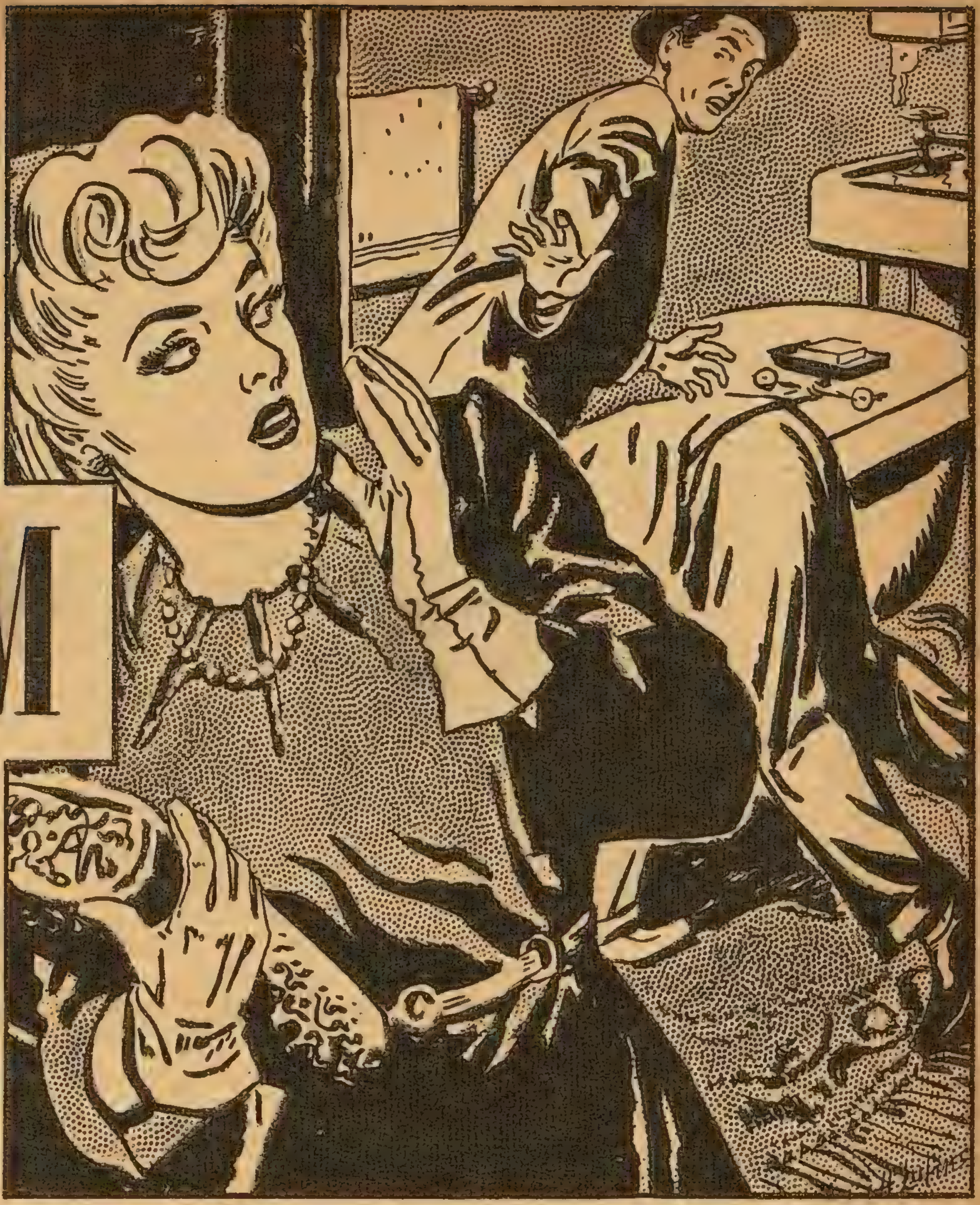
DIAPERS■RUSSIA■
ASPIRIN■AUTHORS
ISEN■BANG■OR■TE
SUS■LAKE■SPIRIT
YE■FILE■BO■MALT
■■WIND■FRUMP■LL
SHAFT■FLAPS■LEE
YOGI■CLEWS■HERR
MRS■BRYAN■BUOYS
PS■MOONS■PANS■■
HERA■AN■PARK■RS
OMELET■PUNK■KOP
NE■AA■ZINC■ROME
YANGTZE■CHICKEN
■TEASED■HOTFOOT

March 27 Answer

The PHANTOM LADY

A Mystery Novel

By WILLIAM IRISH



ONLY SHE STOOD BETWEEN HIM AND EXECUTION for a murder he couldn't have done — because he was with *her* when the murder was committed.

But of all the people who *must* have seen her with him that night — at the bar, in the cab, at the restaurant and the theater — none had! All swore he was *alone!*

Had he been with a phantom lady in an orange hat? For one of the cleverest, swiftest mysteries of the year, we give you—The Phantom Lady.

A Liberty BOOK

ABRIDGED TO ONE EVENING'S READING TIME

The Hundred and Fiftieth Day Before the Execution—Six P. M.

THE night was young, and so was he. But the night was sweet, and he was sour.

People glancing at him as he strode by wondered what he had to be that ill-tempered about. It wasn't his health. Any one that could swing along at the gait he was must be in the pink of condition. It wasn't his circumstances. His clothes had that carelessly expensive hang that can't be faked. It wasn't his age or looks. He wouldn't have been half bad-looking if he'd given his features a chance to unpucker. He hadn't intended going in where he finally did. He probably wouldn't have even noticed the place if the intermittent neon over it hadn't glowed on just then, as he was passing. It said "Anselmo's" in geranium red, and it dyed the whole sidewalk under it as though somebody had spilled a bottle of ketchup.

He swerved aside, on what was obviously an impulse, and went barging in. He found himself in a long, low-ceilinged room, three or four steps below street level. He dumped his topcoat on top of one of the tall chairs at the bar, dropped his hat on top of it, and then sat down on the next one over. His attitude plainly implied he was there for the night.

A blurred white jacket approached and a voice said, "Good evening, sir."

"Scotch," he said, "and a little water. I don't give a damn how little."

He reached out to a bowl of pretzels without looking. His hand came down not on a twisted baked shape but on a straight smooth one that moved slightly.

He swung his head around, took his hand off the other. "Sorry," he grunted. "After you."

He swung his head around to his own business once more. Then he turned again, gave her a second look.

The unusual thing about her was the hat. It resembled a pumpkin, not only in shape and size but in color. It was a flaming orange, so vivid it almost hurt the eyes. Stemming from the exact center of it was a long thin

Copyright, 1942, by William Irish. Published in the United States by J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $2.00

cockerel feather, sticking straight up like the antenna of an insect. Not one woman in a thousand would have braved that color. She not only did, she got away with it. She looked startling, but good, not funny. The rest of her was toned down, reticent in black, almost invisible against that beacon of a hat.

Meanwhile she was nibbling a pretzel and trying to seem unaware of his steady scrutiny. When she broke off nibbling, that was the only sign she gave of being aware that he had come over and was standing beside her.

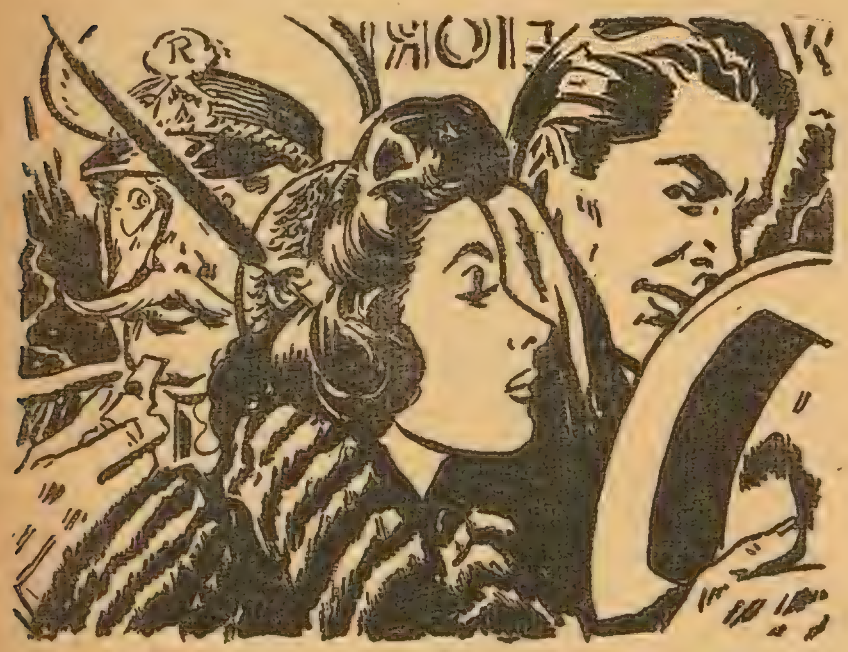
She inclined her head very slightly, in a listening attitude, as if to say, "I'm not going to stop you if you try to speak."

What he had to say, with terse directness, was: "Are you doing anything?"

"I am, and I'm not."

There was no trace of the masher in his manner. He went on, briskly impersonal, "If you've got an engagement, just say so. I'm not trying to annoy you."

"You're not annoying me—so far," she told him.



His eyes went to the clock up over the bar, facing both of them. "Look, it's ten after six right now."

Her own eyes sought it in turn. "So it is," she agreed.

"I have two tickets for the show at the Casino. Row Double-A, aisle seats. Care to take it in with me?"

"You're abrupt about it."

"I have to be abrupt about it. If you have a previous engagement, say so, and I'll try to find somebody else."

A flicker of interest showed in her eyes. "These tickets must be used up at all costs?"

"It's a matter of principle," he said sullenly.

"This could be mistaken for a crude attempt at striking up an acquaintanceship," she let him know.

"It isn't." His face was still set in flinty lines.

Her way of accepting was to remark, "I've always wanted to do something of this sort. I'd better do it now. The chance mayn't recur."

"Shall we make an agreement before we start?" he suggested. "We're just companions for an evening. Two people having dinner together, seeing a show together. No names, no addresses, no irrelevant personal references and details. Just—"

She supplied, "Two people seeing a show together, companions for an evening. I think that's very sensible." She offered him her hand and they shook on it. She smiled for the first time.

He motioned the barman over, tried to pay for both drinks.

"I'd paid for mine before you came in," she said.

The barman took a small tablet out of the pocket of his jacket, penciled "1 Scotch—60" on the top leaf, tore it off, and presented it to him.

They were numbered, he noticed, and he saw that he'd drawn a large beetling black "13" in the upper corner. He gave a wry grin, handed it back with the requisite amount, turned and went after her.

Outside she turned to him. "I'm in your hands."

He called a taxi waiting a few car lengths away and helped her in.

"Maison Blanche," he told the driver.

The light was on and they let it stay that way.

Presently he heard her give a little gratified chuckle, and, following the direction of her eyes, grinned sparingly in accompaniment. The name identifying the cab driver was memorably curt and alliterative: "Al Alp."

In the foyer at the restaurant she separated from him. "Will you excuse me a moment while I repair the ravages of time? Go in and sit down. I'll find you."

A headwaiter greeted him at the dining-room entrance. "One, sir?"

"No; I have a reservation for two." And then he gave the name, "Scott Henderson."

The waiter found it on his list. "Ah, yes. Are you alone, Mr. Henderson?"

"No," Henderson answered noncommittally.

When she appeared at the dining-room entrance presently, she was hatless, and he was surprised at how much the hat had been able to do for her. There was something flat about her. The light had gone out.

"Do you come here often?" she asked after she was seated.

He pointedly failed to hear her.

"Sorry," she relented. "That comes under the heading of personal background."

"Don't you want to take your gloves off?" he said at one point.

She stripped the right one off immediately. She took a little longer with the left; then finally, with a touch of defiance, she followed suit with that. He carefully refrained from seeing the wedding band.

She was a good conversationalist without being spectacular about it. She was dexterous, too; managed to eschew the obvious, the banal, the dry; the weather, the newspaper headlines, the food they were eating.

"This crazy South American, this Mendoza, in the show we're seeing tonight—when I first saw her, a year or so ago, she had hardly any accent at all. But now she seems to unlearn more English all the time. One more season and she'll be back in pure Spanish."

Toward the end, he caught her studying his necktie. He looked down at it questioningly.

"Wrong color?"

"No, quite good, in itself," she hastened to assure him. "Only, it doesn't match—it's the one thing that doesn't go with everything else you— Sorry; I didn't mean to criticize," she concluded.

He glanced down at it a second time with a sort of detached curiosity, as though he hadn't known until now, himself, just which one it was he had put on.

It was only in the foyer that she finally put her hat on again. And at once she came alive; she was something, somebody. A gigantic theater doorman opened the cab door for them, when it had driven up, and his eyes boggled comically as the hat swept past.

THEIR seats were in the first row. Watching the revue, she would beam occasionally, even laugh outright now and then. The most he would do was give a strained smile, as though under obligation to do it. The noise, color, and brilliance of lighting reached a crescendo, then the curtains rippled together, ending the first half, the house lights came on, and there was a stir around them as people got up and went outside.

"Come across some name you've recognized?" she murmured, with a smile.

He looked down and found his fingers had been busily turning down the upper right-hand corner of each leaf of his program, one by one, from front to back. "I always do that. A variation of doodling, I guess you'd call it. I never know I'm doing it, either."

The trap under the stage opened and the orchestra started to file back into the pit for the second half. The trap drummer was nearest to them, just across the partition rail. He turned idly, and almost at once became aware of her and of the hat. It seemed to do something to him. His vapid, unintelligent face froze into an almost hypnotic fascination.

"I seem to have made an impression," she chuckled.

"Perfectly good trap drummer ruined for the evening," he assented.

Midway through the second half there was a crescendo build-up. An exotic thumping of tom-toms and rattling of gourds onstage took place, and the main attraction of the show, Estela Mendoza, the South American sensation, appeared. A sharp nudge from his seatmate reached him even before he had had time to make the discovery for himself. He looked at her, then back to the stage again.

There was a distinct glitter of animosity visible in the expressive black eyes of the figure onstage as they rested on the identical replica of her own headgear, flaunted by his companion there in the very first row, where it couldn't be missed.

Mendoza's art was a simple thing. She sang in Spanish, rolling her eyes from side to side, throwing one hip out of joint at every step she took, and throwing little nosegays out to the women members of the audience.

By the time she had run through two choruses, every woman in the first two or three rows had one of her floral tokens. With the notable exception of Henderson's companion.

"She purposely held out on me to get even for the hat," she whispered knowingly. "Watch me call her on it."

Before he knew what she meant, she had risen to her feet, stood there in her seat, smiling beatifically, passively claiming her due.

For a moment there was a deadlock between the two. But the odds were too unequal. The performer capitulated and tossed her a flower.

At the final curtain, as they rose to go, he dropped his program onto the seat he had just quitted.

To his surprise, she reached down for it, added it to her own. "Just as a memento," she remarked.

"I didn't think you were sentimental," he said.

As they were fighting their way toward a taxi in the melee outside the entrance, an odd little mischance occurred. A blind beggar approached, hovered beside her in mute appeal, alms-cup all but nudging her. The lighted cigarette she was holding was jarred from her fingers and fell into the cup. Henderson saw it happen, she didn't. Before he could interfere, the trustful unfortunate had thrust probing fingers in after it, and then snatched them back again in pain.

Henderson quickly dug the ember out and put a dollar bill in his hand to make amends. "Sorry, old-timer; that wasn't intentional," he murmured.

He followed her into the cab and they drove off. "Wasn't that pathetic?" was all she said.

He had given the driver no direction as yet.

"What time is it?" she asked presently.

"Going on quarter of twelve."

"Suppose we go back to Anselmo's, where we first met," she suggested. "We'll have a nightcap and then we'll part there."

The bar was considerably more crowded now, when they got there, than it had been at six.

"Well," she said, "hail and farewell. Nice having met you."

"Nice of you to say so."

"Good night—and good luck." They shook briefly. Then, just as he was about to turn away, she crinkled her eyes at him in remonstrative afterthought. "Now that you've got it out of your system, why don't you go back and make up with her?"

He gave her a slightly surprised look.

"I've understood all evening," she said quietly.

The Hundred and Fiftieth Day Before the Execution—Midnight

TEN minutes later and and only eight blocks away in a straight line, he got out of the cab in front of an apartment house on the corner. There was a man hanging around in the lobby. Henderson passed him without a second glance and pushed the button for the elevator.

The sixth-floor hall was quiet as he sought for the key and fitted it into his own door. It was pitch-dark on the other side of it. He snapped a light switch and a small neat foyer came into existence.

He called out a name: "Marcella!" He called it imperatively and not particularly friendlily.

The darkness didn't answer.

He strode into it, speaking in that same harsh demanding tone as he went: "Come on, cut it out! You're awake—who do you think you're kidding? I saw the light in your bedroom window from the street just now. Grow up. This isn't going to get us anywhere!"

The silence didn't answer.

A sudden bath of light made him jump slightly. He looked toward the light switch—and found a man's face.

He gave a startled half turn, and there was another one looking at him from that direction. He gave an additional turn, and there was a third directly behind him. The three stood impassive, motionless as statues, in a half circle around him.

HE was the first to speak. "What're you men doing in my apartment?" he rapped out. "Who are you?" They didn't answer.

"What do you want here? How'd you get in?"

One spoke: "Are you Scott Henderson?" They had narrowed the semicircle about him a little now.

"Yes, that's my name." He kept looking around toward the bedroom door. "What is it? What's up?"

They continued, "And you live here—is that right?"

"Certainly I live here!"

"And you're the husband of Marcella Henderson?"

"Yes! Now listen. I want to know what this is about."

He tried to get to a door, and found that one of them somehow was in his way. "Where is she? Is she out?"

"She's not out, Mr. Henderson," one of them said.

"Well, if she's in there, why doesn't she come out?" His voice rose. "*Talk,* will you? Say something!"

"She can't come out, Mr. Henderson."

"Wait a minute. What was that you showed me just now—a police badge?"

"Now, take it easy, Mr. Henderson."

"Take it easy? But I want to know what's happened! Take your hands off me. Let me go in there, will you?"

"All right. Let him go in, Joe."

He went into the room, a pretty place, a fragile place. On the two beds were blue satin coverlets. One flat and smooth as ice, the other rounded over some one's hidden form. Covered up completely from head to foot, with just a wisp or two of curly hair escaping up at the top.

He stopped short. A look of white consternation crossed his face. "She's—she's done something to herself! Oh, the little fool!"

He took sagging steps over to the bedside. He leaned down, found her rounded shoulder, shook it questioningly. "Marcella, are you all right?"

They'd come in past the doorway after him. Vaguely he had an impression everything he did was being watched.

His hand whipped down the blue satin coverlet. There was a hideous, unbelievable moment, enough to scar his heart for life, while she grinned up at him. Grinned with a cadaverous humor that had become static.

Hands interfered. He went backward draggingly.

"I didn't want *this* to happen," he said brokenly. "*This* wasn't what I was looking for—"

Three pairs of eyes exchanged glances.

They took him out into the other room and led him over to a sofa. He sat there quietly, shading his eyes with one hand.

Finally the one sitting across from him said, "We're going to have to talk to you."

He said simply, "It's all right. You can begin."

It began conversationally: "Your age, Mr. Henderson?"

"Thirty-two."

"Her age?"

"Twenty-nine."

"How long were you married?"

"Five years."

"About what time did you leave here tonight?"

"Between five thirty and six."

"Can you come a little closer than that?"

"Say, somewhere between quarter of and five of six. I remember I heard six o'clock striking when I'd gotten down as far as the corner."

"I see. You'd already had your dinner?" asked the cop.

"No." A split second went by. "No—I hadn't."

"You had your dinner out, in that case."

"I had my dinner out."

"Did you have your dinner alone?"

"I had my dinner out, without my wife."

"Well, er, it wasn't your usual custom, though, to dine out without your wife, was it?"

"No, it wasn't. We'd arranged to take dinner out together tonight. Then at the last minute she complained of having a headache, and—I went alone."

"Have words, anything like that?"

Henderson said, "We had a word or two, yes. You know how it is."

"Sure." The detective seemed to understand perfectly. "But nothing serious—that right?"

"Nothing that would make her do anything like this, if that's what you're driving at."

"You're a very neat dresser, Mr. Henderson," the one in the chair observed at random.

Henderson gave him a disgusted look, didn't answer.

"It's great the way everything you've got on goes together—socks and shirt and pocket handkerchief—"

"All but the tie," the one by the window objected.

"Why do you have to discuss anything like that at a time like this?" Henderson protested wearily.

"It should be blue, shouldn't it? Everything else is blue. Haven't you got a blue tie?"

Henderson protested almost pleadingly, "What're you trying to do to me? I can't talk about trifles like—"

The detective asked the question again, as tonelessly as before: "Haven't you got a blue tie, Mr. Henderson?"

Henderson ran his hand up through his hair. "Are you trying to drive me out of my mind? Yes, I have a blue tie. Inside, on my tie rack, I think."

"Then how'd you come to skip it when you were putting on an outfit like this? Unless, of course, you did have it on, then changed your mind, whipped it off and put on the one you're wearing instead."

Henderson said, "What's the difference? Why do you keep this up?" His voice went up a note. "My wife is dead. I'm all cracked up inside. What's the difference what color tie I did or didn't put on?"

"Are you sure you didn't have it on originally, then change your mind?"

His voice was smothered. "Yes, I'm sure. It's hanging from my tie rack in there."

The detective said guilelessly, "No, it isn't hanging from your tie rack. That's why I'm asking."

Henderson looked at him with weary exasperation. "What's the difference where it is, anyway?"

"A great deal of difference, Mr. Henderson. You see, the tie was knotted tight around your wife's neck. So tight it killed her."

The Hundred and Forty-ninth Day Before the Execution—Daybreak

A THOUSAND questions later the early light of day made the room look as though an all-night party had taken place there.

The men in it looked and acted like men suffering from a hangover. They had their coats and vests off, their shirt collars open. Only Henderson was sitting quiet—on the same sofa he'd been on all night.

The questioning began again.

"It wasn't just about two theater tickets. Why do you keep trying to make us believe it was that?"

"Because it was that."

The other one said, "Come on, Henderson, quit stalling. Who is she?"

"Who is who?"

"Oh, don't start that again," his questioner said disgustedly.

Henderson got up and went over and stood by the window, his back to the room. There was a noticeable lull. All questioning had stopped.

Henderson turned, then stopped where he was. There was a girl sitting on the sofa, in the exact place where he'd just been himself until now. There hadn't been a sound to mark her arrival. The way the eyes of the three men dug into his face, all the skin should have peeled off it.

She looked at him, and he at her. She was pretty. Blue-eyed, and with her taffy-colored hair uncurled and brushed straight across her forehead in a clean-looking sweep. She had no hat, but a tan camel's-hair coat was drawn over her shoulders.

Then suddenly there was no one else in the room with them any more.

She flung herself against him.

He tried to side-step. "Don't! Be careful. They're probably listening to every word—"

"I have nothing to be afraid of." She took him by the arms and shook him slightly. "Have you? *Have* you? You've got to answer me!"

"No," he said sadly. "I didn't hate Marcella. I just didn't love her enough to go on with her, that's all. But I couldn't have killed her."

"Oh, I knew you couldn't have. But what about *them?* Do they think—"

"I think it's about fifty-fifty, so far. They wouldn't have kept at me this long— How did they come to drag you into it?"

"Your message was there from six o'clock when I got in last night. I called you back here, around eleven. They were already here in the place, and they sent some one right over to talk to me."

She stopped short. Burgess, one of the detectives, was back in the room. He had the pleased look of a man who has gained his point. When the other two followed him in, Henderson saw him give one of them the wink.

HENDERSON stepped over to him. "Look, will you keep Miss Richman out of this?"

"That depends entirely on yourself," Burgess told him. "We only brought her over here, in the first place, because you made it necessary for us to remind you—"

"Anything I know, anything I can tell you, is yours," Henderson assured him, "if you see that she's not annoyed."

"Always providing it's the truth," Burgess qualified.

"It will be."

Burgess took the girl to the door, said to the cop posted outside it: "Tell Tierney nobody is to come near this young lady. No name, no questions answered, no information of any kind."

"Thanks," Henderson said fervently.

The detective eyed him without acknowledgment. "Shall we start in?" he said.

"Let's start," Henderson acquiesced.

"You said you had words. Does that stand?"

"That stands."

"About two theater tickets. Does that stand?"

"About two theater tickets and a divorce. That stands too."

"Now that comes in it. Then there was bad feeling between you?"

"No feeling of any kind, good or bad. I'd already asked her for a divorce. She knew about Miss Richman. She refused the divorce. Is all this necessary?"

"Very."

"I had a talk with Miss Richman night before last. She said, 'Try in a different way this time. Talk to her reasonably. Try to win her over.' It went against the grain, but I gave it a spin. I reserved a table for two at our old place. I bought two tickets to a show, first row on the aisle. At the last minute I even turned down an invitation from my best friend to go out on a farewell party with him. Jack Lombard. He's going to be in South America for the next few years.

"Then, when I got back here, nothing doing. She wasn't having any. Instead, she just laughed at the whole idea.

"You know how it is when they laugh at you? You feel like a fool. I was so sore I couldn't see straight any more. I yelled, 'I'm going out on the street and invite the first girl I run into to come with me in your place!' And I slammed out the door."

"And after you left here, does that timetable of your movements you already gave us still go?" Burgess asked.

"That still goes. Except that I wasn't alone. I did what

I'd told her I'd do: stepped up to some one and invited her along."

"What time did you meet her, about?"

"Only a few minutes after leaving here. Wait a minute—I just remembered. I can give you the exact time I met her. We both looked at the clock in the bar together. It was ten after six, to the dot."

"What bar was this?"

"I can't say, exactly. It had a red come-on over it."

"Can you prove you were in there at ten after six?"

"I've just told you I was. Why? Why is that so important?"

Burgess drawled: "I'll give it to you. Your wife died at exactly eight after six. The small wrist watch she wore shattered against the edge of the vanity table as she fell to her death. It stopped at exactly—" He read from something: "6-08-15. You prove you were over there at ten past, and all this is over."

"But I've told you! I looked at the clock."

"That isn't proof; that's an unsupported statement."

"Then what would proof be?"

"Corroboration. Can this woman you say you met in the bar corroborate you on what time it was?"

"Yes. She looked at the clock when I did."

"All right, then. What was her name?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask."

Burgess had got out his notebook again. "All right. Describe her for us."

There was a long wait.

Henderson's face was getting paler by the minute.

"My heaven, I can't!" he blurted out finally. "I've lost her completely. She's rubbed out. She's a complete blank!" He look up half hopefully. "I can remember her hat better than anything else. An orange hat. Will that do any good? Yeah, orange, that's it."

"But suppose she's taken it off. Was she fat? Skinny? Tall? Short?" Burgess peppered at him.

Henderson writhed. "I can't! She was shaped like other women, that's about all I can tell you—"

That did it. Burgess' face had been slowly lengthening. Now it had turned red. He shrugged into his coat, pulled the knot of his tie around frontward.

"Come on, boys," he said surlily. "Let's get out of here. It's getting late."

He stopped a moment and eyed Henderson flintily.

"What do you take us for, anyway?" he growled. "Her face is just a blank space under an orange hat! You expect us to swallow that? You try to hand us a myth, a phantom, without any name or form or height or width or eyes or hair or anything else, and we're supposed to take your word for it you were with *that* and not home here when your wife was getting killed!"

"Come on, stir!" one of the others ordered Henderson.

"Am I under arrest?" Scott Henderson asked.

The answer was to be found in the parting instruction Burgess gave the third man.

"Turn out that lamp, Joe. There won't be anybody using it around here for a long time."

The Hundred and Forty-ninth Day Before the Execution—Six P. M.

HENDERSON, neither free nor indicted yet, sat on the rear seat of the police car between Burgess and one of the other two headquarters men.

They were on Fiftieth Street now. One block of it ticked off. Two.

"See it yet?"

"No. Or, if I have, it doesn't click. It was awfully red—redder than that one."

The third block. The fourth.

"See it?"

A name drifted by, colorless glass tubes unlighted. Henderson turned quickly. "That's it! Anselmo's. It was something like that—I'm almost sure of it."

Burgess turned and looked at him. "You find some way of proving that you got into this bar as late as *six seventeen*—but no later—and you'll still clear yourself automatically, even now."

Henderson said: "I can prove I got in here as early as six ten, if I can only find that woman."

Burgess swung open the car door. "Let's go inside," he said.

"Ever see this man before?" Burgess asked the barman.

The barman held his chin in a vise. "Looks kind of familiar," he admitted. "But then, my whole job is just faces, faces, faces." He studied Henderson, then snapped his fingers. "Gloomy Gus. I remember him now. Only last night, wasn't it?"

"Now we want the time."

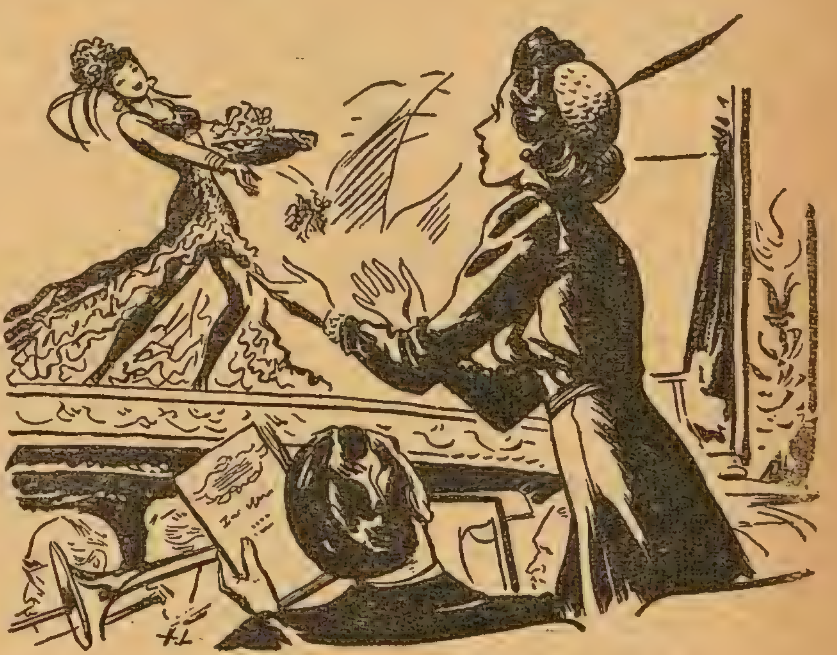
"Sometime during my first hour on duty. It might have been six, it might have been six thirty; it might have been six forty-five."

Burgess looked at Henderson, raised his eyebrows slightly. Then he turned to the barman again. "Tell us about this woman that was in here at that time."

"What woman?"

Henderson pointed helplessly two bar stools over. "An orange hat," he said, before Burgess could stop him.

"Look," the barman said irritably. "I've been in this business thirty-seven years. I'm sick of their damn faces. Don't come in and ask me what color hats they had on. To me they're just orders, they're just drinks! Tell me what she had, and I'll tell you if she was in here or not! We keep all the tabs. I'll get 'em."



They were all looking at Henderson now. He said, "I had Scotch and water. She had—I remember. It was pink and there was a cherry in the bottom of the glass."

"Jack Rose," said the barman. "I can get it for you easy now." He started shuffling through the tabs.

Henderson gave a start, leaned forward. "Wait a minute!" he said breathlessly. "I remember the number printed at the top of my particular pad. Thirteen."

The barman put down two tabs in front of all of them. "Yeah, you're right," he said. "Thirteen—one Scotch and water. And here are the Jack Roses, three of them, on number seventy-four. That's one of Tommy's tabs, from the shift before."

"So?" Burgess suggested softly.

"So I still don't remember seeing any such woman."

Burgess looked grim. "Come on, Henderson."

"You sure did draw the thirteen tab," one of them said in a wry undertone as they emerged to the street.

"EVEN if she shows up from now on, at any later point in the evening, it's already too late to do you any good," Burgess warned him as they sat waiting for the taxi driver to be traced and brought in.

"*Somebody'll* remember her," Henderson insisted, "in one of the other places we went."

The man Burgess had sent out on the assignment came in, reported: "The Sunrise Company has two drivers on the line outside Anselmo's, Budd Hickey and Al Alp."

"Alp," Henderson said. "That's the funny name I've been trying to think of."

"Send Alp in. Tell the other guy never mind."

When he came in, Burgess said, “Did you have a haul last night from your stand to the Maison Blanche Restaurant?”

“Mason Blantch, Mason Blantch— Yeah, I did!”

“Look around you. See any one here you gave it to?”

His eyes slid past Henderson’s face. Then they came back again. “It was him, wasn’t it?”

“Alone or with somebody else?”

He took a minute with that. Then, “I don’t remember noticing nobody else with him. Alone, I guess.”

Henderson gave a lurch forward. “You must have seen her! We had the light on all the way over.”

“Now I *am* sure,” the driver said. “Now I’m positive—even if I wasn’t before. I been hacking eight years. If you had the top light on, you were by yourself. I never knew a guy riding with a woman to leave the top light on yet.”

Burgess ended the interview: “All right, Alp. Then that’s your statement.”

“That’s my statement. *There was nobody with this man when I had him in my cab last night.*”

THE headwaiter at the Maison Blanche bowed as he came out to them.

Burgess said, “Have you seen this man before?”

His black-pitted eyes took in Henderson. “Yes.”

“When was the last time?”

“Last night.”

“Where did he sit?”

He picked out the niche table unerringly.

“Over there.”

“Who was with him?”

“Nobody was with him.”

There was a line of little moist needle pricks starting out along Henderson’s forehead. “You saw her come in a moment or two after me and join me. You saw her sitting there during the whole meal. You must have!”

The headwaiter turned to Burgess. “Well, if there is any doubt, I can show you my reservation list for last night. You can see for yourselves.”

He went across the dining room, opened a drawer in a buffet, brought back a ledger.

“There.” He pointed to an entry after which there was a marginal note. “M’sieu had a reservation for two, m’sieu showed up by himself, and the other half of his party never reached here.”

“All right, next,” said Burgess. “Mitri Maloff, table waiter.”

A change of figures before Henderson’s eyes, that was all. The dream, the practical joke, the whatever it was, went on and on.

Burgess asked, “You waited on this man at table 24 last night?”

“Ah, sure; certainly!”

“How many were there at the table?”

The waiter looked puzzled. “Him,” he said “Shust him.”

“No lady?”

“No, no lady. What lady?” And then he added, in perfect innocence, “Why? He lose one?”

It brought on a howl from the others. Henderson parted his lips and took a deep breath, like when something hurts you unbearably.

“One thing more,” Burgess said, “just to round the whole thing out. I’d like to see the check for that particular dinner. You keep them, don’t you?”

The manager brought them out himself. They found it without difficulty. It said, “Table 24. Waiter 3. 1 Table d’hôte—2.25.” It was stamped in faint purple, “Paid—May 20th” in a sort of oval formation.

They had to help him get back into the car. He walked in a kind of stupor. His legs were balky.

“THERE can be no question that the two seats were paid for,” the theater manager told Burgess urbanely. “All I can tell you is that nobody was seen going in with him.”

Going up the steps at headquarters, Burgess steadied him with a hand to his arm as he stumbled. “You better get a good night’s sleep, Henderson,” he suggested. “And a good lawyer. You’re going to need both.”

The Ninetieth Day Before the Execution

“LADIES and gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?”

“We have, your Honor.”

“Do you find this defendant guilty or not guilty of the charge made against him?”

“Guilty, your Honor.”

The Eighty-seventh Day Before the Execution

“PRISONER at the bar, have you anything to say before this court passes sentence upon you?”

“What is there to say, when they tell you you have committed a crime, and you and you alone know you haven’t? You’re about to tell me that I must die, and if you tell me I must, I must.”

Voice from the bench: “Scott Henderson, having been tried and found guilty of murder in the first degree, I hereby sentence you to die in the electric chair, in the State Prison at ———, during the week beginning October 20, said sentence to be carried out by the warden of the prison. And may God have mercy on your soul.”

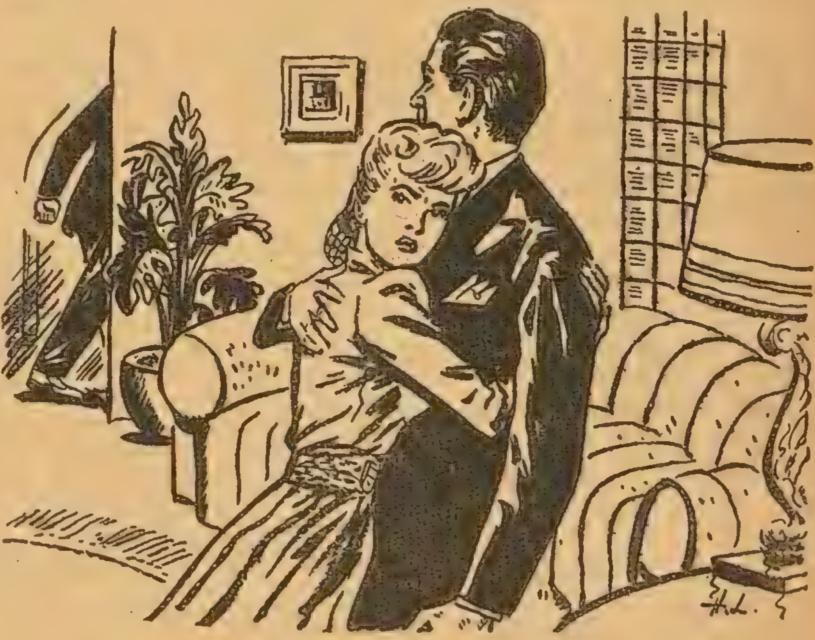
The Twenty-first Day Before the Execution

FOOTSTEPS, then a low voice, just outside the cell in the death-house corridor: “Here he is, in this one.”

Louder, above a jangle of keys: “Somebody here to see you, Henderson.”

Henderson looked up and saw Burgess.

“I understand your appeal’s been turned down,” Burgess said.



“Yes. Now there are no more hitches, no more impediments, nothing further to interfere with the ceremonial bonfire!” Henderson spoke bitterly, then stopped and looked at his visitor. “What’s on your mind?” he asked. “What brings you around here like this, months afterward?”

Burgess felt the back of his neck. “I don’t know how to put it myself. It’s a funny thing for a dick to do—” He stopped a minute, then blurted out: “I believe you’re innocent! Well, there it is, for what it’s worth, and it’s not worth anything—to you or me either. I don’t think you did it, Henderson.”

Long wait.

“Well, say something! Don’t just sit there looking at me.”

“I don’t know what to say when a guy digs up the corpse he helped to bury and says, ‘Sorry, old man; I guess I’ve made a mistake.’ ”

“I guess you’re right. I guess there’s nothing to say. But it’s been on my mind a long time now. Then I talked to Miss Richman once or twice— You’ve got to get hold of some one that can help you!" he exclaimed with feeling. "That can work at it full time for you. I can't; I've got work of my own."

Henderson didn't move his head. "I didn't ask you to," he murmured quietly.

Burgess went on, almost as if he hadn't heard: "Get some one that's close to you, that's all for you"—he tightened his fist and hoisted it in promise—"and I'll back him up all I can."

Henderson said one word, dispiritedly: "Who?" He thought a minute. "There was a guy once—he and I were as close as brothers. But that was in the past—"

"There's no time limit on friendship."

"He isn't here now, anyway. The last time I met him, he told me he was leaving the next day for South America on a five-year contract with some oil company. You can't expect a man to come back three thousand miles and can his whole immediate future to go to bat for a friend."

"Why not give him a chance to come through first, before you start to talk as though he won't?"

Burgess took a memorandum book out of his pocket, tore off a blank leaf, poised his knee for a writing rest, foot to the edge of the bunk.

NN 29 22 CABLE VIA NBN= ——, SEPT 20
NLT JOHN LOMBARD=
COMPANIA PETROLERA SUDAMERICANA
HEAD OFFICE, CARACAS, VENEZUELA
HAVE BEEN SENTENCED FOR MARCELLAS DEATH A CERTAIN KEY WITNESS CAN CLEAR ME IF FOUND THIS IS TO ASK YOU TO COME UP AND HELP ME HAVE NO ONE ELSE TO TURN TO SENTENCE SET FOR THIRD WEEK OCTOBER AND APPEAL HAS BEEN TURNED DOWN GIVE ME A HAND WILL YOU
SCOTT HENDERSON

The Eighteenth Day Before the Execution

HE still had some of the tan on him from warmer latitudes. He was still wearing the clothes he'd put on in South America.

He went into the cell with a wry grin on his face and an outstretched hand.

"Well, lookit old Hendy," he drawled. "What're you doing, trying to be funny?"

Henderson's drawn face lighted up. He answered in kind: "I live here now. How d'ye like that?"

They pumped hands as if they'd never get through. Lombard waited a moment or two. Then he edged up to it—the *it* that was on both their minds. He quit looking at his friend, looked somewhere else instead.

"What about this thing, anyway, Hendy?"

Henderson tried to smile. "Well, there's a member of the class of '30 going to take part in an electrical experiment two and a half weeks from today. What was it they gave me in the yearbook? 'Most likely to get his name in the papers.' Good prophecy. I'll probably make every edition that day."

Lombard's eyes turned to stare at him truculently. "No, you won't. Let's quit horsing around. Go ahead, give me the dope."

Henderson pulled up a sigh from way in. "I've been over it so many times already, I think I could reel it off backwards."

"To me it's like a blackboard without anything written on it yet. So don't skip anything."

"That marriage of mine and Marcella's was just no good," he began. "Then, a little over a year ago, the main bout suddenly came, too late for me to take part in. You never met her, don't know her, so there's no reason for me to mention her name. They were decent enough to do that for me at the trial, too. All through it they just called her 'the girl.' I'll do that here; I'll call her 'my girl' to you."

Once started, he plunged fluently on, telling in detail everything of that unbelievable weird night.

"Then, when I came back," he finished quietly, "Marcella was dead, and they said I did it. They said it happened at eight minutes and fifteen seconds after six. The tie damned me. I must have dropped it somewhere."

He began punching one hand into the flat of the other, over and over, while he spoke. "There's a certain woman who can clear me—simply by telling them at what time I met her at a certain bar eight blocks from where I lived. That time was ten minutes after six. Jack, if you hope to do anything for me, you've got to find that woman. She, and she alone, is the answer."

Lombard took a long time. Finally he said, "What's been done about finding her, so far?"

"Everything," was the devastating answer. "Everything under the sun."

Lombard came over and slumped down limply on the edge of the bunk beside him. "Whew!" he said, blowing through his clasped hands.

The Seventeenth, the Sixteenth Days Before the Execution

LOMBARD shuffled around the cell, hands in pockets, looking down at his own feet. Finally he stopped and said, "Hendy, you've got to do better than that. I'm not a magician. I can't just pull the woman out of a hat from nothing.

"Now, you know what I want, don't you? Raw material that hasn't already been worked over. Second-string witnesses, people who weren't subpoenaed to appear at the trial, people who were overlooked both by the cops and your lawyer. I don't care if they only brushed elbows with you. The point is, I want to be the first to get to them. All right, here we go again. The bar. Any one else at it but the two of you?"

"No. Wait! A girl in a booth turned her head to look around after her. I noticed that as we were leaving. Want that?"

Lombard's pencil moved. "That's exactly the sort of thing I want. The taxi's been checked. The restaurant's next. Any heads turn there?"

"She joined me separately."

"That brings us to the theater."

"There was a doorman with funny fish-hook mustaches. He did a double take-'em on her hat."

"Good. He's in. How about the stage itself? Were any of the performers questioned by the police? When she stood up like that, it might have been seen."

"No."

"It won't hurt for me to check. We're not passing up anything in this. If a *blind man* was anywhere near you that night, I'd want— What's the matter?"

"Hey!" Henderson had said sharply.

"What is it?"

"You just brought something back to me then. One was. A blind panhandler tagged us as we were leaving—" Then, as he saw Lombard's pencil briefly scrawl something, "You're kidding," he protested incredulously.

"Think so?" Lombard said levelly. "Wait and see. I'll make a dent in that somewhere along the line!" he promised grimly.

The Fifteenth Day Before the Execution

PERSONAL columns, all newspapers:

> Will the young lady who was seated in a wall booth at Anselmo's bar at or around 6.15, May 20 last, and who may recall an orange hat that caused her to turn her head as its wearer was leaving, kindly get in touch with me? If she remembers this, it is vital that I hear from her without delay. A person's happiness is involved. All replies held in strictest confidence. Communicate J. L., Box 654, care of this newspaper.

No replies.

The Fourteenth Day Before the Execution

MIKE O'BANNON, ex-theater doorman: "D'ye know what you're asking, man? All those faces, night after night! Nearly always two by two, lady and gent. No, I don't remember."

The Eleventh Day Before the Execution

LOMBARD had been following him for the past hour and a half, and there's nothing slower to be followed on the face of the earth than a blind mendicant.

It was painful to Lombard in the extreme. But the man couldn't keep on forever, he kept reminding himself. He had to sleep sometime. And finally it came. He turned aside, went into a moldering tenement. Lombard stopped at the doorway and cautiously entered in turn, just deep enough within to be able to listen.

The cane taps went up with infinite slowness. Lombard held his breath, listening. He counted four breaks in them, changes of tempo, one for each turn of the stairs. He waited until he'd heard the faint closing of a door up there somewhere, then he started up in turn.

He waited a moment at the top step until his rapidity of breath was completely quelled again, then advanced carefully toward the door. He knocked. Then again.

"Come on," he said. "Let me in. I won't hurt you."

"I can't do it," a timid voice answered. "I'm alone in here, and helpless. I can't let any one in."

He was worried about his day's gleanings, Lombard knew. You couldn't blame him for that.

There was a short stalemate. Lombard took out his wallet finally, scanned it thoughtfully. The largest denomination in it was a fifty-dollar bill. He dropped down and worked it through the crack under the door. He said, "Reach down and feel along the bottom of the door. Doesn't that prove I don't want to rob you?"

There was a postscript of hesitancy, then a chain head slid off its groove.

The room was invisible in the darkness until Lombard lit his cigarette lighter. "Have a smoke," he offered.

The blind man was on the edge of the bed, his cane across his knees in case it should be required as a weapon.

Lombard's hand came away from his pocket holding, instead of cigarettes, a revolver. He held it in close, but pointed directly at the other. "Here, help yourself," he repeated pleasantly.

The man became rigid. "I knew you were after my money!" he said hoarsely. "I shouldn't have let you in—"

Lombard put the gun away again. "You're not blind," he said quietly. "I didn't need that stunt to prove it, either. The mere fact that you opened the door for a fifty-dollar bill was proof enough."

He saw a misshapen remnant of candle, went over and touched the lighter to it while he was still speaking.

"You are an agent," the beggar faltered.

"Not the kind you mean." Lombard came back and sat down.

"Then what are you? What do you want with me?"

"I want you to remember something you saw—Mr. *Blind Man,*" he added ironically. "Now listen to this. You were outside the Casino Theater, working the audience as it came out, one night last May. A man and a woman came out together. Now here's the woman. She had on a bright orange hat with a tall black feeler sticking up from it. Without thinking what she was doing, she dropped a lighted cigarette into the cup you shoved at her. It burned your finger. The man dug it out for you, and gave you a dollar. Now surely you remember that. It isn't every night your finger gets burned by a live cigarette landing in your cup."

"Suppose I say I don't remember."

"Then I'm going to haul you out of here with me and turn you in at the nearest police station as an impostor."

"Suppose I say I do remember. What happens then?"

"First you tell me what you remember, then you repeat it to a certain plain-clothes man, a friend of mine."

The mendicant jolted with renewed dismay. "But how can I do that without giving myself away? I'm supposed to be blind—how can I say I saw them?"

"I can strike a bargain with him, get him to promise you immunity from prosecution. Now how about it? Did you or didn't you?"

"Yes, I did," the professional blind man admitted in a low voice. "I saw the two of them together. I usually keep my eyes closed, even behind the glasses; but the cigarette burn made me open them good and wide."

"You'd know her again if you saw her?"

"I already have. I only saw him that one night, but I saw her at least once more after that, a week later—"

"What!" Lombard was suddenly on his feet, leaning over him. "Let me hear about it! No, wait! I'm going down and call up this fellow I told you about. I want him to come over here and listen to this with me."

"But he's a bull, ain't he?"

"I told you that's all right. You've got nothing to be nervous about. But don't try to run out before I get back, or then we *will* make it hot for you."

He closed the door after him.

BURGESS dropped off a patrol car with a running slowdown a few minutes later.

"In here," Lombard said. "All the way up to the top," he explained, taking the lead. "He's seen her twice—*that* night, and another time a week later. He's a blind man. Don't laugh—phony, of course."

The stairway was darker. "Better let me go first; I've got a pocket light." Burgess detoured around him, took the lead.

At the middle turn he suddenly stopped. "Look out," he warned Lombard. "Step back."

The torch sprang up, bleaching the oblong between end wall and bottom step. Spanning it lay an inert figure, grotesquely contorted. Dangling from one ear, but miraculously unbroken, was a pair of dark glasses.

"That him?" he muttered.

"It's him," agreed Lombard tersely.

Burgess bent over the figure, probed awhile. Then he straightened up again. "Broken neck," he said. "Killed instantly. Missed his footing on the top step."

"A freak accident." Lombard flung his hand out disgustedly as he turned to go down. "I don't like its timing. I no sooner catch up with him—"

"Don't let it throw you down. You may be able to turn up somebody else."

"But whatever he might have told us is gone for good. And it was practically there, waiting to be found out."

The Tenth Day Before the Execution

CAROL RICHMAN looked at a slip of paper Burgess had given her:

Cliff Milburn
House musician, Casino Theater, last season.
Current job, Regent Theater.

The detective had said: "I can't tell you how to go about it. You'll have to figure that out for yourself."

This was her way of going about it: here in the front row, right at the pit, decked out in a brassy calculated attempt at glamour.

The curtain went up. She didn't bother with what was going on onstage. She wasn't here to see a show. She minded her own business strictly, and her business was making a musician, and she was succeeding.

He turned and spoke to her at the start of the intermission, when they were filing out for a rest and a smoke: "Doing anything afterwards?"

She pouted: "No. I only wish I was."

"You are," he assured her smugly, "now!"

When the house lights went on again at the final curtain, she lingered behind. "Wait for me around at the stage alley, lovely," he said. "Be with you in five minutes."

Before she'd even seen him coming, he had her arm possessively under his and was towing her along with him without even breaking stride.

"How's my new little friend?" he began breezily.

"Fine. How's mine?" she gave him back.

"We'll go where the rest of the gang goes," he said.

This was at twelve.

The next four hours were a sort of Dante-esque Inferno called a jam session. It was the gin and the marihuana cigarettes, filling the air with haze and flux.

She stood it as long as she could. Then, "Cliff, take me out of here. I can't stand it! I'm going to keel over in another minute."

He was already doped with marihuana. She could tell by his eyes. "Where'll we go—my place?"

She had to say yes. She could see that was the only thing that would get him out of there.

They went over in a cab. He lived in one of a row of old houses done over into apartments. It wasn't a place to come to at four in the morning—not with any one, much less him.

She stood looking around without taking off her coat. Desperately looking around. What would start it? The color. Orange. Something orange.

"Well, what're you looking for?" he said querulously. "It's just a room. Didn't you ever see a room before?"

She'd found it at last. A cheap rayon shade on a lamp far over at the other end of the room. She went over to it, turned it on.

"I love this color."

He didn't pay any attention.

She kept her hand on it. "You're not listening. I said, this is my favorite color."

This time he looked blearily over. "All right, what about it?"

"I wish I had a hat this color."

"I'll buy you one. T'morrow or the next day."

"Look—like this. This is how I mean." She picked up the small lamp, held it so that the shade seemed to be topping her head. "Look at me. Look at me good. Didn't you ever see any one wearing a hat this color? Doesn't this remind you of some one you once saw? Doesn't it?"

He blinked twice with owllike solemnity.

"Keep looking," she pleaded. "Just keep looking like that. You can remember if you want to. Didn't you ever see any one, sitting right behind you in the theater, wearing a hat this color?"

He said, quite momentously, quite incomprehensibly: "Oh—that was that five hundred smackeroos I got!"

And then suddenly, shading his eyes with one hand as if in perplexity, "Hey, I wasn't supposed to tell any one about that." Then he looked up and asked with a sort of trustful blankness, "Have I already told you?"

"Yes, sure." That was the only answer to give. He might balk at telling her the first time, but not at repeating it. "But tell me about it over again. I like to listen to it."

She had to get his drug-disconnected chain of thought in motion again. "Orange hat. Look, up here. Five hundred—five hundred smackeroos. Remember?"

"Oh, yeah," he said docilely. "I just looked at her." He gave a maniacal laugh, stilled it again as suddenly. "I got five hundred smackeroos just for looking at her. Just for looking at her and not saying I did."

"Tell me more about it, Cliff. Tell me more about it. I love to listen to you when you're talking!"

His eyes died away in the fumes. "I forgot what I was saying."

It was off again. "You got five hundred dollars for not saying you looked at her. Remember—the lady in the orange hat? Did *she* give you the five hundred dollars, Cliff? Ah, come on, tell me!"

"A *hand* gave 'em to me, in the dark."

"Yes, but whose hand?"

"I don't know. I didn't know then, and I never found out since."

"Tell me about it."

"I came home late one night after the show, and the hall downstairs was dark. Just as I feel my way over to the stairs, a hand reaches out and stops me.

"I back against the wall and says, 'Who's there? Who are you?' It was a man; I could tell by the voice. He gave me my own name first, and what my job was. Then he asked me if I remember seeing a certain lady at the theater a night ago, in an orange hat.

"I told him I wouldn't have if he hadn't reminded me, but now that he'd reminded me of it, I did.

"Then he said, still in that same quiet voice, 'How would you like to be shot dead?'

"I couldn't answer at all. He made me feel his gun. 'That's for you if you tell any one that.'

"He waited a minute and then he went on speaking. He said, 'Or would you rather have five hundred dollars?'

"He put something in my hand. 'Now you didn't see that lady,' he said. 'There wasn't any lady. No matter who asks you, say no, keep saying no—and you'll keep on living.'

He waited a minute, and then he asked me, 'Now, if they ask you, what is it you say?'

"I said, 'I didn't see that lady. There wasn't any lady.' "

He shifted over to her harassedly, dislodging her from the chair arm she'd been perched on. "You've brought it back again by making me talk about it. You've made me scared again and all shaky, like I was so many times afterwards."

She could see mistrust starting to film his face, cloud it over. Behind it, in turn, was something more dangerous: stark, unreasoning fright, the fright of drug hallucination. His eyes started to dilate. "They sent you on purpose. Somebody's after me, and I don't know who. If I could only remember who— Somebody's going to shoot me with a gun—somebody said they'd shoot me with a gun! You made me do it! I been telling you something I shouldn't."

"No, you haven't. You haven't been telling me anything." She tried to soothe him. She realized she'd better get out of the place without delay.

Abruptly she left him, still sitting there, still dazed, crazed, whimpering: "Yes, I did! I told you something I shouldn't. And now you're going to get out of here and tell some one. Somebody that's after me—"

"BURGESS," she said, when he finally arrived at the all-night delicatessen from which she had phoned, "it was worth it! He saw her! Not only that. Somebody came around afterward and bribed him. Some man. You can get all that out of him, can't you?"

"Come on," he said briskly. "If I don't, it won't be for lack of trying!"

Burgess moved stealthily up the stairs. "Sounds as if he's lammed out," he whispered at the door. "Can't hear him. Get back a little."

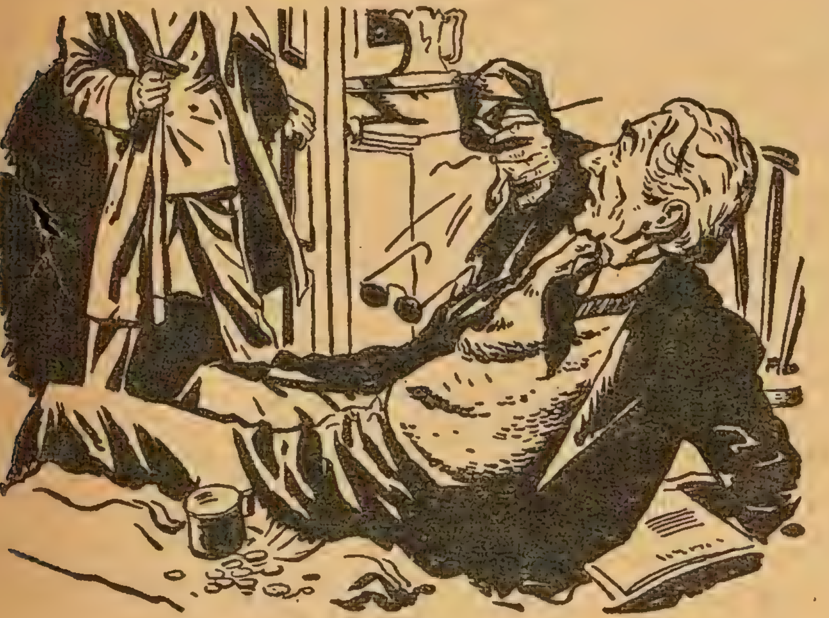
She saw him take something to the door and work it carefully. Suddenly a gap showed. He thrust his hand back to his hip, held it there, and trod guardedly forward.

She came on up in his wake, holding her breath for a flare-up of violence. She was even with the threshold when the sudden flare of electric light made her jump.

She peered through in time to see him disappear through a doorway in the adjoining wall.

There was a second flare of electricity, and the dark place he'd gone into became a gleaming white-surfaced bathroom. She could see an old-fashioned four-legged tub. She could see the rump of a figure folded like a clothespin over the rim of it. The soles of its shoes were turned back and up.

For a moment she thought he'd gotten sick and passed out. Then, as she moved to go in after him, Burgess' sharp "Don't come in here, Carol. Stay where you are!" stopped her like the crack of a whip. She remained where she was, waiting. She knew what that was in there now. She knew what must have brought it about. A paroxysm of drug-magnified fear, insupportable once the unseen tentacles of retribution seemed to be closing in on him. Burgess came out to her again at last, his face white.



"Is he—"

For answer, he poked a finger up under one ear, then swept it all the way around his neck to the other.

She drew in her breath sharply.

"Come on, get out of here," he said with kindly meant gruffness. "This is no place for you."

He put her in a taxi around the corner.

"It's no good now, is it?" she said almost tearfully, leaning toward him through the cab window.

"No; it's no good now, Carol."

"Couldn't *I* repeat what he told me?"

"That would be just hearsay. You *heard* somebody say he'd seen her, been bribed to deny it."

The Ninth Day Before the Execution

THIS, Lombard knew, was going to require a finesse all its own. The Latin temperament, the Latin prima-donna temperament, was what he had to deal with.

Flowers, flattery, fawning—at last he was succeeding. He and the great Mendoza were seated on a small satin couch in her boudoir. He was listening, shifting one foot out toward her in leashed intensity.

She shook an explanatory finger at him. "So that night," she continued, "when that woman do like that to me, I go back to my dressing room and, *immh—*" She inhaled deeply. "I nidd to be tied opp. You onderstand how I feel, no? You don't blem me?"

"I don't blame you at all."

"You think any one is going to do that to me in front of a houseful of people? You think I, Mendoza, let them get away with that?"

He didn't, now that he'd had a sample or two of her combustive temperament.

She straightened, threw her arms outward in breast-stroke position. "The next day I'm still sore. With me it lasts. So I go to the modiste, the designer, that make opp the hat for me, and I blow off stimm there instead. I throw it in her face in front of hull room full of customers. This cheat of a designer—she must know who is the person she sell the copy to!"

"Swell! Great! At last!" he yelled. "What's her name? Give me her name!"

"Wait, I dig it opp for you." She called the maid in, instructed her: "Look among my bills for a hat, from last year's show; see you can find one."

The maid came back after a moderately lengthy—and to Lombard excruciating—wait. "Yes, I found it. It says, 'One hat, a hundred dollars,' and the letterhead reads, 'Kettisha.'"

"Good! That's it!" She passed it to Lombard. "You got it?" He copied the address, returned it to her. Her hands went into hysterics and a blizzard of tiny pieces of paper snowed all over the floor. "I like the nerve! Still sending me bills a year later! She's got no shem, that woman!"

She looked up to find him already crossing the adjoining room on his way out. On to the next link.

"MME. KETTISHA will see you in her private office, upstairs on the second floor," a suave young lady told him. She showed him the way, knocked for him, then departed.

He was all out of tact by now.

"I came straight down here," he said as soon as he was in the room, "from one of your former customers. The actress Mendoza. You did a hat for her, for last year's show—remember? One hundred bucks. And I want to know who got the chaser on it."

She put some sketches out of harm's way first, before she cut loose. Her hand came down on the desk-top with a bang like a hand grenade. "Don't you gimme any of that!" she roared. "I've had enough trouble out of that hat! I said then there was no copy made, and I still say now there was no copy made. When I produce an original, it stays original!"

"There was a copy made," he insisted. "It showed up in a theater, face to face with hers across the footlights. A friend of mine was with the woman that had it on. I want to know who she is. I want her name from your list of customers."

"It isn't on it. It couldn't be, because there was no such transaction entered into by us."

"For the love of heaven, there's a man counting his life by hours! What the hell do I care about your business ethics at such a time? You're not going to sit there and head me off. There's a man going to be executed in nine days' time! The wearer of that hat is the only one can save him. The man's innocent. It's not the hat, it's the woman I want. I've got to find her, at all costs. She can prove that he wasn't home when it happened. Is that clear enough for you?"

"Can I talk confidentially to you?" she asked in a more reasonable tone.

"Absolutely. My only interest in the matter is Henderson."

She glanced at the door to make sure it was discreetly closed. "Very well, then. Here's something that I wouldn't admit to Mendoza for the world. There must have been a leak around here some place. The copying did originate here. But not officially. We investigated on the q.t. after Mendoza raised the uproar, and we found that particular sketch gone. We figured it for the seamstress, the girl who did the actual needlework on that number in the shop. We fired her. All I can suggest is, if you want that woman, your best bet is to tackle that former sewing apprentice of ours."

"Maybe I can give you a hand with it," she said helpfully. She snapped on her desk speaker. "Miss Lewis, look up the name of that girl we discharged right after we had all that trouble with Mendoza. Address too."

He leaned his head sideward, elbow to desk, while they were waiting.

The speaker signaled back. A girl's voice said: "That was Madge Peyton."

A ROOMINGHOUSE keeper opened a door. "Uh?" she said.

"I'm looking for a Madge Peyton."

She just shook her head to conserve energy.

"A girl that—well, a sort of plain-looking, mousy girl."

"Yeah, I know who you mean. No, she's not here any more. Used to be, but she's been gone quite some time now."

"Any idea where she moved to?"

"Just left, that's all I can tell you. I don't keep strings on 'em."

Slam!

The Sixth Day Before the Execution

HE got off the train at the end of a three-hour ride from the city. He crossed the tracks to a filling station, asked the grease monkey: "Know of any one around here makes hats and calls herself Marguerite?"

"There's a boarder down at old Mrs. Hascom's got some sort of sign in the window. It's the end house on this side of the road."

He went up under the gloomy porch shed and knocked. The girl who came out was she herself, if Kettisha's description was to be trusted.

He said, "Miss Peyton, I had quite a time finding you."

Instantly she was frightened. "I don't think you have the right person."

"I do think I have." Her fright alone was proof enough of that. "You used to work in Kettisha's sewing room. A woman approached you and induced you to copy a hat that had been made for Mendoza, the actress. I just want that woman's name, that's all. You're in no danger of being prosecuted."

"Pierrette Douglas, —— Riverside Drive." The long-sought name came in a timid, breathy rush. It had taken him three hours to ride out. It only took thirty minutes to ride back. Or so it felt. The wheels racketed around under him, talking out loud, the way train wheels do: "Now I've got her! Now I've got her!"

The Fifth Day Before the Execution

"PIERRETTE DOUGLAS?" He met her as she came into the lobby.

"I am."

"I must talk to you immediately. It's urgent."

She had stopped before the waiting elevator. "It's a little late, don't you think?"

"Not for this. This can't wait. I'm John Lombard, and I'm here on behalf of Scott Henderson—"

"I don't know him, and I'm afraid I don't know you, either—do I?"

"He's in the death house of the State Penitentiary, awaiting execution." He looked across her shoulder at the waiting attendant. "Don't make me discuss it down here. Out of common ordinary decency—"

"I'm sorry. I live here. It's one fifteen in the morning, and there are certain proprieties—"

"You bought a hat from a certain employee of the Kettisha establishment, a girl named Madge Peyton." He ignored her gesture of dismissal.

"I may have."

"In this hat you accompanied a man to the theater one night."

Again she conceded warily, "I may have."

"This was a man you'd only met that same evening. You went with him without knowing his name, nor he yours."

"Ah, no." She was not indignant, only coldly positive. "Now you can be sure you are mistaken. My standards of conduct are as liberal as any one else's, but they do not include accompanying any one anywhere, at any time, without the formality of an introduction first."

"Please, don't let's split hairs about social conduct. This man is under sentence of death. He's to be executed this week! You've got to do something for him!"

"Give me some more details of this theater excursion," she suggested. "What evidence have you that the person accompanying him was myself?"

"Mainly the hat," he admitted. "The twin to it was being worn on the stage, that very night, by the actress Mendoza. It was an original made for her. You admit that you secured a duplication of it. The woman with Scott Henderson was wearing that duplication."

"It still does not follow that I was that woman. Can you give me the approximate date?"

"I can give you the exact date. They were in the theater together on the night of May 20 last, from nine until shortly after eleven."

"May," she said to herself, aloud. "You interest me strangely. You'd better come upstairs with me, after all."

"I think the first thing to establish," she said, as soon as they were in the apartment, "is that I was not with this man at the theater that night. Look at this."

From her desk she brought him a bill for hospitalization for a period of four weeks commencing on the 30th of April.

"I was in the hospital for an appendectomy from the 30th of April to the 27th of May."

"But it was you who bought the hat?" he said after a pause.

"It was I who bought the hat."

"What became of it?"

She didn't answer immediately. She seemed to become lost in thought, studying some inward problem of her own.

He sat there, almost listening to her thoughts. He saw her look at her hand. He translated it: She is thinking of a diamond ring that once adorned it. Where is it now? Pawned! She is thinking of money.

"The story of the hat is simply this," she resumed. "I'd glimpsed it, it took my fancy, and I wangled a copy of it out of a girl down there. I wore it once, I think, and it wasn't meant for me. I wasn't the type. Then a friend of mine was up here one day, just before I went to the hospital. She came across it, happened to try it on. She fell in love with it at sight, and I let her have it."

"Who is she?" he asked quietly. Even as he spoke the simple, casual words, he knew that the answer wouldn't be given readily; that this was bargaining.

She answered him equally simply, equally casually: "Do you think that would be fair of me?"

"There's a man's life involved," he said.

"There can be a form of death for women too, you know," she said. "Social death. Call it notoriety, loss of reputation—whatever you will."

His face was getting continually whiter with strain. "Don't you *care* if this man dies? Do you realize that if you withhold this information—"

"I am neither withholding nor giving *yet*."

He was suffocating with a sense of his own helplessness.

"You're not going to do this to me. You know, and you're going to tell me!" They had both risen. "You think because I can't hit you, as I would a man, I can't get it out of you. I'm going to get it out of you. You're not going to stand here like this and—"

She glanced meaningfully down at his hand on her shoulder.

"See here," she said with cold indignation. "You can't threaten me." She paused to permit him to hear between the lines. "You *can* interest me."

HE nodded—not to her, in inward confirmation to himself. He said, "Can I sit here a minute?" and motioned to a small table-desk. He took a blank check out of his pocket and began to write.

He looked up once to ask: "Am I interesting you?"

She gave him a smile. "You're being very good company. Quiet, but entertaining."

He had written the numeral "100."

She had come closer. "I'm rather sleepy," she remarked, and yawned artificially.

"Why don't you open the windows? It may be a little close in here."

"I'm sure it isn't that." She crossed over to them, however, and did so, then came back to him again.

He had added another cipher. "How do you feel now—better?" he questioned with ironic solicitude.

She glanced briefly downward. "Considerably refreshed. You might almost say revivified."

"It takes so little, doesn't it?" he agreed acidly. . . .

He was standing in the open doorway, facing inward, in the act of taking leave of her, when the elevator door opened in answer to his ring. He was holding a small tab of paper, a leaf torn from a memo pad, folded once.

"I hope I haven't been rude," he was saying to her. "At least, I know I haven't bored you." Then, in answer to something she said, "You don't have to worry about that. I wouldn't bother writing a check if I were going to stop payment on it afterward."

"Down, sir?" the attendant reminded him.

"Well, good night." He tipped his hat and came away. The door closed lingeringly in his wake.

In the car, he raised the tab of paper and glanced at it. On it were two names and a number. "Flora," the number, and "Amsterdam . . ."

"It's finally over," he was telling Burgess breathlessly on the phone a minute or two later. "No time to tell you now. Here's what it is. I'm on my way there now. How soon can you be there?" . . .

Lombard looked up wanly as Burgess' hastening footfalls drew up beside him.

"Is this it? What's the matter? You been in there yet?"

"That's Number —," Lombard said, pointing to a façade inscribed "Fire Department."

A dog, a spotted Dalmatian, edged forward at this point. "And that's Flora, these men tell me."

Burgess opened the car door.

"Let's get back," he commented tersely. "And fast!"

HE was flinging himself bodily against the door when Burgess came up with the passkey and joined him. "Not a sound from in there. Has she answered them below on the announcer yet?"

"They're still ringing."

Burgess opened the door. They both got it right away. The lights were all on. An unfinished cigarette was still alive, but directly before the open floor-length windows lay a silver shoe, turned on its side like a small capsized boat. The long narrow runner of rug was rippled as though a misstep had sent a disturbance coursing along it.

Burgess went to the window. "She's all the way down below there. I can see her from here, in the service alley between two deep walls."

He didn't do anything about it, strangely enough; didn't even report it at once.

There was only one thing moving in the room—the smoke from the cigarette. He went over to it, picked it up. "Must have just happened as we got here."

The next thing, he had taken out a cigarette of his own, was holding the two upright side by side, their bases even. He took a pencil, notched off the length of the remnant against the intact one.

Then he put the latter into his own mouth, lit it, and carefully set it down. After a while he went back to it. "She fell out exactly three minutes before we got in here. This makes it look as though it was our very ring on the downstairs announcer that killed her. Startled her and caused her to make that false move in front of the window that sent her over."

Then he said, "But what I don't get is about the address part of it. I could understand her giving you a spiked address that would take you a long time to investigate, so she'd have time to cash the check and beat it. But a thing like this, only a few blocks from here—she might've known you'd be back in five or ten minutes. What was the angle?"

"Unless she figured she could get more from the lady," Lombard suggested, "by warning her, and just wanted to get me out of the place long enough to dicker with her."

Burgess shook his head as though he found this unsatisfactory. "I don't get it."

The Third Day
Before the Execution

THE guard's footsteps receded hollowly. Lombard turned away from the cell window, came over, and clapped Henderson on the shoulder. "Look, fellow—" he started to say.

"It's all right," Henderson told him. "I understand. I can tell by your face. We don't have to talk about it."

"I lost her again. She slipped away—this time for good."

"I said you don't need to talk about it," Henderson urged patiently. "I can see what it's done to you. For the love of Pete, let's drop it." He seemed to be the one trying to buck Lombard up instead of vice versa.

The only sound in the cell for a while after that was the rustle of cellophane as Henderson kept folding back on itself the edge of an emptied cigarette package.

No one could have stood it for long in that atmosphere. Lombard said, "Don't, will you? It's making me go nuts."

Henderson looked down at his own hands in surprise. "That's my old habit," he said sheepishly. "I never was able to break myself of it. Any time I ever sat in a theater, the program—" He stopped short. "That night at the show with *her*, I can remember doing it that night, too. What's the matter? What are you looking at me like that for?"

"What did you do with the program?" Lombard asked tensely.

"She kept it; I can remember that. I know she kept it. I distinctly saw her put it in her bag."

Lombard had risen to his feet. "There's a little something there, if we only knew how to get at it."

"What do you mean?"

"It's the only thing we know for sure she has in her possession."

"We don't know for sure she still has it in her possession, do we?" Henderson corrected.

"If she kept it, to begin with, then it's likely she still has it. If we could only get her to come forward with it without guessing."

"By advertising, you mean?"

"Something along those lines."

Boxed advertisement, all morning and evening papers.

TURN YOUR OLD THEATER PROGRAMS INTO MONEY

Wealthy collector will pay for items needed to complete his sets. Lifelong hobby. Bring them in, no matter how old, no matter how new! Specially wanted: music-hall and revue numbers, last few seasons. Alhambra, Belvedere, Casino, Coliseum. J. L., 15 Franklin Square. Premises open until ten Friday night only.

The Day of the Execution

AT nine thirty, for almost the first time all day, the line had dwindled to vanishing point, a straggler or two had been disposed of, and there was a breathing spell, with nobody in the shop but Lombard.

The lull ended, and a relic of the gas-lit footlights entered. "You are indeed lucky that I read your advertisement. I am in a position to enrich your collection immeasurably. I have some rarities here that will warm your heart. From the old Jefferson Playhouse."

Lombard motioned a hasty refusal. "I'm not interested in the Jefferson Playhouse."

"The Olympia, then. The—"

"Not interested. I only need one item more before I lock up. Casino, 1941-1942. Have *you* one?"

"Casino, bah!" the old man sputtered in his face.

Lombard said dryly, "I'm afraid we can't do business."

A young woman must have come in unnoticed just now. He hadn't seen her enter.

A prickling sensation stirred the fuzz below the hairline on his neck. He tried not to stare too blatantly.

She spoke: "You got any jack left to pay out on programs, or am I too late?"

"Let's see what you've got," he said guardedly.

There was a snap of her shoddy oversized handbag, and a pair of them were planked down. A musical show at the Regina, season before last.

He pretended to consult a reference list.

"I seem to be short that one. Seven fifty," he said.

He saw her eyes glitter.

"Got any more?" he suggested craftily. "This is your last chance, you know. I'm closing up this place tonight."

She hesitated. He saw her eyes go to her bag. "Well, do you bother buying just one at a time?"

"Any number."

"As long as I'm in here—" She opened the bag once more, pulled an additional program out. He took it, reversed it his way.

CASINO THEATER

It was dated "Week beginning May 17." His breath log-jammed. That was the week. The right week. Only—the upper right-hand corners of the page were untouched.

It was hard to keep his voice casual. "Got the mate to it? Most of them come in twos, you know, and I could make you a better offer."

She gave him a searching look. There was something about it she didn't like. Her eyes darted suspiciously around as if in search of a trap. She edged warily backward. "Come on. Do you wanna buy or don't you?"

"I can't give you as much as I could have given you for a pair."

She was obviously in a hurry to get outside into the open again. "All right; anything you say—"

He let her get as far as the door. Then he called after her, "Just a moment. Could I ask you to come back here a moment? There's something I forgot."

She stopped short for a single instant, cast a look of sharp distrust back over her shoulder at him. Then, as he rose, she gave a stifled cry, broke into a scampering run, and fled from sight.

He flung the table bodily over and dashed out after her. He overlapped her, blocked her off, gripped her by the shoulders, and then swung her in with him against the building front, pinning her there.

"All right, now, stand still—it's no use." He breathed heavily.

"Lemme—'lone. What—uv I done?"

"Let me see that bag. Open that pocketbook!"

"Take your hands off me! Leave me alone!"

He didn't waste any more time arguing. He yanked the pocketbook violently from under her arm, opened it, plunged his hand in. It came up again with a program identical to the one she had just sold him. *All the inner pages, from cover to cover, were notched, were neatly folded over at their upper right-hand tips.*

Scott Henderson's program. Poor Scott Henderson's program, returning at the eleventh hour, like bread cast upon the waters.

The Hour of the Execution

LOMBARD stared at it. The handbag he had wrenched from her lay unnoticed at his feet.

He trundled her roughly along the sidewalk and over to where his car stood waiting. "Get in there, you heartless apology for a human being! You're coming with me! You know what you've nearly done, don't you?"

"Lemme go, I tell you!"

Before she could squirm out at the opposite side, he had got in after her, yanked her violently back, and crashed the door shut.

They swerved out from the curb, straightened, and shot off. "Now you're going to ride, whether you want to or not, and you better see that you ride quiet."

"Where're you heading with me?"

"You don't know, do you?" he said cuttingly. "It's all news to you, isn't it?"

"*Him,* hunh?" she said with quiet resignation.

"Yeah, *him,* hunh! Some specimen of humanity you are!" He crushed the accelerator flat. "You ought to be beaten raw for being willing to let an innocent man go to his death, when you could have stopped it at any time by simply coming forward and telling the police what you know!"

"I figured it was that," she said dully.

"You must be something made of sawdust, without any insides at all!" he told her once.

She answered unexpectedly: "Look what it did to me! You haven't thought of that, have you? Haven't I suffered enough for it already? Do you know what it means to be thrown out into the street? Yes, literally thrown out, at two in the morning, with just the clothes you have on your back, and to have the doors locked behind you, and your own servants warned not to admit you again, on pain of dismissal!"

"Why didn't you come forward then, at least?" he barked. "If you'd already lost everything, what more did you have to lose?"

"My husband's power over me didn't end there. He warned me that if I opened my mouth, did anything to bring notoriety or disgrace on his good name, he'd sign me over into an institution for alcoholics." Her voice trembled. "But I *would* like to do one decent thing at least—just for a change."

"You're going to," he promised grimly. "What time did you meet him at the bar that night?"

"Six ten, by the clock in front of us."

"Are you going to tell them that? Are you willing to swear to that?"

"Yes," she said in an exhausted voice.

They raced on in silence out past the city limits, flying along the sleek straight artery that led upcountry.

"Why are we going this far out?" she asked presently.

"I'm taking you straight to the penitentiary."

"Is it right tonight?"

"Sometime within the next hour and a half. We'll make it."

"Will just my sworn testimony be enough to save him?" she asked.

"It'll be enough to postpone—what they have scheduled for tonight."

Suddenly she noticed that they had swung off left, at a fork, onto a desolate cross-country "feeder."

"But why this? I thought the north-and-south highway we were on takes you to the State Prison."

"This is a short cut," he answered briefly. "I'll get you where we're going in plenty of time."

Suddenly they'd stopped. She turned in swift impotent fright. "What is it? Say something! What did we stop here for?"

"Get out."

"No. What are you going to do? No!" She sat there, staring at him.

He reached across her and unlatched the door on that side. "I said, get out!"

He flung her before him with one stiffly locked arm.

"Come this way," he said quietly. They walked in silent, unexplained pantomime until they'd reached a point where the projected headlight shine thinned out, was about to disappear. On this boundary line between light and shadows, he stopped.

"All right," he said. "Now go back to the car. Walk up that pathway of light from here, and get back in the car, and wait for me in it. And *don't look around.* Just keep walking straight ahead."

She was a woman, and a frightened one. The admonition had the opposite effect to that intended. It brought her head around, uncontrollably.

He already had the gun out in his hand. The shot echoed thunderously under the ceiling of trees overhead. Her scream was its counterpoint.

He must have missed. She felt nothing. She still stayed up, too dazed to run or do anything but waver there. He was the one who stumbled sideways against a nearby tree trunk. Then she saw that he was holding his shoulder with the other hand.

A man's figure glided swiftly past her from the rear, went down the path of light toward him. He was holding a gun of his own, she saw, centered on the crumpling figure against the tree.

In the leaden quiet the second man's voice reached her clearly:

"John Lombard, I arrest you for the murder of Marcella Henderson!"

BURGESS leaned down solicitously and raised the girl, who had finally collapsed.

"I know," he said soothingly. "I know it was pretty bad. It's over now. You did the job. You've saved him. I was riding right with you the whole way out—in the trunk compartment. I've been in it ever since you first walked inside the store."

He raised his voice, shouted back to where flashlights were winking. "Is that Gregory and the rest of you fellows? Go back. Call the District Attorney's office. Tell them I'm holding a guy named John Lombard, self-confessed killer of Mrs. Henderson."

"You haven't got a bit of evidence against me," Lombard growled, wincing with pain.

"No? I caught you in the act of murdering a girl whom you never even set eyes on until just an hour ago! What could you have possibly had against her, except that her evidence was the one thing that could have still saved Henderson? And why were you determined not to let that happen? Because that would have meant reopening the whole case, and your own immunity would have been endangered. That's my evidence against you!"

A state trooper came thudding up to them. "Need a hand here?"

"Carry the girl over to the car."

The husky trooper picked her up bodily. "Who is she?" he asked over his shoulder.

"A pretty valuable little person," Burgess answered. "That's Henderson's girl, Carol Richman."

One Day, After the Execution

THEY were together in the living room of Burgess' small flat in Jackson Heights. They were sitting on the sofa, in soft lamplight, in a state of profound peace.

"I just came from the District Attorney's office," Burgess said. "They finally got the full confession out of him down there. Sealed, signed, and delivered."

"I still can't get over it," Henderson said, shaking his head. "I still can hardly believe it. What was in back of it? Was he in love with Marcella?"

"Yes." Burgess took a turn or two about the room. "It was strictly a one-sided affair. Your wife was not in love with Lombard. If she had been, most likely she would still be alive today. She liked admiration and flattery. She was the type that likes to flirt and string people along without meaning it seriously. Unfortunately, he was the wrong type for that sort of thing. He didn't have any sense of humor about it. He took her seriously. She let him arrange his whole future around her, knowing darn well she wasn't going to be there to share it with him. She let him sign on for five years with this oil company in South America. The understanding was, she was to divorce you as soon as they got there, and marry him.

"Then, instead of tapering off, breaking it to him by degrees, she went about it the worst possible way. *She waited until the very night they were due to sail together to South America;* waited until he called for her at the flat—as soon as you'd gone—to take her to the pier with him.

"She let him in, went back to her mirror again, and when he asked her if she was all packed and ready, laughed at him. She asked him if he'd really seriously believed she was going to bury herself in South America."

"So he killed her," Henderson said quietly.

"So he killed her. Your discarded necktie was still lying there on the floor behind her, where you'd dropped it. He must have absently picked it up at one point or another just before this, been holding it in his hands without noticing it, when the snap came." He gave an expressive snap of his own fingers.

"I don't blame him altogether," Carol breathed.

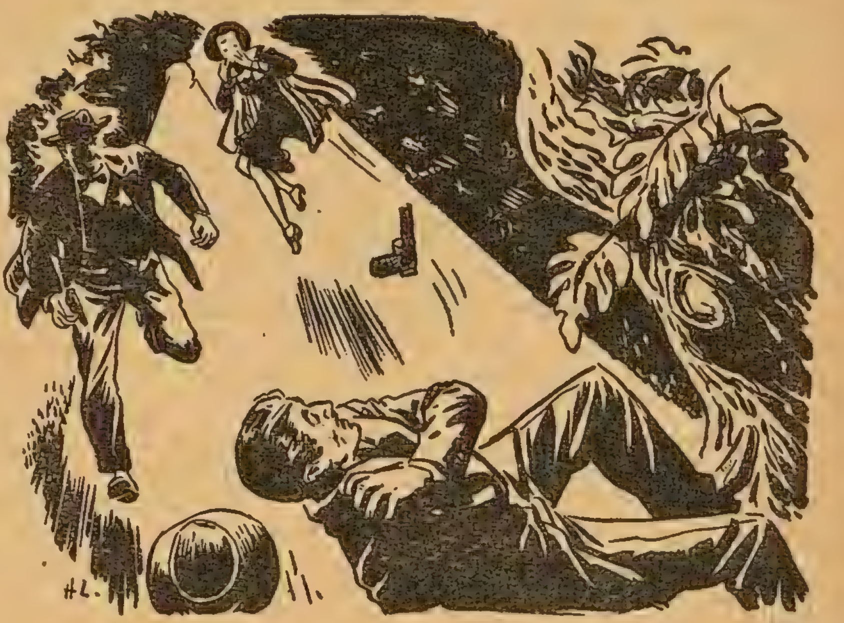
"I don't, either," Burgess admitted. "But that was no excuse for doing what he did next. For deliberately turning on the man who had been his lifelong friend, going out of his way to see that he was framed for it."

"What did I do to him?" Henderson asked without any trace of rancor.

"He wanted to take it out on you. A distorted form of jealousy is about the closest you can get to it. Also, to save his own skin."

"Whew," said Henderson softly.

"He came out of there, unseen, and he deliberately set out after you. That quarrel which he'd overheard from the stairs was too good an opportunity to be passed up. He thought you'd be alone. He planned to accost you and lead you into telling him about the row with your wife. You'd mentioned that afternoon, when you ran into him, that you were taking her to the Maison Blanche for dinner. He went straight to the Maison. You must have just arrived. He saw you were with some one. That changed things around. He not only could not join you now with any hope of profiting from any possible revelation on your part, but this unknown third person might even provide you with an alibi. In other words, that early, almost at sight, he sensed her paramount importance.



"He withdrew, and hovered around outside on the street. The two of you came out, taxied over, and he taxied over in your wake. He followed you *into* the theater.

"He saw you leave when you did leave. He almost lost you in the crowd when you left, but luck was with him. The little incident of the blind man he missed altogether, for he dared not tread that closely behind you.

"You led him back to Anselmo's finally. He saw you leave her there presently, and guessed that you'd carried out the threat he'd heard you yell back at the apartment: that you'd invite the first stranger you met to go along in your wife's place.

"He decided to let you go and stick to her. Presently she emerged, and he set out after her. She went on foot up Lexington to Fifty-ninth, then she turned east and went into a very grubby little hotel at the far end of Fifty-ninth.

"As soon as she was safely out of sight, he went in there, in turn, and took a room for himself. The name immediately above his own, when he'd signed for it, was 'Frances Miller' and she'd gone into 214.

"Sure of her now, he came out of the place again. This was a little before two o'clock in the morning.

"He hurried straight back to Anselmo's in a cab. Adroit questioning brought out the point he was mainly interested in. That you had accosted her immediately upon coming in, and that it had been only a very few minutes past six. In other words, his worst fears were exceeded. She was not only a potential protection to you—she was your absolute, unqualified salvation.

"A few guarded words, a palming of hands across the bar, and it was done. 'How much would you take to forget you saw that woman meet that fellow in here? You don't need to forget *he* was here; just forget she was.' He gave him *a thousand dollars in cold cash.* That cinched it as far as the barman was concerned, of course. Not only that—Lombard cemented it with a few quiet-spoken but blood-chilling threats.

"That barman stayed fixed from then on, long after he knew all the facts in the case. He was good and frightened, and so were all the rest of them. You saw the effect it finally had on Cliff Milburn.

"The barman taken care of, he went on from there, backtracking over the route you had taken not very many hours before: the taxi-driver Alp, the headwaiter from the Maison Blanche, and the box-office man from the Casino. It was through him that Lombard learned one of the house musicians had been heard shooting his mouth off, bragging what a hit he'd made with this particular woman—as he saw it—and added a suggestion that perhaps he'd better be taken care of, too.

"Well, now it's an hour before daybreak, and his job's done. He's caused her to disappear from view, as far as it's humanly possible. Now she was the only one who remained to be taken care of. He went back to the hotel where he'd left her, to attend to that part of it. He wasn't going to buy her silence; he was going to make sure of it in a more lasting way—by death.

"He went outside and listened at her door. The room was quiet. She was asleep by now. There was an old spring lock on her door. You can open them with a strong card sometimes.

"In the dark he edged his way to the bed and gripped the bedclothes tight to prevent any outcry. They collapsed under him; they were empty. She wasn't there. She'd gone. As erratically as she'd come into this place, she'd gone again.

"His own game had boomeranged on him. The woman whom he had spent all night and hundreds of dollars in trying to turn into a ghost as far as you, Henderson, were concerned, *had* turned into a ghost—but as far as he himself was concerned now.

"He hunted for her, high and low, with the remorselessness of a maniac, and he couldn't find her again. The day went, and the second night went, and his time was up. He couldn't stay behind any longer.

"He planed out of New York and caught up with his ship the second day after the murder.

"That was why he was so ripe for that come-on message I sent in your name. That was all he needed to drop everything and come back."

"Then you already suspected him when you came to my cell that day and drafted that cable in my name. When did you first begin to suspect him?"

"TO start off with, he was just a name you'd dropped in the course of being questioned yourself. I had a routine inquiry made for him, more to have him help us fill in a little of *your* background for our record than anything else. But I also found out that he'd missed the sailing here and caught up with his ship later. And one other thing. That he'd originally booked passage for two, himself and a wife, but that when he'd overtaken the ship he was alone.

"He had, a little bit unluckily for himself, managed to attract my attention. Which seldom turns out to be beneficial, with cops."

"You sure kept me in the dark," Henderson admitted.

"I had to. There wasn't anything definite enough. Confiding in you would have been a bad risk. You were under a terrific strain, you know. I felt the safest thing to do was to work *through* you, using you as a sort of unconscious medium, without letting you realize the purpose of what you were doing yourself. Take that stunt with the theater programs, for instance—"

"I thought you were crazy—the way you rehearsed me and rehearsed me and rehearsed me, every little act, every little word, that was to lead up to it."

"Did he have anything to do with those peculiar accidents that kept dogging us all along the way?" Carol asked.

"Everything. Cliff Milburn proved to be a bona fide suicide. But the two accidents turned out to be murders. Murders that he committed. Both were murders without weapons. The death of the blind man was a particularly horrible piece of business.

"He left him there in the room for a moment or two, ostensibly to chase down to the street and knew the first thing he'd do would be to try to from there. As soon as he was on the other side of the door, he attached a strong black thread across the top step at about ankle height.

"The blind man came out fast and incautiously, in a hurry to put himself out of reach before Lombard returned with his police friend. The thread caught him short and sent him toppling down the whole flight and into the foreshortened landing wall headfirst.

"After he made sure he was dead, he went out and called me."

"Did you get what it was right away?" Henderson asked.

"I examined the body down at the morgue later that night, and I saw the little red nick across each shin the thread had made. It would have been hard to get him on it, though. And I didn't want to grab him prematurely only to see him get away again."

"AND the death of Pierrette Douglas was his doing?" Henderson questioned interestedly.

"That was even more adroit than the other one. A long strip of runner of carpeting ran across the highly polished floor surface to directly under the French windows. What first put the idea into his head was that he skidded slightly himself a little earlier. He marked an invisible X on it to show where she must stand in order to have the greater part of her length go outside the window when she was overbalanced. When he had completed writing out the check, he stood up with it and returned toward the window. Then he drew her on from where she had remained by seeming to offer her the check. When she had fallen into the exact spot he wanted her to, he relaxed his fingers and let the check pass to her.

"He quickly moved away from her, strode the whole length of the room. Then, when he'd reached the far end of it, he turned to look back at her and called 'Goodby!' That brought her head up from the check and at the same time put her full back to the window. She was now in the exact position it was necessary for her to be.

"He dipped down, flung up the rug at full arm's length overhead, let it drop again. That was all he had to do. She went out like a puff of wind. She didn't even have time to scream, he says."

Carol shuddered. "Those murders are worse than the ones with knife or gun."

"Yes, and much harder to prove to a jury. He didn't lay a hand on her; he killed her from twenty or twenty-two feet away. The clue was still in the rug itself, of course. I saw it the minute I got in there. The ripples were at his end. Where she had stood it was smooth. If it had been an honest skid or misstep, it would have been the other way around.

"There was a cigarette left burning there, as if by her. That was to make it seem that the fall had occurred just previous to our arrival, whereas he had telephoned me some fifteen minutes before.

"It didn't fool me for a moment. He simply took three ordinary-size cigarettes, removed a little tobacco from the mouth end of the two foremost ones, and telescoped them together to form one triple the usual length. Then he lit it, left it spearing the top of the ash stand in a long inclined plane. The slow ember simply worked its way back from cigarette to cigarette without a break, making a perfect one-cigarette butt by the time we got there.

"This alibi, however, handicapped him in another way. It limited how far away he could go on the fool's errand she was supposed to have sent him. Hence the firehouse gag. One look was enough, and we beat it back again to her place.

"In other words, by tying himself down with that cigarette alibi he weakened the plausibility of his story in another respect. Why would she do a thing like that—send him just a stone's throw away and to a glaringly fake address?

"Apart from that one bad flaw, he did a fairly competent job. Let the elevator boy overhear him talking to an empty room, even gave the door a delayed-action swing behind him so that she seemed to be closing it after he'd already left it.

se I could have pinned him down with it." e concluded: "But that still wouldn't have meant getting him for the killing of your wife, necessarily. So I played dumb again. It was just a matter of getting him to repeat himself—but on some one that we sicked onto him."

"Was that your idea—to use Carol like that?" Henderson queried.

"I couldn't stop her. I had to let her have her way. We called in a make-up expert and had him give her a good going-over, and we sent her on in."

"She never did show up, did she?" Henderson mused. "I mean the real one. Strangest thing. Whoever she is, wherever she is, she sure played out her little game of hide-and-seek to the end."

"She wasn't trying to; she wasn't even playing one," Burgess said. "That's what's stranger about it still."

Henderson and the girl both jolted slightly, leaned forward alertly. "How do you know? You mean you finally got wind of her?"

"Yes, I got wind of her," Burgess said simply. "Quite some time ago. I've known it for weeks, months now—who she was."

"Was?" breathed Henderson, "Is she dead?"

"Not in the way you mean. But she's as good as, for all practical purposes. She's in an asylum for the hopelessly insane.

"She was committed within three weeks after that night with you. It had been intermittent up to that time. Then the curtain dropped for good."

"How did you—"

"In a roundabout way that doesn't really matter now any more. The hat showed up by itself, in one of these bundle shops. Finally we found a maid who had thrown it out. Her employer had been committed to an asylum not long before. I questioned her husband, the members of her family. Nobody knew the exact incident with you except herself, but they told me enough to show it was she, all right. She'd been behaving erratically like that for some time past."

"What was her name?" Henderson asked.

Carol made a quick pass with her hand. "No, don't tell him! I don't want her with us. We're starting out new—no ghosts."

"She's right," Burgess said. "It's over. Bury it."

Even so, they fell silent for a few moments, the three of them, thinking about her, as they would probably continue to think about her, every so often, for the rest of their lives.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

IN the Orient our strongest ally against our most implacable enemy is a country and a people for whom we are just beginning to have a belated respect.

If America is the hope of the brave new world we anticipate at the war's end, China is surely the hope of the East, and likely to become even more our ally in fashioning a livable postwar world.

Equally important with knowing our enemies, which has been the subject of a great spate of books lately, is knowing our friends. To that end, **White Man's Folly**, by **Vanya Oakes** (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, $3), will contribute much. It is wise, witty, and for us now a helpful book.

Miss Oakes has spent ten years in the Orient as a working correspondent and has managed to get around. Her publishers boast that "her beat was from Mongolia to Mandalay; from Chungking to Singapore." She has been to those places, and to the Dutch East Indies too, and has looked on them with an appraising and perceptive eye. But the best of her book deals with China, a country she loves earnestly and naturally, and with the Chinese people, for whom she has a warmth of feeling that is a tribute to her.

VANYA OAKES

Her book is almost evenly divided between intimate, appealing, and often humorous sketches of China and other points east, and a knowledgeable account of Oriental political maneuverings, including much for which the Western nations must apologize, and now regret. Her indictment of the Western handling of the Oriental situation is incisive and damning. And it is sure to make Americans writhe.

Her conclusions may not always be acceptable. We may not have had, in our country, enough enlightenment or strength to have allowed for wiser action, either by our government or our business representatives in the East. But there is logic in what Miss Oakes says—and seemingly all the facts to back it up.

ONE of the problems which seem endlessly to fascinate women is that of the man who fails to react nobly, or at least acceptably, to true love. If the man be an artist, such as a writer, it is more fascinating; and if his art is involved, it is just about perfect.

In **The Whole Heart**, by **Helen Howe** (Simon & Schuster, New York, $2.50), we have all this and considerable talent, too—talent enough to lift this plot into an absorbing, real, and often dramatic novel.

It is the story of Jim Hurd, writer, and the four women who loved him. From the letters of three of them, and the diary of the fourth, Jim's story and Jim himself emerge. He is neither hero nor heel, but for the women who love him something worse: a well intentioned man who never quite finds himself, whose struggle to do so costs him his chance for real love and keeps it from at least three of the women who might have found it with him.

HELEN HOWE

He begins by revolting from his environment and ends by embracing it, succeeding in the meantime only in making considerable money and considerably more misery for three of the women who believe in him.

Miss Howe's insight into character, her ability to bring emotions as well as people alive, her wise choice of incident and background all contribute to make this a fine book, often a moving book, and, in one case, a touching and tender love story that will leave most readers breathless — and welling with sympathy.

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

EVER since Joshua fought the battle of Jericho, and probably long before that, it has been the accepted privilege of fighting men to gripe. If there lives a soldier who has never exercised that privilege, I have yet to meet him. And I'd rather not.

From my mail emerges the somewhat comical situation of soldiers griping about the gripes of other soldiers. Specifically, some men overseas want to hold the griping franchise, to the exclusion of their brethren in the States.

Dear Editor

Gripes

Now, it was my impression that since December 7, 1941, fewer and fewer gripes had appeared in this department. But apparently the men abroad feel that even one gripe is too many if it is of domestic origin.

A Marine Corps P. F. C. writes: "I find it impossible to refrain from commenting on the 'gum-beating' of those daring darlings who complain about the shortage of hostesses, the infrequency of furloughs, and their inability to make staff sergeant in less than four months. Perhaps they would care to trade places with me. Then they could go swimming, or tune in on radio programs of static interspersed with occasional bars of music. Of course they would have to do without the sight of a white woman, a glass of milk, a fresh-water bath, a drink of liquor, pressed clothing, or any liberty. If they were where they'd have to cut fuses rather than rugs, they might have a gripe worthy of the name."

Another overseas soldier says: "We've heard just about enough of the tough life the men stationed in the States are leading. It burns me up to hear about their bellyaching, when just to draw a breath of the United States of America is the greatest privilege in the world.

"May they all have to live in fox holes and eat hardtack. Then they'd know what it is to have something to gripe about."

Well, it's easy to see what you mean, but look at this domestic gripe from a T/5 at Fort Knox, Kentucky: "What about all of the cadres at the Army's various schools? We didn't ask for that line of duty. We have taught the men who are seeing action now or will see it soon, but aren't we going to get a whack at the enemy too? The relatives of those men seem to look at you and say, 'Why are you safe and sound over here while *he* is over there?' They want to know. So do we. Ever since I received my first V-mail from a buddy of basic training days, I can't wait for the day when the First Sergeant says, 'Pack up to go.'"

So you see there are gripes and gripes. Those from overseas have priority, but the domestic brand can also enjoy the franchise.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

This letter is prompted by the old adage, "Always give credit where credit is due." Stationed as we are on this little island in the South Pacific, we had never experienced the thrill of seeing any of the celebrities who put on shows for the boys in uniform—until this week. That grand old comedian Joe E. Brown was here for three days, and brought out laughs from guys who hadn't laughed in a long, long time. Said he was down here for two reasons: (1) to make us laugh, (2) to check up on Willkie's expense account. With him was Johnny Marvin, composer, singer, and guitar player, and the two of them did more to pep up this gang of Yanks than anything except marching down the main drag of Tokyo. Our hats are off to that grand pair. They're in solid with us.

Lt. Dawson B. Smith, Jr.

Good for Joe E. Brown and Johnny Marvin! And good for all the other people of the entertainment world who are trouping overseas—or wherever they can do their bit and best for the troops.

Can a prisoner of war be made to work? And, if so, is he paid regular compensation, and by whom?

1st Sgt. C. J. W., Chicago, Ill.

By international agreement, prisoners of war have certain rights. Soldiers other than officers may be put to work, but must be paid "standard" wages for that type of work in the captors' country. Officers may not be forced to work; they receive from their captors the same pay as officers of corresponding rank in the captors' army but not to exceed what they were paid by their own army.

While on the subject, you may also be interested in the following. Prisoners may not be kept in unhealthy regions, or imprisoned (as in a jail) except as an indispensable measure of safety. Their quarters must have such facilities necessary for health as adequate heating and sanitation, and in general they must receive approximately the same accommodations and food as the depot troops of the nation holding them captive. Prisoners must be given medical treatment, have freedom to exercise their religion, and be permitted to take part in sports and other recreational diversions organized by themselves. They must be allowed to correspond with friends and relatives, their mail being carried free, and they may receive parcels containing food, books, and other items.

* * *

My parents were born in Japan, but their children, including me, were born in the U. S. A. I have been in the Army over a year, the last nine months with the cavalry at this post. Can I make an application for Officer Candidate School? What is the rule about this for "nisei" [American-born citizens of Japanese parentage]? I had a rating of 128 on my test, and I think I am otherwise qualified for O. C. S.; but, as far as I know, our race has not been allowed to apply.

Hashmarks

Pvt. F. S. O., Fort Riley, Kan.

There seem to be conflicting opinions, but I'll go along with the O. C. S. Section of my local Service Command, which says that as a citizen of the United States you *are* eligible for O. C. S. Add to that a recent announcement by the Secretary of War that "it is the inherent right of every faithful citizen, regardless of ancestry, to bear arms

in the Nation's battle," issued in connection with a program to admit "a substantial number" of nisei into the U. S. Army, and it all adds up. The plan is for nisei to go into the Army by voluntary induction and be trained in a special unit. Interesting, eh?

* * *

Please list the corresponding ranks of Army and Navy noncommissioned officers. If you were here, we'd be glad to have you hold the bets that depend on your information.
Pvt. A. L. C., Somewhere Overseas.

Glad to settle your bets. These relative grades are Army and Navy, not Marine.

Army		*Navy*
Master or First Sgt.	=	Chief Petty Officer
Technical Sgt.	=	1st Class Petty Officer
Staff Sgt.	=	2d Class Petty Officer
Sergeant	=	3d Class Petty Officer
Corporal	=	Seaman 1st Class
Private 1st Class	=	Seaman 2d Class
Private	=	Apprentice Seaman

* * *

Two questions: (1) Does an emergency furlough affect an application for a regular furlough after six months' service? (2) Can a soldier transfer from the Army Air Corps to the Coast Guard?
Pvt. G. H. S., Great Falls, Mont.

(1) *All* furlough time is shown on your service record, and when you apply for a "regular" furlough your C. O. is guided by the date of your last furlough, regardless of the reason it was granted, plus regulations as to the number of men to whom he can grant leave at any one time, etc. (2) It is now not possible for an enlisted man to transfer from one armed service to another except for the purpose of accepting a commission in another service.

* * *

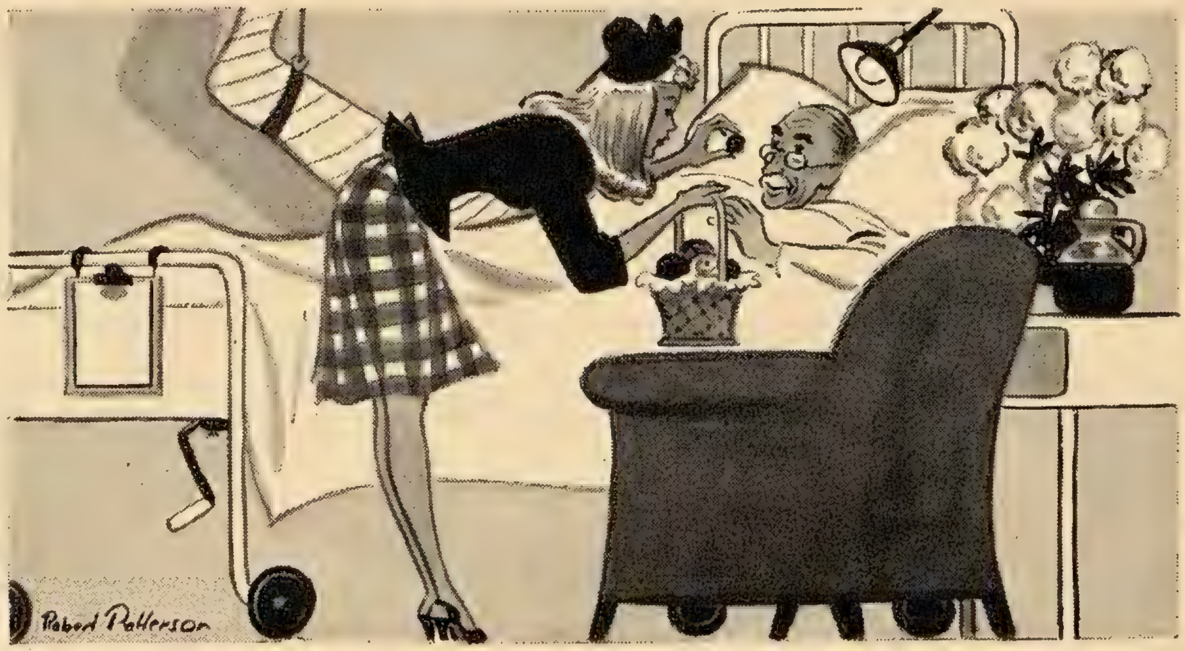
In your department of February 20 you stated that each hashmark denotes a period of three years' honorable military service. Come, now, Sarge! In the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard a hashmark or "bean rag" denotes *four* years of service, although payment of longevity is now based on three-year periods.
John C. Snow, Coxswain, U. S. C. G., Portsmouth, Va.

Right you are. I should have specified *Army* service. Thanks to all the others who caught the slip and joyfully called it to my attention.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

DAFFY AND THE SEEING EYE

BY REITA LAMBERT



Huntsdale-on-Hudson.
Lt. Perry Cooper, U. S. N.,
Care Postmaster, New York City.

DARLING PERRY:
How can you ask if I miss you darling and I *would* say so if it weren't for the censor and trying to keep my chin up and so terribly busy with this war. I mean even if you were home now I wouldn't have much time and besides I'd be terribly worried that you might be bumped in the dimout like poor old Mr. Foley who was simply on his way to the movies and is still in the hospital on one of those pulleys. You see it really is dangerous with policemen being drafted which is how I thought of the Seeing Eye dog.

Of course nobody minds making sacrifices like butter and old coffee grounds and telling your age to all these ration boards but I do think it's important to keep up your spirits as well as your chin and the movies help. Only after they took the traffic policeman from the movie theater corner and Mr. Foley got bumped people were afraid to go out nights.

So when I heard the movie theater might close I thought I'd better see the new Boyer picture before it did on my way home one night from bandages for the wounded. Well, I was standing on the curb and so was Blind Ben and his Seeing Eye dog and I thought how wonderful. I mean to have a dog who could see dim or light and consequently perfectly safe. Then I noticed old Mr. and Mrs. Cramer waiting to cross too and said, "Stay close to Ben and his dog and you'll be all right."

Well, Ben heard me and said, "That's right, dimouts don't worry us none, lady, so come along and we'll take care of you."

So Mrs. Cramer took his arm and then the Osgoods came up and Mr. Cramer said they'd better join our Seeing Eye party and get to the movies in one piece. So they did and we were just starting when this woman and man came along in a mink coat and she said, "Oh, look at all those poor blind souls and only one dog," and handed Mr. Cramer a dollar. But he told her he wasn't blind and started to give it to Ben but she was furious and said then why was he pretending to be blind and imposing on the public and was going to take the dollar back only the Seeing Eye dog growled and the woman screamed and all these people crowded around and then this policeman saying, "What's all this?"

Well, the woman said Ben's dog had attacked her and that we were impostors and then everybody began to talk at once and I knew we'd miss the beginning of the picture so I said, "Please!" in a loud voice and they quieted down and I told the policeman how the Seeing Eye dog was going to lead us across because of no traffic policeman.

So the policeman said, "O. K.! O. K.!" and stopped the traffic so we could cross. But there must have been a reporter there because the next day this piece about SEEING EYE DOGS SUBSTITUTE FOR HUNTSDALE POLICE FORCE appeared and now the traffic policeman is back there nights but I do think it would have been a good idea and lots less expensive because of no uniforms. So good-by now darling and I do l—e you and m—s you terribly if you know what I mean. DAFFY.

TEN YEARS OF ROOSEVELT—AND HITLER

Continued from Page 25

great menace to world peace and the democratic order.

Hitler knew that if the United States had not intervened Germany would have won the first World War—although he told the German people, and perhaps even came to believe himself, that they would not have lost that war if the home front had not crumbled. But Hitler underestimated the power of the United States. And his error, like Roosevelt's, was one of degree only. It might not have been a fatal error if Hitler had not also underestimated the staying power of the British and the military might and political solidarity of the Soviet Union. For it was his dismissal of the United States as an important military factor which led him to turn from Britain to invade Russia.

Hitler thought the United States had grown soft and corrupt and was torn by internal dissension. He thought, moreover, that the American people were too engrossed with their own troubles to notice what he was doing and where he was going. He thought that if we awoke at all, it would be only after he had Europe and Africa and Great Britain where he wanted them; and that in due course he would have us at his mercy. These, too, were only errors in degree. The American people *were* engrossed with their own affairs. They *had* grown soft in their habits and thinking. They *were* torn by internal dissension. And Hitler did come within an eyelash of getting what he wanted. But we, as a nation, 'woke up in time, thanks mainly to Roosevelt.

HITLER'S greatest initial error probably was to underestimate Roosevelt. Although Roosevelt became fixed in the Nazi mind as the number one enemy, he was considered a distant and ineffectual enemy, to be dealt with in due time. Not until lately did Hitler appreciate that Roosevelt's grasp of power politics was as firm as his own and his comprehension of military strategy as sound—if not sounder.

In short, Roosevelt understood Hitler sooner and better than Hitler understood Roosevelt.

In singling out Roosevelt and Hitler as the two leaders and symbols of a world conflict we do not need to slight other figures which loom large. Chiang Kai-shek stands for unconquerable China. But China is not yet a democracy, and by modern standards she is a weak nation. The critical struggle today is not between Chinese concepts and any other. China may gradually emerge as the leader of the Orient, but only because stronger nations help her to destroy her principal enemy.

Winston Churchill shone forth suddenly in 1940 as the symbol of British dauntlessness. He is a great war leader, sure of a high place in history, but he is primarily a great British figure.

Stalin stands for an ideology as well as a mighty nation, but primarily for the latter. Much as Hitler would like it to be that way, Communism is not the issue in this war. The ideology of the United Nations is principally of Anglo-American origin.

Tojo and his fellow imperialists stand for things similar to, yet apart from, Nazism. Japan is not a German puppet. But it is a much weaker military power than Germany was. There is no real danger of Japanese domination of the world unless the Japs are left alone for a few years to assimilate their gains—and that prospect is remote.

Mussolini, the first Fascist hero to rise, is about to become the first to go. Of him nothing more need be said—except that, fortunately, we did not follow the advice of the American citizens who said we needed somebody like him.

BUT above all these stand Roosevelt and Hitler, the two men who came to power at the same time. That one or the other, and what he stood for, would determine the future of the world became glaringly plain when the Nazi legions sliced into France, and Britain for a time stood alone, barely able to keep her feet. It was then that Roosevelt stood forth as the leader of the Western World, not only because of the strength, tradition, and ideals of the United States, but also because of his own vision, skill, toughness, and determination. If Hitler had been lucky enough to draw a Harding or a Coolidge, the trans-Atlantic war might have been over by now, leaving us to man the last-ditch defenses of North America against a two-ocean attack.

The supreme irony is that, in Roosevelt, Hitler created his own Nemesis. They came to power independently, although they owed their ascent to the same thing: a world-wide depression. But Hitler kept Roosevelt in power. Except for Hitler, Roosevelt might have retired after two terms. As it was, Hitler re-elected Roosevelt in 1940. And before long Roosevelt will return the favor by helping to oust Hitler.

THE END

NEXT WEEK

THE PRESIDENT'S JOB

His title might puzzle a guest from Mars, for he *presides* over almost nothing. "Chief Executive" fits the intent of the Constitution's framers—to have him merely execute laws that Congress makes. But a President is the head of his political party, which as a rule predominates in Congress. No wonder that in peacetime the balance of power has seesawed; no wonder that in wartime Congress yields powers to our commander in chief! A look back at the record of the past ten years is most enlightening. Mark Sullivan has taken such a look for you.

BLACK MARKET

As far as methods go, it's identical with the prohibition era's bootleg racket.

That was black-marketing of liquor; this is bootlegging and hijacking of foods, gas, tires, clothing—and coupons and stamps. But this time the customer isn't simply violating a law that few respect. This time he or she is as guilty as the racketeers themselves of selling our country and its allies down the river to our enemies! Naturally, every one of us wants to know what black-marketing amounts to and is costing our war effort. Arthur S. Hewitt has the plain facts for us.

FIGHTER OF THE YEAR

His name is Barnet David Rasofsky—but to you he's Barney Ross; to the sports writers he's the Outstanding Fighter of 1942, even though he left the ring four years ago; and to the Japs he's a severe one-man headache. As Ted Shane tells you the story of how Barney fought his way up from a tenement district's sidewalks to two ring championships, *plus* the story of the night on Guadalcanal when as a marine he killed ten to twenty Japs and saved his wounded comrades' lives while thirty Jap bullets were denting his helmet, you'll find yourself time and again giving three loud cheers for him!

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

Plumbers Cedric Hardwicke and Buster Keaton install a newfangled bathtub for Jessie Matthews.

Brian Aherne, a poor-relation Pringle, and Ida Lupino decide to go to gold-plated America.

Robert Cummings (of the American Pringles) discovers Merle Oberon at the Pringle manse in 1917.

FOREVER AND A DAY

MOVIES run in cycles. We've had cycles of spy pictures, super-terrific musicals, screwball comedies, and historical sagas. All-star productions are the latest vogue. First came Tales of Manhattan, with nine stars; then Star Spangled Rhythm, which served as a jewel-box setting for Paramount's important human properties. Stage Door Canteen, with practically every one of importance in the entertainment world, will be along soon. But the trend really began with Forever and a Day, a production which went before the cameras on May 17, 1941, and is only now ready for release.

But Forever and a Day is unusual in other respects. About ninety stars, seventeen authors and seven directors took part in it. None accepted a penny. The proceeds of the picture go to British and American war charities. During production, fits of temperament (so dear to movie folk) were conspicuously absent. Stars like Ida Lupino, Ray Milland, Anna Neagle took whatever roles they were assigned. Victor McLaglen does a short bit as a doorman; Merle Oberon willingly plays a frumpy hotel clerk; and suave Brian Aherne plays a cockney coal heaver.

The locale of this Cavalcade-type picture is a house in London, built in 1804 by Admiral Pringle. The story is concerned with what happens to its inhabitants in 1821, 1845, 1897, 1917, and 1941. The whole is tied together with a narration by the two modern-day descendants of the admiral—who are telling the story as the Nazis bomb the city. The house is destroyed, but they determine to rebuild it when the Fascist menace to all homes and peace is finally and permanently destroyed.

The story and direction are slow and a little uneven, but that may be because so many different writing and directing techniques are combined. You can almost mark the spots where different people took over the reins. But many of the scenes are gems of characterization, and moviegoers will enjoy spotting Charles Laughton, Anna Lee, Claude Rains, Gladys Cooper, and the dozens of other generous stars who donated their talents to such a worthy cause.

(RKO.)

Hats Off to you Moviegoers!

Moviegoers of America—what a grand, generous, patriotic group of alert, loyal Americans you are!

And what an important part you are playing in the home-front battles of this war.

Perhaps you do not realize just what a fine job you are doing. Did you know that, in the theatre drives, you have magnificently contributed all this: ⟶

Greek War Relief . . .	*over*	$1,000,000
Army & Navy Relief .	*over*	2,126,000
USO	*over*	950,000
United Nations Fund .	*over*	1,500,000
Infantile Paralysis . . .	('42)	1,450,000
Infantile Paralysis . . .	('43)	1,500,000 *(est.)*

Whenever the call has come, you have responded—with your donations, with your scrap, with your Bond-purchases — — with your heart!

and Now Comes this Most Important Call of All..

THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY'S

RED CROSS WAR FUND

(APRIL 1-7)

If you have given—try to give again!
Dig deep for a cause deep in every American heart!

WAR ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE OF THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

JOAN LESLIE

JON HALL

BETTY GRABLE

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) **John Garfield, Harry Carey**	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) **Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson**	*Musical fantasy* (Petunia tries to keep Little Joe away from the clutches of the devil and Georgia Brown).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
CASABLANCA (Warners) **Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Paul Henreid**	*Melodrama* (the refugee problem and a novel love story against the background of French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . extraordinarily well staged and acted. (1-2-43)
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN (Columbia) **Paul Muni, Cedric Hardwicke**	*Drama* (peace-loving Norwegians rise and fight back at the Nazis' "bloodless" occupation of their country).	Warm, rich, and stirring . . . a must on your movie list. (1-23-43)
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) **Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall**	*Aviation romance* (an aviatrix—reminiscent of Amelia Earhart—camouflages a naval mission as a flight around the world).	It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)
HITLER'S CHILDREN (RKO) **Bonita Granville, Otto Kruger, Tim Holt**	*Drama* (the revolt of an American-born girl in Germany against Nazi "education").	Vivid portrayal . . . story handled with restraint that enhances the horror. (2-13-43)
IN WHICH WE SERVE (United Artists) **Noel Coward**	*Drama* (the thrilling biography of an English destroyer and its crew in the North Atlantic).	First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY INTO FEAR (RKO) **Joseph Cotten and Orson Welles**	*Thriller* (American engineer and his wife chase through Europe with the Nazis on their heels).	Interesting and suspense-filled under Welles' able and unconventional hand. (3-13-43)
MARGIN FOR ERROR (20th-Fox) **Joan Bennett, Milton Berle, and Otto Preminger**	*Comedy* (Patrolman Moe Finklestein is ordered to guard the Nazi consul in prewar New York).	Sloppy rewriting and slow direction of Clare Luce's successful stage play. (2-27-43)
ONE DAY OF WAR (March of Time)	*Documentary film* (stirring kaleidoscope of a typical day of war in Soviet Russia).	Most amazing war film ever made . . . awful and startling in its simplicity. (3-6-43)
RANDOM HARVEST (M-G-M) **Ronald Colman, Greer Garson**	*Love story* (the end of the last war and an amnesia victim bring England's two worlds together).	Tender and touching . . . performed and directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
SALUDOS AMIGOS (Disney-RKO) **Donald Duck, Goofy**	*Cartoon feature* (the Disney menagerie takes over South America and makes some new friends).	Very amusing dose of hemispheric neighborliness . . . magnificent color. (1-16-43)
SHADOW OF A DOUBT (Universal) **Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten**	*Thriller* (an unsuspected murderer gets into the family bosom—until a shadow of doubt enters).	Hitchcock has done it again . . . hairline tension . . . good acting. (2-6-43)
STAND BY FOR ACTION (M-G-M) **Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy, Charles Laughton**	*Navy drama* (conflict, jealousy, and fourteen rescued babies on a destroyer in a Pacific convoy).	Action, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together. (1-16-43)
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM (Paramount) **All-star cast**	*Musical comedy* (Paramount presents all its properties—stars, producers, and sets—in an amusing package).	Pace and polish of a Broadway musical, but with more plot. (1-30-43)
THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY (Universal) **Deanna Durbin, Edmond O'Brien**	*Comic melodrama* (Deanna pretends she's a widow to get refugee kids into the country—then falls in love).	Conclusive and delightful evidence that Deanna Durbin has really grown up. (3-20-43)
THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT (20th-Fox) **Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara**	*War drama* (inspired by the memory of his superior, a corporal guides a British patrol through Libya).	Compact, hard-driving movie . . . fine performances. (2-20-43)
YOUNG MR. PITT (20th-Fox) **Robert Donat, Robert Morley**	*Historical drama* (England under its youngest Prime Minister—fights for survival against Napoleon).	Interesting and dramatic page from history . . . well worth seeing. (3-13-43)

WE BOARD A U-BOAT

Continued from Page 15

face, take a sight and let go a burst, then grin. I watched the conning tower to see what he was grinning about. The way the Nazis went down was comical, as if somebody had pulled them back into the hatch.

I heard "Away, boarding party!" from the bridge again. Mr. Lawrence and I ran forward along the starboard side. That was just plain dumb good luck. We had no way of knowing how the Old Man would bring us alongside. The rest of the guys in our party were still upon the fo'c'slehead, and they were on the wrong side—never got a chance to jump.

We leaped from the rail . . . six feet out, seven, maybe eight feet to fall. The sub's speed had been cut down to less than four knots. Our ship was making about six. We had come in bow on. Mr. Lawrence and I landed with a jolt on the deck of the sub, aft of the conning tower.

THERE was a wooden grating over the deck, but it was awash and the sub was rolling heavily. I heard some one shout from the Oakville as she went away astern: "Look out! They're on deck!" That probably meant us, because our guns stopped firing, but I thought it meant there were Jerries down on deck waiting for us.

The first one I saw was dead. A wave washed him overboard out of our way. We were running for the conning tower. As we got closer I saw three crouching down beside it. I held the flashlight out in front of me so it would blind them and let me see to shoot. They didn't make a move. I waved the flashlight toward the side and shouted "Marshay! Marshay!" That's my idea of French for "Get going, you bums." They went. You know how a clown dives—straight out, with his feet spread, and lands on his fanny? That's the way these three went over the side. Made me want to laugh.

Now that we were down there I wasn't so excited. But I wasn't fooling either. The first Jerry that made a mismove was going to get it. And one did—just as I got on the conning tower.

Mr. Lawrence went up the port ladder. A Nazi tried to rush him as he came up, and he shot the Nazi. Another one was making for him as I came up the starboard side. I got that one. He flopped over and hit the deck with a thump.

The moon was out—it kept playing hide-and-seek all night—and we could see what shape things were in. The apron of the tower had been hit by a shell from our four-inch gun. It was ripped and twisted so that it partly blocked the hatchway. Then there were two dead Nazis beside the hatch—the one Mr. Lawrence had shot and another one who looked blown to pieces. What was left of him was hanging partly across the hatch.

We were sitting pretty, so Mr. Lawrence took my flashlight and went down on deck to make sure there weren't any other escape hatches open. We knew that old Hitler himself wouldn't make those babies scuttle while they were inside with a couple of naked maniacs upstairs waiting to blow their heads off if they came up. I began to wish some of them would try. I wanted to shoot another Nazi just to know what it was like. My first one had been shot so quick I couldn't tell.

I heard Mr. Lawrence shoot once and I thought he'd got another one, but he told me when he came back, all dripping wet, that he'd just fired in the air to scare off a couple of Jerries he had found hiding behind the antiaircraft gun aft—and to make sure his gun was working after a big wave had caught him and almost swept him over the side.

He came up and said, "Better get them out of it so we can go down." I lay flat so I wouldn't get shot from below, stuck the flashlight in the hatch and waved it up and down. I yelled "Marshay!" at them again, and Mr. Lawrence shouted *"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"* That struck me as funny. "Better try *'sprechen sie* English,' " I said. We both laughed.

THE Nazis started coming up, and I motioned them down the outside ladder. They went like a bunch of sheep. When we figured they were all out, Mr. Lawrence ordered me to herd them aft and try to find out if any of them did speak English. He picked the dirty job for himself—going down inside the conning tower. He took my flashlight with him and crawled across the dead Nazis into the hatch.

I got my live ones rounded up and moved them aft. About a quarter of a mile off I could see the Oakville, and behind her, about six miles away, there were star shells going off in patterns. That meant other subs were after the convoy, and it also meant the Oakville wasn't going to sit around waiting for us if the commodore called her into other action. It looked as though we were just going to have to stay there and take care of our little pals until some one got time to call around and pick us up.

I stood ten feet away from the bunch, keeping them covered, and

Famous Highs by C. A. Voight

Lifting high!

HEAVIEST WEIGHT EVER LIFTED OVERHEAD BY ANY MAN'S HANDS WAS 382 POUNDS! SMOOTHEST DRINK EVER LIFTED BY ANY MAN'S HAND IS TODAY'S TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"

Bronc-busting high!

AN ARIZONA COWBOY TAMED A WILD-EYED BRONC IN 3 MIN. 2/10 SEC. . . A FEAT ALMOST AS REMARKABLE AS THE WAY HIRAM WALKER KEEPS "ROUGH EDGES" OUT OF SUCH A ROBUST STRAIGHT BOURBON AS TEN HIGH.

..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!

Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH *there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of* TEN HIGH *is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of* TEN HIGH *may sometimes be delayed.*

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

TRICKS of TRADES

Engine Run by the Sun

"PUT the sun to work!" says Dr. Charles G. Abbot, famous astronomer and secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and he has built a solar engine for the purpose. A long, troughlike mirror focuses the sun's rays on a system of concentric glass tubes. Between the outer and inner tube is a vacuum. The inner tube is filled with water. The sun's rays penetrate the vacuum easily, turning the water to steam, but the vacuum serves to keep the heat generated in the inner tube from escaping.

New Car-Dent Remover

MANY car owners have been annoyed to have a dent put in their doors, sometimes only by children pushing one another against the auto. To have this dent removed always proved quite costly, since it necessitated the removal of the upholstery, etc., from the inside of the door.

An auto-body repairman hit upon the idea of applying a plumber's suction pump to the outside of the door, removing a great number of the dents as easily as a plumber would remove refuse from the drain of a kitchen sink.

Cast to Match Costume

THERE'S nothing like being fashionably ensembled even after having sustained a broken limb. A cellulose acetate cast to match milady's favorite costume has recently been invented by Dr. Roger Anderson of Seattle and reported at a Chicago meeting of the American Academy of Orthopedic Surgeons. Now the woman who suffers an arm or leg fracture may choose her cast color to fit her wardrobe. A coiled spring made of a filament of acetate about a sixteenth of an inch in diameter is fitted around the broken limb, and acetone is then sprayed over the wire to fuse or weld it into a solid mass.

Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York.

tried my German. *"Sprechen sie Angleterre?"* I shouted. One of them shouted right back, *"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"* I said, *"Nein, nein. Sprechen sie* English?" They said, *"Nein, nein,"* back at me. We weren't getting anywhere.

Then a guy in the rear started to push forward. I thought: Boy, here comes trouble. But he just stamped on the deck with his foot and pointed down. He was talking German, but there seemed to be some English words in it. I heard "bomb," and I thought he said "English prisoners."

It sounded like bad news. I got them moving forward to the conning tower and I climbed it and shouted down to Mr. Lawrence: "Better get out of there, sir. They say there's a time bomb set."

He came up and tried to push the dead Nazi out of the way so he wouldn't have to crawl over the mess again.

"They say they have prisoners too," I said.

"Why didn't you say that first?" he said. "Keep them there. I'm going down again."

He was gone an awful long time, it seemed to me. Suddenly I felt the sub give a lurch and start to settle by the stern. Then the Nazis began to get panicky. I was shouting at them, threatening, but it didn't do any good. They kept milling around down on the deck and I was going to have to shoot when Mr. Lawrence popped up again and climbed out beside me.

"Gas down there," he said. The gas forms when salt water gets to the sulphuric acid in the batteries; it's chlorine. I thought I could smell it too.

"Let's get to hell out of here," I said.

"Shoo them off, then," he said.

I DIDN'T waste any time. "Come on, gang!" I shouted and pointed over the side. They went in with a splash. Mr. Lawrence flashed a signal to the Oakville with the flashlight and we waited until the water was up almost to the conning tower. Then we stepped off and started after the Nazis. The sub stuck her snout up at the moon and went down by the stern before we were thirty yards away. All the suction she made was a little tug you could feel around your waist and hips.

I was plenty scared. Expected sharks to be around any minute. I was beginning to get tired, too, by the time our boat got to us. Mr. Fenwick was in charge of the boat. Every time the boat would bob up on a wave I'd see his red head sticking up and, brother, it was swell to see!

The Nazis tried to get into the boat all in a bunch, but our boys sort of beat them off with the oars and helped Mr. Lawrence and me in. A U. S. ship had come around and a launch was coming off from her. We left the Nazis for the launch, all except two kids not more than fifteen or sixteen. We took pity on them and rowed them over to the ship.

Mr. Lawrence and I went aboard and the U. S. boys asked me what had happened. I was feeling cocky. I said: "It was a tough fight, ma. But we won." They laughed, and I asked them for a drink. They brought me water! Seems they don't get any spirit rations in the U. S. Navy.

I got a real drink back on the Oakville. When I got aboard her I had to go and report to the Old Man. All of a sudden I remembered I had lost his gun in the water. When I got to the bridge I saluted and started talking fast, like this: "Sorry, sir, I lost your gun out there—sub's sunk—two prisoners taken aboard the escort craft—Americans picked up the rest—"

"All right, Powell," Mr. King said. "Very well done. Better go below and have a drink and a bath."

THAT "well done" was the best part of the night. I got the drink, but it was a long time before I got the bath. I went around to see the damage the sub had done to us and hear about the real heroes—a couple of other stokers, young Aurelle White and Davie Wilson, a veteran of the Royal Navy. Whitey was in No. 2 when the stump of the sub's gun ripped through and let the water into us. It was over his hips before he got his boiler shut off. Then Davie pulled him into No. 1 and they got the watertight door in the bulkhead shut and clamped down. Whitey got out then, but Davie stayed to shut off his own boiler and, when he was halfway up on deck, turned around and went down again because he got a feeling one of the clamps hadn't gone in flush. The lights went out while he was down and there was twelve feet of water sloshing around in No. 2 before he got out.

They were shoring up the bulkheads when I went down, and the chief E. R. A. saw me and put me to work. He was sort of sarcastic about it. "Having a swim, eh?" he said. "Don't suppose you'd know it's your watch."

I worked like hell until four o'clock.

THE END

Editor's Note: For his part in the episode of which he tells above, Stoker Petty Officer Powell received the Distinguished Service Medal. So did Stoker Davie Wilson, and Lieutenant H. Lawrence received the Distinguished Service Cross.

SUCH SWEET SORROW

Continued from Page 19

to make them do anything. And where do you suppose I discovered Joe?"

"Where?" he asked softly, looking up at her from his place on the step below. And added, under his breath, "Where, my lovely?"

"What?" She turned her glance away from a cluster of bees fighting over a fallen orange and stared at him in amazement. "What did you say, Mr. Emerson?"

"Nothing. I said, 'Where was he?' " lied the man and was saved, after a fashion, by Cyril, who came out onto the broad veranda with a worried frown between his brows.

"Cynthia, mother's going to be sick again, I think." He seated himself carefully on the step beside Bill. "And she said for you please to be at home when Alfredo calls this morning."

"All right. Well, anyway," Cynthia finished, "I found our foreman shuffling off to a job on Mr. Dominguez's plantation."

"Odd," commented Bill. "Why should your fiancé hire your foreman out from under your nose, so to speak?"

"I don't know. Cyril—" The girl turned to her small brother and for a moment they looked oddly alike. The same thoughtful furrows creased their blond downy brows. The same look of distress lengthened the tender curve of their short upper lips.

"MOTHER fired him," said Cyril. "You're crazy. Why would mother do that?"

"Well, by and large, I think Mr. Dominguez asked her to."

"Cyril Hargreave! Are you making that up?"

"Why should I?" demanded Cyril. He got up briskly. "Time for us to get going, Mr. Emerson?"

"Cyril, you come back here!" Cynthia reached out and grabbed her brother by one skinny ankle. Her voice and manner were stern, but the warmth in her blue eyes betrayed her. "Why would Mr. Dominguez ask mother to let our foreman go? What are you talking about?"

"Well, by and large—"

"Never mind the by and large. *Do* you know"—she gave the ankle a little shake—"or don't you?"

Caught off balance the child tripped and half fell on her. She was laughing openly now, stretched full length across the sun-soaked steps, struggling, chuckling, gasping as she and Cyril roughhoused like a pair

For Old Times' Sake

GENERATIONS of Americans have called for G & W Whiskeys. ☆ For these fine whiskeys, such as the popular Five Star blend, are the result of 111 years' experience in distilling and blending. ☆ Their base whiskeys are carefully selected to give flavor, authority and distinction. The neutral spirits are rounded and softened by a costly method used in the making of fine imported whiskeys. ☆ For a premium whiskey at a non-premium price, ask for G & W Five Star. Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Peoria, Illinois.

SINCE 1832
Estab'd in 1832
G&W
FIVE 5 STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
A distinguished blended whiskey of unsurpassed smoothness and bouquet
Blended & bottled for Gooderham & Worts Limited
Peoria, Illinois
NEW BOTTLE
NEW LABEL
-same superb blended whiskey

SYMBOLS OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
The "Sovereign of the Seas" was the finest example of the craftsmanship which produced the stately Yankee Clipper ships. The G & W Label has been a symbol of fine craftsmanship in whiskey distilling and blending for more than 111 years.

86 proof, 75% grain neutral spirits

G&W *Five Star*
Blended Whiskey

GOODERHAM & WORTS, LIMITED · · · FOUNDED IN CANADA 111 YEARS AGO

PALM ROOM
RUDY BUNDY'S ONE-MAN BAND
BANDEL LINN

"You know how it is—with the shortage of help!"

(thought Bill Emerson) of beige-colored puppies.

There was a good twelve years between their ages, but Cyril was as tough as he was reedy. He warded off Cynthia's tickling, smothering tactics neatly and fought fair, but in the scrimmage Cynthia's booted toe caught Bill squarely in the shin. He gave a startled "Ow!" and grabbed her ankle. "Hey! I just came for the ride!" he protested. "Lay off me!"

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she cried, pushing her hair out of her eyes. "That was Cyril's fault. He shoved me— Oh, Lord! Here comes Alfredo!"

Silence fell over the three as Señor José Alfredo Dominguez y Guyas rode up the drive, burnished silver and polished leather flashing in the sun, a habit of immaculate cream-colored covert upon his person, and a look of disapproval on his face.

Cynthia said, "Hello, Alfredo," and in the awkward pause that followed, "You're just in time to referee."

Without a word the man dismounted, flung his reins to the boy who had shuffled around the corner of the house, and straightened his waistcoat.

"Señorita," he murmured conventionally and bowed his head slightly as he passed Cynthia on his way into the house. She made no reply.

Cyril looked alarmed and said, "Oh-oh!" while color rose in Cynthia's cheeks.

Bill Emerson, who had gotten to his feet, said, "Time for lessons, Butch. Come on," and strode up the front steps, the muscles of his jaws white beneath his tan.

MRS. HARGREAVE had ordered all the shutters of her bedroom closed, all the blinds drawn down. A bowl of tuberoses stood near the bedside and their overheated scent mingling with the mauve twilight of the room was like a muffled blow to the girl who came in out of burning sunlight.

"Mother? I can hardly see you. What—what's the matter, mother?" Her voice sounded scared, momentarily light and breathy like a child's. "Is it one of your spells?" She tiptoed over to the bed and stood looking down at the long thin frame stretched beneath the sheet.

Mrs. Hargreave opened her eyes with deliberation and gazed up at her daughter. Silence vibrated like thin wire between them.

"About Joe, mother."

"What about Joe?"

"Why did you fire him? And without telling me—" She turned and picked up the photograph of her grandparents from the big round marble-topped center table. "You had no right to do that," she finished and put the picture down without looking at it.

"Cyn-thia!" The soft fluted voice conveyed a gentle warning. "That's no way to speak to me, dear. Besides, I'm not well, you know. I feel—perfectly dreadful—to be truthful."

"Oh, I'm sorry, darling." Cynthia went quickly to the bedside and took a slender wrist in both her hands. "Shall I get the doctor, dear? Where does it hurt this time?"

"No, never mind." Mrs. Hargreave freed her wrist. "Just try to remember. Well, dear, now that we've settled about Joe, there's somebody else—"

"But we *aren't* settled about Joe!" cried Cynthia. "Cyril says Mr. Dominguez asked you to fire him. Mother, I don't understand. You know we can't run the place without a foreman!"

"OH, yes, we can, dear. I admit—it was very naughty of Cyril to eavesdrop—but I admit Mr. Dominguez advised letting Joe go. Economy, you know. He says—"

"Economy my eye!" cried the girl hotly. "Why, Alfredo has millions and millions of dollars. What could one peon's wages mean to him? And it's our own money, anyway."

"Precisely," murmured Mrs. Hargreave. "Mr. Dominguez's fortune is not ours to draw on—yet." Her gaze, passing over Cynthia's fresh young beauty, was like a tired hand touching silk.

"It's a trick! Nothing but a low trick to put us into a hole, that's all. Alfredo knows if we don't make our crop this year we'll be in a tough spot. Oh, mother, I *wish* you wouldn't discuss our affairs with him, even if he is my—my—"

She broke off, pushing one hand up through her hair in a desperate gesture. "Oh, gosh! Maybe I *am* suspicious. But sometimes I think Alfredo wants to see us beaten right down to the ground, so's to be sure that I—that I—"

"That you marry him, as you have promised," supplied Laura Hargreave quietly.

"That I *have* to marry him, you mean." Cynthia's voice was bitter. "Well, what would Señor José Alfredo Dominguez y Guyas say if I just up and told him I'd changed my mind? Suppose I— Mother! Mother, what is it? Is it your heart again? Speak to me, mother—"

Half an hour later Cynthia was bathing her mother's forehead with a handkerchief drenched in cologne.

"Better now? Can you sleep a little?"

"Yes. Oh, so much better, dear." Mrs. Hargreave's hand moved with a dry rustle inside her daughter's cupped palm. "You gave me—a little shock—speaking like that."

"I'm sorry, darling."

"All I want is your happiness, Cynthia. Yours and Cyril's. And Mr. Dominguez is so very—comfortably off." Cynthia suppressed a smile at the understatement. "Besides, his grandmother on his father's side was a Russell of Boston, dear." Was there a note of appeal in the light clear voice? "That should count for something."

"It does, darling." Cynthia bit her lip and met her mother's eyes with affectionate gravity. "It does."

"And, Cynthia—before you go—there's one little thing. Mr. Dominguez spoke to me about seeing you on the steps this morning with that man you got for Cyril. He—"

"Alfredo was darned rude to me," interrupted Cynthia hotly. "I hope he remembered to mention that to you, too."

"He said—really, dear, I could hardly believe it—he said you were *wrestling!* With a total stranger. I had a dreadful time explaining."

Cynthia's smile started at the eyes and spread to the corners of her mouth. Suddenly she burst into the kind of laughter that her mother considered childish and unbecoming in a girl of twenty. It was merry and unrestrained, and gusts of it filtered down to the veranda below, where Bill Emerson and Cyril, busy with lessons, heard it and looked at each other and grinned.

"Mother, I hate to run your blood pressure up"—Cynthia gave a little final gasp of enjoyment—"but how *did* you explain? I mean, what does one say to Alfredo to explain why one's daughter was wrestling with a —what was it?—a total stranger?"

"Never mind," replied the other with dignity. "Mother took care of it—this time. But you'll have to be more careful, my dear, if you expect to marry a millionaire in this part of the world. The social conventions of the island, you know, are every bit as rigid as those of Old Spain."

Cynthia opened her mouth to say something rebellious, then closed it.

WHAT was the use? . . . Alfredo was not such a bad egg. . . . Her mother would live in bliss the remaining days of her life . . . and Cyril would get a break, poor little kid. . . . How crazy he was about Mr. Emerson—Bill. Bill Emerson. Mr. William Emerson of Harvard and New England. Wonder if *his* grandmother was a Russell of Boston? If she was, would my mother care? No, my mother would *not* care. Not unless Bill had millions and millions of dollars. . . .

The cool corner of the veranda where the honeysuckle vine cast its thick scented shade was the ideal place for lessons. With cigarettes and a pitcher of lemonade, man and boy had made themselves comfortable, each after his respective fashion.

"My mother," said Cyril, stacking one book slowly on another, "always gets sick when she thinks a row's blowing up. Like yesterday, when she let Joe the foreman go just in time to louse up the cane cutting. She—"

"'Spoil,' Butch. Not 'louse up.'"

"All right. Spoil, then. She wants Cynthia to marry Mr. Dominguez because he's got twelve million dollars, and—"

"I think," said Bill Emerson, "we'd better not discuss your family's private affairs. Get your pencil and I'll give you a new lesson for tomorrow— How many millions did you say?"

"Well, by and large, twelve," replied the little boy soberly.

Bill whistled softly. "And that," he murmured, "ain't cane, as I suppose you say down here. Do you think Cynthia loves him?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Dominguez."

"By and large, Mr. Emerson—" Cyril hesitated, his mind struggling with facts beyond his comprehen-

Of low-priced blades your surest bet
Is keen, long-lasting Thin Gillette!
You save real dough—look slick as well;
You shave with speed—your face feels swell!

Easy Way To Get Even More Shaves With Every Gillette Blade

1. WASH FACE thoroughly with hot water and soap to soften beard and eliminate accumulated grit that dulls shaving edges

2. APPLY LATHER or Brushless Shaving Cream while face is wet. If lather is used, dip your brush in water frequently

3. TWO EDGES double blade life. Marks indicated above identify edges, enabling you to give both equal use and get extra shaves

4. CLEAN BLADE in razor by loosening handle, then rinsing in hot water and shaking. Wiping the blade is likely to damage the edges

4 for 10c
8 for 19c
12 for 27c

Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

? GUESS WHO SAID IT ?

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

YOU needn't believe what these well known people say, but you should read the quotations anyway, then try to figure out who's speaking. If you get seven, you're definitely superior. Answers on page 60.

1. A doctor's famous wife, Mary, once nurse and now novelist, says, *"The Washington correspondent is a graveyard of secrets of all sorts."*

2. He didn't choose to run: *"I was never hurt by anything I didn't say."*

3. This cryptic critic quips: *"One of the few charming things to be said about the human breast is that it is always bulging with hope."* Baltimorean, editor, whose magazine was once banned from the mails.

4. *"Man's mettle is tested both in adversity and in success."* This lady from Cathay was educated in America, and took the country by storm.

5. *"You do everything you can—then you hope for the best,"* was said by the admiral who took the Yank forces to Africa. His middle name is the same as a boys' school in Connecticut.

6. *"There is more to life than increasing its speed,"* yet he's a champion "faster."

7. Dean of American composer-conductors, first name Walter: *"It is far better to be the first musician in Elmira than one of ten thousand in New York."*

8. *"Some persons profit by lying convincingly; I, by telling the truth unconvincingly."* He draws pictures and conclusions that add wonder to knowledge.

9. The czar of baseball says, *"I don't have to, but I just like to go down to the office on Sunday."*

10. In the marines during the last war, in the navy now, this boxer believes, *"My idea of a great fighter is a man who never quits."*

---

sion. "I guess so," he finished with simple honesty. "She's going to marry him, isn't she?"

"Well said, Butch." Bill flipped his cigarette over the rail and rubbed his face nervously with his hands.

"Of course, sometimes she goes out just before he comes—quite a lot. He comes here nearly every day. Sometimes he asks *me* where she goes and what she does. Do you think that's queer?"

"Darned queer," agreed Bill, scowling. "If you ask me, your sister's too young to marry that guy anyhow. It's cradle snatching, that's what it is. It's horrible!"

He sounded so angry and looked so ferocious that Cyril, who had been watching a hummingbird plunder the hot trumpets of sugary honeysuckle, sat up and gazed at his tutor in alarm.

"YOU'RE not mad at *me*, are you?" he demanded anxiously. "You won't get sore at me and stay away, will you?"

"You? I should say not."

"Gee, I'm glad. Gosh, you're the nicest thing that ever happened to me, Mr. Emerson. If it wasn't for you, I'd go completely extracted sometimes."

Bill laughed. He slid down in his chair and, making a long leg, joggled with his foot the small wooden bench on which Cyril sat. "Thanks, Butch. Hurry up with the work, now, and afterward we'll go out to the back corral. I'll teach you a drop kick that may come in handy one day. I'm glad," he added, "that we're friends. I haven't many friends down in this part of the world."

Cyril bent over his notebook, his eyes shining. "Well, Cynthia likes you and I like you," he offered happily. "That makes two. Of course mother doesn't count. I mean, she doesn't *not* like you, I guess. But she says you're a disbursing influence."

Disbursing? thought Bill. Disrupting? Disturbing? Whichever it is, it means I'm strictly no good with Mrs. Hargreave . . . three guesses why. Oh, well—what's the use?

It was no use at all, but pictures of Cynthia kept floating through his head: Cynthia riding off before sunrise to look at the cane fields . . . Cynthia gravely offering an absurdly small sum to a stranger (one Bill Emerson) to give primary schooling to a mere kid, for Cyril's sake . . . Cynthia defending her choice of tutor in the face of her mother's protest, her fiancé's active objections . . . Cynthia in the bright sun, laughing. . . .

High heels clicked. Keep this up and you'll be nuts before you know it, he was deciding as Cynthia came out on the veranda and smiled at him.

Her Alice-in-Wonderland hair was caught back with narrow black velvet ribbon. She wore a thin white dress and the glow of her good humor was as much a color as the scarlet of her lipstick.

"I was just thinking about you," he told her lightly, and swung a chair into place without moving.

"Were you? What, for instance?"

"I was thinking—Butch, let's quit lessons for today. You go get your football and wait for me in the corral, will you?"

They watched the boy depart.

"I was thinking that my job for the government is about cleaned up down here. I'll be going back soon—"

"Oh, no, Bill!"

It was like that—quick and thoughtless. The real girl saying the real thing. It was like a flash of brightness through his veins and it shook him a little, in the hands and in the temples.

"I'm afraid I must," he said carefully. "But about Cyril. Can I do anything for you there? Take him back with me? Put him in school for you? Or I could park him with my mother . . . send him to day school . . . he's such a little kid—"

"Of course not—thank you." She met his brown eyes with her wide, candid, friendly look but her tone was surprised. "Cyril stays with mother and me—always."

"That is to say, with José Alfredo Dominguez, et cetera," he remarked dryly. "In other words, you'll turn Cyril over to his brother-in-law?"

She was silent so long he was certain he had offended her. Around them the morning whirled in a lazy dust dance. Dying pink florets rained from the crape myrtle tree, piling up along the railing. Bill picked up one, put it to his nostrils, tossed it away.

"ALFREDO is all right," she said at last. "It's going to be all right—I think."

He stood so close to her he could see each individual hair in the curve of her left eyebrow. A fascinating structure, a perfect arch along which a man's fingertip—

Swallowing, he moved away and began to talk. At first he scarcely knew what his own words were. It was just he had to tell her things. About himself.

His boyhood. His college. His home. His hopes of getting into the fighting branch of one of the services. His bitterness over being shipped off on a "health mission." "Experimental science" at a time like this!

"But you are a scientist," she reminded him gravely.

"Yes, but I— Oh, Cynthia! Why do

you have to marry that guy! Won't you please ditch him and marry me?"

He had expected, somehow, that she might laugh. But she didn't. She sat very still, her hands clasped in her lap, and looked at him with wide troubled eyes.

"I can't," she said softly. "I've promised, and—and women are no good running a cane plantation. Oh, Bill—I wish I could!"

He came to her then, and knelt on one knee, resting his forearms on the other. Not touching her. Just looking at her.

"I could help you," he said. "I know about the chemistry of soil and things like that." His face was vividly eager. "Or I could take you all home to my people. I'd take care of every one of you—I promise."

She had drawn in her breath through parted lips and leaned a little forward in her chair, still and intense, her eyes fixed desperately on his.

SUDDENLY she relaxed and sat back, letting her breath go. "No," she said with decision. "It would kill my mother. This is something she's planned for a long, long time, I think. You see, we have nobody left. We're the last of all our family. I think she feels that great wealth will keep us safe through all that's going to happen in this war. I think she's—afraid."

"Oh, Lord!" He rose to his feet and walked away from her. "How old are you?" he asked, turning.

"Twenty. How old are you?"

"Twenty-five. Cynthia, are you afraid, too?" He measured the width of the railing with a brown thumb and forefinger, not daring to look at her. If she wanted the money, after all—

"No. I'm not afraid. Look, Bill. Don't ever ask me that again, will you?"

"Oh, Cynthia—darling—" For a moment the white dress was a blur. He had never in all his life wanted anything as badly as he wanted this flowerlike girl . . . this slim, sweet, golden girl. . . .

"But you can't marry *him!*" he burst out. "I love you! You just said you wished you could marry me! They can't make you marry somebody else—this is 1943! This is America!"

"This is the island, Bill," she reminded him. Her heart beat like a fist against the walls of her body.

"Same idea. Free republic. Women aren't slaves—"

"Hush," she said softly. "People can hear you all over the place."

"Well, I want them to. If it would do any good, I'd stand here and yell all day. You're the most beautiful thing I ever saw in my whole—"

He came to a halt at sight of Cyril, who was leaning negligently in the doorway, his football under his arm. No man could finish such a speech unperturbed under that alert and interested scrutiny.

"Don't you think she's pretty, Butch?" he ended, with a faintly abashed grin.

"By and large," said Cyril, "she is, kind of." There was never any question whose side Cyril was on.

AT first Mrs. Hargreave was completely bewildered. For ten minutes she had been closeted in the drawing room with Alfredo Dominguez, watching his wild gestures, listening to his spate of words.

"Do I understand you to say you heard something derogatory about Mr. Emerson and Cynthia, Mr. Dominguez?"

"Heard something! Señora, if what I heard should get around the island I should greatly fear for the reputation of your daughter, even though our engagement *is* known—"

"*You* fear for the reputation of *my* daughter!" Laura Hargreave pressed her lips together and breathed deeply through her nostrils. "Let me tell you this, Mr. Dominguez—I have never in my life heard anything so outrageous! About Mr. Emerson I know nothing, except that he is Cyril's tutor. But I *do* know Cynthia. Whatever you think has happened—"

"I don't think," interrupted Alfredo. "I know. If I told you the source of my information, you would be amazed."

Cynthia's mother was a proud woman and something of a snob. For twelve million dollars she would put up with just so much. As in a dream she found herself rising to her full height, lifting her chin, speaking the unthinkable words:

"Mr. Dominguez, you may consider your engagement to my daughter at an end."

"What do you say?" The man looked as though she had slapped him. "But I don't want to—" Suddenly his eyes narrowed and his jaw line took on a bluish tinge. "What's this—a game? Are you looking for your settlement in advance, señora? Naturally I want to marry Cynthia if—"

"There are no ifs," said the other with dignity. "I would not dream of allowing Cynthia to marry you. Good afternoon."

Whereupon she walked out of the drawing room, down the wide hall, and into her own room. Then she had hysterics. . . .

"Oh, mother!" Cynthia had come

DIRECT HITS

Since the present offensive began, the Russians have captured more than 7,000 German tanks, 4,000 German planes, and 17,000 German guns. It couldn't be that Adolf is sponsoring a lend-lose plan?

Mussolini has tossed Ciano out of the Cabinet and sent him to the Vatican, which has revived peace rumors. Il Duce may not get a permanent peace, but he'll probably be glad to settle for an armistice long enough to let him change sides.

In a changing world few permanent things last long. But in 1918 New York had one subway, built another, and connected the two with a temporary line, for which wooden station platforms were hurriedly laid down. The line is the shuttle from Grand Central to Times Square, a New York landmark, still operating, still using wooden platforms.

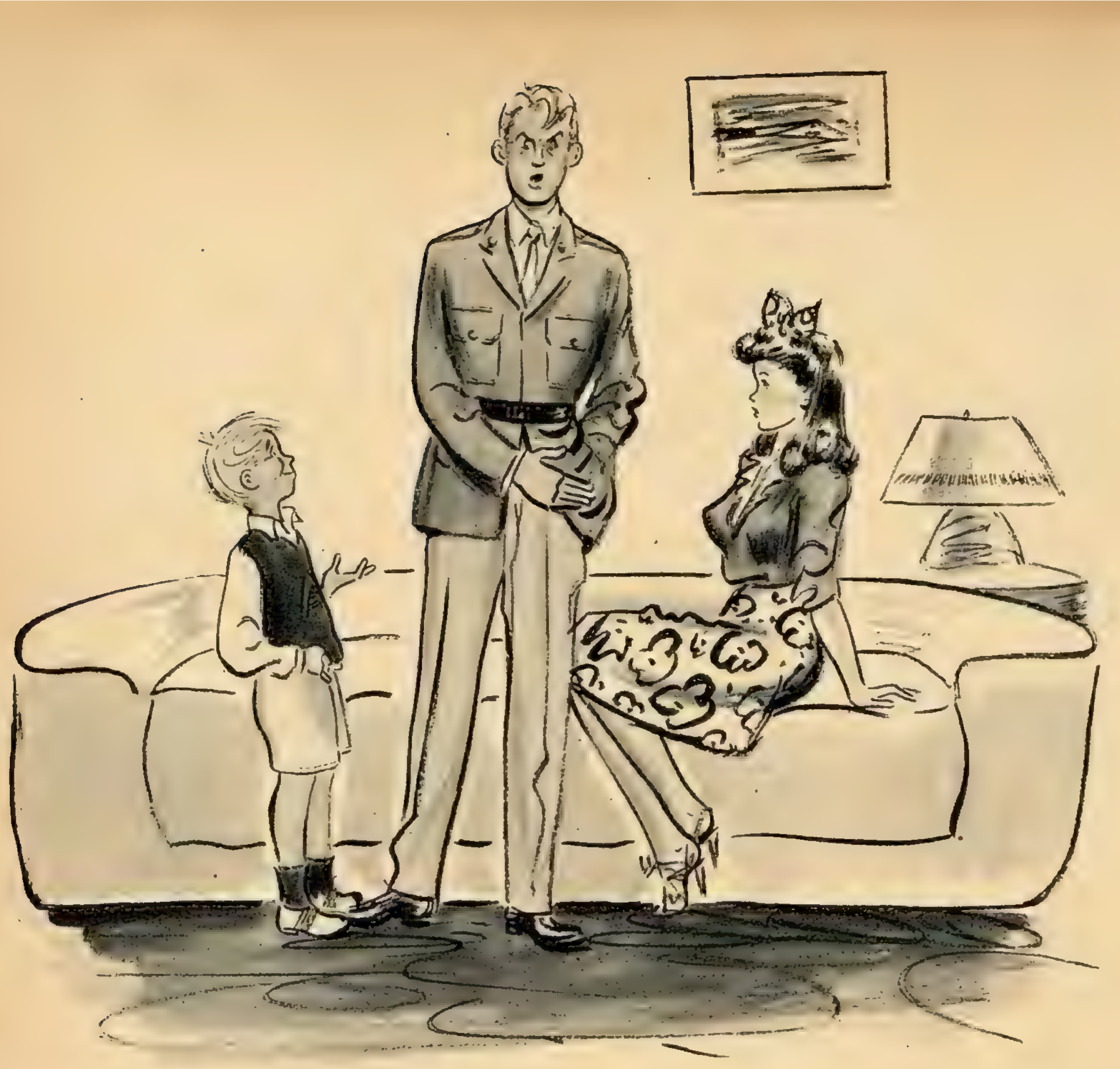
Estimates indicate that to date this war has cost all belligerents 400 billion dollars. The United States alone has spent 111 billion. That can't be saved. But here's a cost that can be: In 1942, 93,000 Americans were killed in accidents, 9,300,000 were injured, at a cost of $3,700,000,000. Be careful!

Captain Rickenbacker thinks that cutting out overtime pay will help win the war. Congress thinks that salaries should not be limited to a net of $25,000 a year. Maybe they should get together and decide just what constitutes a living wage in wartime.

On Hitler's orders, the Nazis have looted Dutch art galleries of famous paintings, including Rembrandts, and sent them to Germany. The Hitler intuition may not win wars, but it is infallible on how to be an art collector on nothing a year.

Advice to war predictors: Tom Paine wrote: "War involves in its progress such a train of unforeseen and unsupposed circumstances that no human wisdom can calculate the end. It has but one thing certain, and that is to increase taxes."

E. A. P.



"Fifty cents! Haven't you heard of price ceilings?"

home from an afternoon's shopping in town to find the household holding its breath. "Mother, it *is* funny. I can't help it!" And she rocked delightedly on the edge of her mother's bed. "What on earth was Alfredo up to, do you suppose? Are you *sure* he wasn't trying to jilt me? I mean, maybe he's met somebody he likes better—some one with more oo-la-la—"

"Don't be vulgar, Cynthia." Mrs. Hargreave sighed and pressed a handkerchief to her reddened nose. "The whole thing is very confusing. I don't understand it at all. Now please go out and close the door quietly. I feel very strange—not at all well—"

"Oh, darling, I'm sorry," murmured Cynthia. She bent and kissed her mother's cheek and tiptoed toward the door.

"Cynthia. You must let that young man go at once. Dismiss him."

"Who, Bill?"

"Certainly. After all this, he mustn't come here again. Give him a week's wages in lieu of notice and tell him I'm sorry I can't possibly give him a reference—"

"A reference? Bill?" Cynthia's bright laughter was only half subdued in deference to the sickroom. "Darling, he doesn't need our money, or our references, either. He only took on Cyril out of boredom and because—well, maybe because I asked him to. He's not a primary-school teacher, you know. He's a very important scientist doing things for the government about mosquitoes."

"Well, dismiss him," said Mrs. Hargreave grimly and turned her face to the wall. Cynthia went out, closing the door as gently as though it were eggshell.

"MOTHER says you're fired." Cynthia stepped into a band of moonlight and put a hand on Bill Emerson's forearm. "Ssh! She's asleep."

"Cynthia, for Pete's sake what's all this about Dominguez and your mother having it out over *me*—and you?" he added, drawing her down the steps and away from the house. "I happened to drop by this afternoon and Butch gave me the gist of it. . . . Do we have to whisper?"

"Not out here. Cyril heard them. I was out. Alfredo said—" She stopped, looking faintly disconcerted. In the full moon her face was like a white satin mask with black velvet shadows.

He stood looking down at her, his breath coming lightly and rapidly. Suddenly he laughed and took her two hands in his. "Don't look like that. *We've* done nothing to make a song and dance about! Lord, I'd like to poke his teeth down his throat, and at the same time I'm so darned *grateful* to the guy for sticking his neck out with your mother!"

Cynthia nodded. "And mother," she said. "Think of mother's doing that! Bill, I'm so proud of her—"

He kissed her, letting go of her hands and folding her in his arms. "Darling," he whispered. "I love you so—" And he kissed her again, softly and gently, as one would kiss a child. "Oh, my lovely Cynthia! No, don't move—"

"Bill, I must go . . . it's so late. . . . Good night, Bill darling . . ."

He was trembling as he drew her close again. He bent above her and his face, searching blindly for her lips, blocked out the moonlight. "Not good night," he murmured and kissed her mouth and the corners of her mouth and the silky hollow between lower lip and chin. "Let's stay here and say good night until tomorrow."

CYRIL expressed such shining joy at the news of their wedding plans, that Bill, drunk with happiness, gave the little boy a rib-cracking hug. Cynthia was out riding around the plantation after an interview at dawn with her mother. Bill had arrived so bright and early that even Cyril was still shaking the sleep out of his eyes.

"That old Alfredo won't be coming around here any more," Cyril pointed out. "He was a wacky man. Boy, did he act wacky just yesterday! I was telling him something about you, and he—"

"What were you telling him about me?" asked Bill in mild curiosity.

"Well, I said you and me and Cynthia got along fine together, and I told him you compromised Cynthia and she liked it, and—"

"I *what?*" Bill's jaw fell.

"You compromised her and she liked it. Don't you remember? You said she was the most beautiful girl, or something. Of course, she looks pretty in dresses, but when she wears those old riding pants—"

"The word, Butch, is compliment." Bill's face was scarlet. "But I thank you just the same," he added, "from the bottom of my heart." And exercising the most careful control of his face muscles, he took out a cigarette and lighted it. Unconsciously he was listening, as he would listen all the rest of his life, for the lovely sound of Cynthia's returning footsteps.

THE END

Answers to Guess Who Said It? on page 58.

1. **Mary Roberts Rinehart.**
2. **Calvin Coolidge.**
3. **H. L. Mencken.**
4. **Mme. Chiang Kai-shek.**
5. **Admiral Henry Kent Hewitt.**
6. **Gandhi.**
7. **Walter Damrosch.**
8. **Robert Ripley.**
9. **Judge Kenesaw M. Landis.**
10. **Gene Tunney.**

THE GHOST'S RETURN

Continued from Page 13

Himmels, you can't shoot me down like that. I am hurt."

The idiot burst out laughing. His clumsy body was shaken with little bursts of laughter, he jumped from one foot to the other, he coughed and screamed, and the tears ran from his small cunning eyes. "It's Sergey," he said breathlessly. "They have kicked him out from hell. It's Sergey's ghost, coming back."

The woman lowered her rifle. There was a great astonishment in her face. "Take off your helmet," she said. The soldier hesitantly obeyed. Without his helmet he did not look dangerous any more. He was just a plain farm boy from eastern Prussia, with high cheekbones and yellow hair and water-blue eyes that looked dumb and frightened. The woman's eyes went over his face slowly and searchingly, as if it were a landscape. They lingered for a moment on forehead and mouth and the little curls of hair at his temples.

"Sdrastvujte," she said after a long silence. "Come into my house, sit at my table, and break my bread."

The soldier made a step toward the hut. "You won't kill me, will you?" he asked.

"Lisa Fedorovna doesn't kill her guests," the woman said and opened the door. Gerbert had to bend down to pass it. He turned round and said, "What about my friend? He's still lying out there in the snow."

"He is dead," the woman said. "God takes care of the dead souls. We'll bury him in spring, when the ground is no longer frozen."

THERE was warmth in the room and the sour smell of cabbage. The woman went over to the stove and threw an armful of dry wood on the fire. The idiot, now silent and sullen, went in behind them, climbed up on the stove and lay down on its flat top. The stove was very big; it was built of baked loam and firebricks, and it filled almost half of the little room. In the corner beside the small window was a candle burning quietly in a cup of red glass. It stood underneath a golden icon of the Black Virgin of Kazan, and around it were the pictures of saints and two photos of Stalin and Dzerzhinsky, cut out from a newspaper. There was also another picture in a cheap golden frame, a young tall man in the long belted coat of a Red soldier. Gerbert stared at the picture for a few moments and then he slowly shook his head.

"It's impossible," he muttered. "It's some trick. Or it's sorcery."

"May the Lord keep us from sin," the woman said and crossed herself. "It's Sergey Ivanitch, my first son. He was killed down south. When I looked at you I believed for a moment that he had come back from the dead."

"It's strange," the soldier said. He was still staring at the picture.

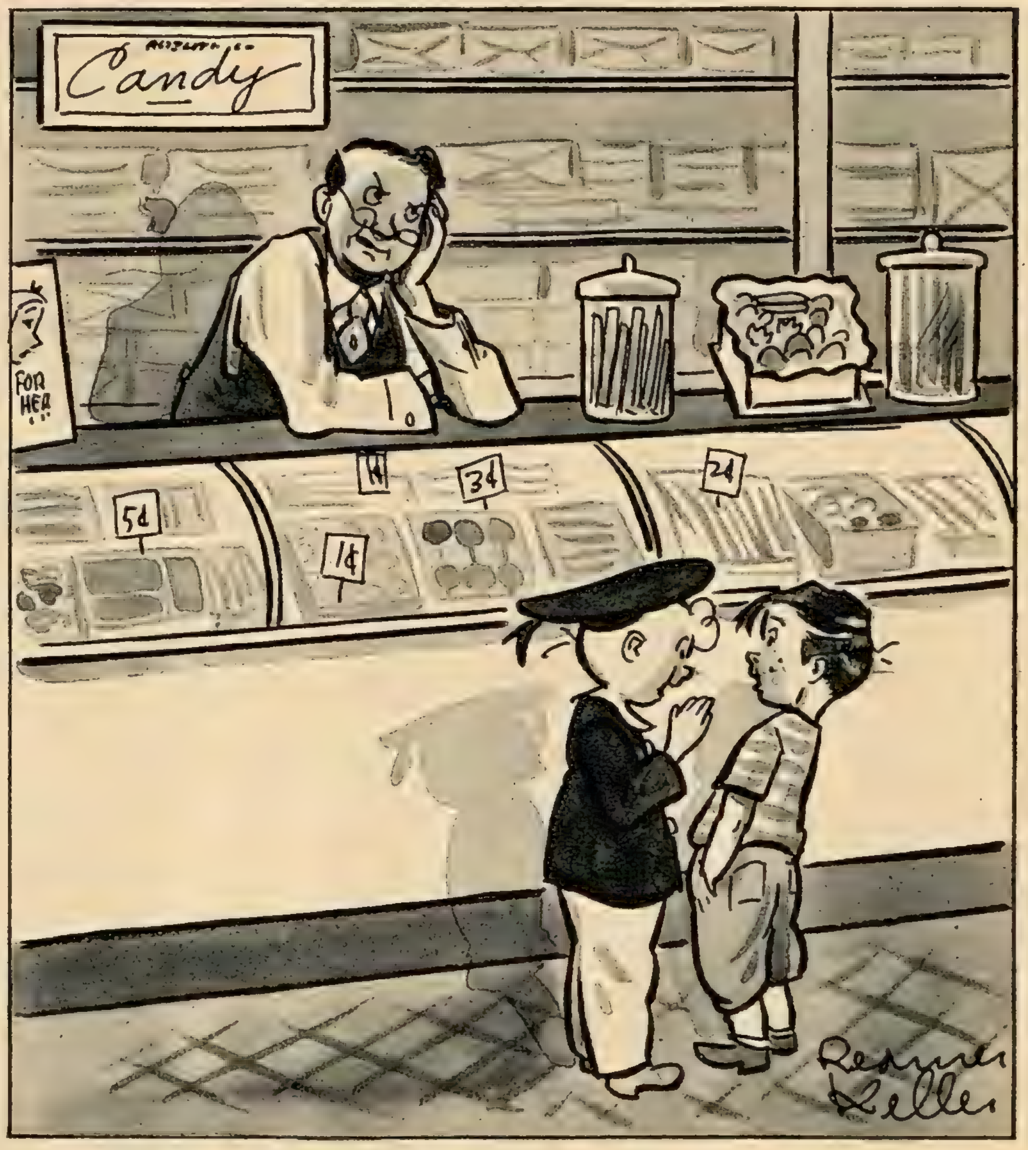
"I'd have killed you if it wasn't for that," the woman said. "We kill all the German soldiers who are alone or when there are two or three of them. They are devils and unbelievers. They hang our men and they take away our girls. The saints are well pleased with the ones who kill a German soldier."

The soldier grunted something and tried to take off his coat. His face twitched under the strain, and there were little beads of sweat on his forehead. The woman helped him to get out of the coat and the tunic. The shirt underneath was soaked with blood and stuck to the skin. She cut it off with a kitchen knife and washed the wound on his right shoulder with lukewarm water. It was not more than a scratch. The bullet had passed close underneath the skin and had been caught on the metal button of the shoulder strap. The woman went to a chest that was painted with flowers and birds, took out a bed sheet, and tore it to shreds, and with the shreds she bandaged the shoulder quickly and skillfully. Then she knelt down and tried to pull off his boots. The boots were thick like a sponge with water and mud, and it was hard work getting them off. Underneath the boots he wore rags wound tightly round the foot and the calf. They smelled of sweat and of blood. The woman unwrapped them and brought a basin filled with hot water from the stove. The soldier put his feet into it. He stretched a little, comfortable and relaxed. The woman said, "You are hungry, aren't you?"

"Yes," the soldier said. "We have lived on a bar of chocolate and some hard candy for the last four days. We've slept in the woods, one at a time, and we've covered ourselves with our coats. It was hell," he said, and his eyes were wide and horror-stricken. "There were three of us when we started out, but one stepped from the road and broke through the ice into the swamp. We haven't seen him again."

"The swamp keeps what it has got," the woman said. She brought a wooden plate with bread and a few slices of onion. The soldier ate quickly and greedily while the woman looked at him in a peculiar way; it was as if she looked through his face and behind it at the shadowy outline of another face that was gray and indistinct like a sil-

HARDTACK



"Let's take our time. I get a kick out of watchin' him try to control his temper."

houette in a light fog. Both of them were silent for a time. There was no sound except for the grinding of the soldier's teeth and the low snoring of the idiot. Then the woman said, and it still was as if she spoke to somebody else, "How come you have no rifle?"

"We threw away our rifles," the soldier said. "We were sick and tired of carrying them. We were sick and tired of the war and of the winter and of the officers and of everything. We wanted to go home. They shot seventeen men in our battalion." He spat on the floor as if to get rid of a bad taste. "Do you have a cigarette?" he asked. "I haven't had a cigarette for a long time."

"Yes," the woman said. "There must be a pack of cigarettes somewhere." She rummaged through the painted chest and found the cigarettes. The soldier lighted one and drew in the smoke, his eyes half closed. He leaned backward and the trace of a smile appeared on his lean unshaven face. The woman watched him anxiously and said, "You will stay here for a time, won't you?"

"Yes," the soldier said. "I'll stay here."

ON some days the sky was high and wide and gentle, like a tent of pale blue silk, and when you went to bed there were the stars glimmering, cool and very distant. But in the night the stars stole away, and the space stole away, and even the sky stole away, and when day came there was a damp blanket hanging close over the steep roofs of the village. And then the snow came, hitting you like a whiplash when you stepped out of the house. Only the plains were always the same; they always were vast, endless, spread out over the face of the earth, and somewhere they blended with the sky; and one was enclosed between them like a child between the palms of God.

The soldier soon gave up counting the days and the weeks. When the weather was bad he was lying on top of the stove, dozing or sleeping, beside him the gentle snoring of the idiot, and above him the low whitewashed ceiling with its cracks and little wet spots that formed faces and flowers and rivers and landscapes. In the afternoon he would slip down and get his black bread and cabbage soup, or black bread with onion, or kvass and black bread. The woman was a good baker, and the soldier liked the smell of the bread as it came out of the oven, and its strong chestnut-brown crust.

He got along with the idiot too. The idiot was not so bad, unless he had his spells of temper; he knew many little skills, and he taught them to the soldier. The best of them was to carve small articles out of birchwood. The soldier tried to do it as well as the other, but of course he could not. The idiot had grown up with the carving knife and the little wood cubes, he had the feel of it, and it was as if his fingers knew their gentle, cautious way by themselves without his looking at all.

Sometimes the soldier and the woman talked with each other in a slow and watchful way. The woman wanted to know what people he had at home, and especially if there was a girl waiting for him. The soldier shrugged his shoulders. Sure, he said indifferently, there was a girl back in Königsberg. They had been friendly with each other, sure. Most probably she was friendly with some other fellow now. She had written very little, and her sentences had sounded like as many lies. She was a member of the Hitler Maedels, and the Party didn't like girls going about and waiting for soldiers who were pinned down on the front for long stretches of time. It sounded too much like widows, and when the soldiers came back they told nasty stories and ruined civilian morale. As to his family, he hadn't seen any of them for years. His father had died, and when his mother had married again, he had gone to the town and had become a Storm Trooper. Since then he had been a professional soldier, and he seemed to have liked the trade before that dreadful winter.

At other times the woman spoke about her son and about the life in the village as it was before the war. The fighting had gone over the village three times and had swept it clean, like the hand of an angry chess player who sweeps the black and white pieces from the board. Now the front line had shifted north, and the village was forgotten again, a tiny dot in the vast reaches of White Russia. It was a good thing to be forgotten, the woman said. Yes, the soldier said, it was a good thing.

The woman had burned his flimsy uniform in the stove and had given him her son's things to wear: the short coat that was lined with lambskin, the fur cap, and the enormous felt boots. The soldier wore them when working outdoors, throwing down the snow from the roof or chopping away the ice from the little brook that ran through the back yard, to get some water. The woman smiled when she saw him like that. She was almost pretty when she smiled, and the soldier's eyes lingered on her for a moment before he went back to his work.

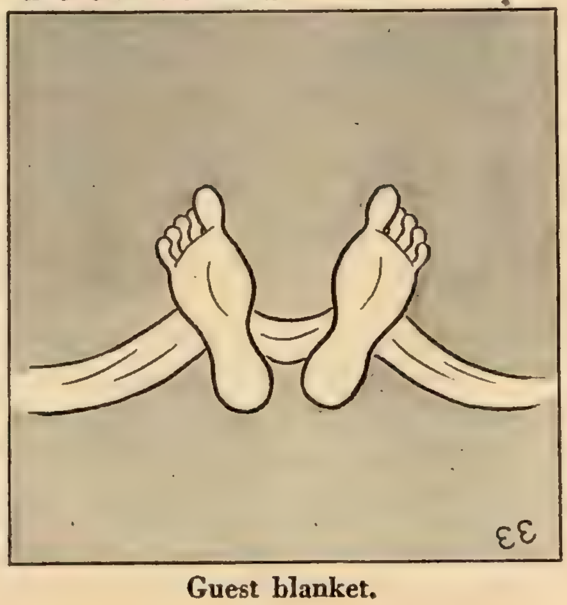
On clear days they took out the sledge and went to the forest to fetch some firewood. There was a certain air of familiar festivity in those excursions. They took some food with them and they built a fire in a clearing. The soldier laughed sometimes, and even the idiot was merry.

At other times the two men went by themselves, and then they used to go farther than they did when the woman was with them. It was on one of these trips that they reached the country road that led into the highway to Bobruisk and that they saw the tank tracks in the snow. The idiot saw them first, and he pointed at them with a kind of inarticulate howl, as if he were scared. The tracks were clear and sharp, and they looked like the footprints of some fantastic monster that is wallowing in the countryside and eating men and cattle. They were heavies, all right, and the tracks were fresh, otherwise the wind would already have filled them with snow.

THE soldier stood for a moment without motion, and there was a deep crease between his eyebrows. If he tried hard he could catch up with the machines and the men and the war and with everything. He would hear again the sound of marching feet, the clink and clatter of a column on the march, the laughter of soldiers, their roaring jokes when they had drunk. He would smell the atmosphere of men who are herded together in narrow quarters, the smoke of villages that are afire, and also the different and complex smell of the army brothels. He remembered a Serbian girl in one of those places. She had blue-black hair and a smooth olive skin, and she had never talked. He somehow liked that girl. They shifted the brothels with the troops, and maybe he could see her again when he was back with his unit.

He was a soldier. He was not a

FOOTNOTES



Guest blanket.

peasant. It was the peasant's part in life to go behind the plow, to grow grain, and to raise cattle. It was the part of the soldier to carry arms and to be the farmers' lord; to take away from him what he needed, and to destroy the rest if it pleased him. The soldier's trade was war, and he was a soldier. He could catch up right now, if he tried hard.

He did not try hard, though. He did not try at all, for that matter. He picked up the rope of the sledge and went back through the woods and the fields and the clearings. It still was very cold. The sky had that pale glassy clearness that foretells snow. When he arrived at the village he did not tell the woman what he had seen, and he went to bed earlier than he used to.

IT was the war that caught up with him, on a Sunday in late March. The weather had been very mild for the season, with lots of slush and rain, but now it had frozen again, and the ruts in the road were brittle and sharp, like razors. There was the gnashing sound of many feet outside, and suddenly the door was flung open. The man who entered was clad like an ordinary muzhik, and he was rather small, but he carried a submachine gun in his hands, and there were many other men behind him. He lowered the gun when he saw the woman.

"Sdrastvujte, Comrade Fedorovna," he said.

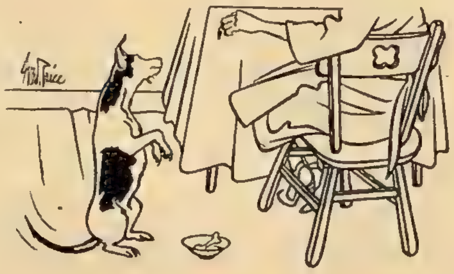
"Sdrastvujte, Comrade Iljitch," the woman said. Her voice was calm and friendly. "Won't you close the door and come in? I haven't seen you for a long time."

The men filed in, pushing and laughing. They were a ragged and shabby lot, but all of them had army rifles, and some had submachine guns like the leader. Gerbert, peering down from the top of the stove, counted more than a dozen. His stomach grew hollow and he felt the throbbing of his heart, heavy like a steam hammer. He rolled back where he was covered by the idiot's body. The idiot was still sleeping. He stirred in his sleep and shivered a little in the draft from the open door.

". . . smoked us out from Sbirskoyo," the man named Iljitch said. "Three weeks ago we got two of their heavies. They were trundling along on the road to Bobruisk, hulls down and unsuspecting, like chickens. We plastered them with petrol bottles, and we liquidated the men who got out. There was none of them left to go back and tell what happened." His voice was not boastful at all, he spoke like a man who tells about the rain last week and that the roof of his *isba* is leaking.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*



PURPENDICULAR: Fido sitting up for food.

WRENOVATION: Overhauling the little birdhouse for the new spring occupant.

HOORAYDIATOR: A heater that really heats.

PREGNOSTICATOR: A doctor who tells you if you're going to have a baby.

FASTPIRIN: For getting rid of a headache in a hurry.

MOSQUE-ULATION: Parapetting.

HYMNPROVEMENT: Better singing in church.

BARBRRR: Old "Icy-fingers," the guy who slaps the cold towel on your face.

FANDEMONIUM: What breaks loose for the Dodgers.

HAIRYSTOCRAT: A wrong utang from the right side of the jungle.

"It was a fool thing," he said apologetically. "It put them on our track. They attacked us in Sbirskoyo, and we lost Ivan Alexandrovitch and other good men. They were two or three companies strong, and they had some field artillery, too. There was not much we could do about it."

"It was all Andrej Lazarovitch's fault," one of the irregulars said. He was an old man with a booming voice and gray stubbles on his face. "You see, we had got a case of tea from the other side, and also some vodka, to be sure. And so I said, 'Comrade Andrej Lazarovitch,' I said, 'there is a time for everything, and I would propose . . .' "

ILJITCH silenced him with a little gesture. "We've got new quarters now, over in Kutno," he said. "It's a nice place, in the middle of the swamp. I don't think they will find us so soon in Kutno."

"It's a good place," the woman said. "My cousin's son married a girl from Kutno. They are nice, but they're hard to get along with."

Iljitch rolled a cigarette between his thumb and forefinger and lighted it with a quick jugglerlike movement. "That may be true, and then again, it may not," he said a little impatiently. "What I want from you is this, Comrade Fedorovna. We have a lot of ammunition right now, and I don't want it all in one place. We have buried some of it in Smichovo, and some in Pronsk, and so on. I intend to bury some right here, under your barn. We'll come for it when we need it, and we'll instruct you how to blow it up in an emergency."

The woman smoothed out her apron with restless hands. She did not answer right away, and her voice was brittle when she said, "No, Vladimir Iljitch. I don't want any of your ammunition. Better look for another place, Vladimir Iljitch."

Iljitch's eyebrows rose, and he took the cigarette out of his mouth. "There's something wrong here," he said slowly. His keen, slightly slanted eyes ran through the room and lingered on the candle in the corner and the dimly lighted icon. "Saints," he said contemptuously. "Czarist saints. And fellows lazying on the stove, as if there were nothing better they could do. Hey, come down here, little brother. We want to have a look at you."

"You're making a fool of yourself," Lisa Fedorovna said. Her face was pale and quiet, and her hands were knitted together tightly underneath her apron. "That's my son Dimitri, and the other one is my son Sergey Ivanitch," she said. "They're both ruined through this cursed war. I don't want to see also my barn blown to bits and my house on fire, maybe. You are a man without property, Vladimir Iljitch. Probably you cannot understand what I mean."

"You won't have much property left when the Fascisti take over," Iljitch muttered. He had his cigarette between his lips while he spoke, and it danced up and down with his words like a firefly in the growing darkness. *"Pasholl,"* he said. "Come down, little brother, and make it snappy." Two of the men pulled the idiot down, and Iljitch hauled a flashlight from his hind pocket and directed the beam into his face. The idiot squinted into the light and twisted his face as if in pain, and suddenly he started screaming. Iljitch looked at the woman, and the woman said, "He is an idiot, as they say. God punishes us for our sins."

"Go to hell, you son of a dog," the idiot yelled. "Keep your dirty hands from me, or I'll knock your teeth down your throat." He thrust out his tongue, and some of the men laughed. "He's good," one of them said. "He's almost as good as the German sergeant we shot the other day down in Pradetz."

"WHAT about the other fellow?" one of the men asked. "He seems to be asleep."

"Get him down, stupid," Iljitch said angrily. "Hell, we can't spend the night in this place. Wake him up and get him down."

Gerbert's feet sagged when they put him down. His limbs were numb with terror, and he felt sweat creeping all over his body like ants. He measured the distance to the door, but there were two men in front of it sitting on the floor and smoking, and they would get him anyway with their rifle fire. A corner of his mind had room enough for the question of whether they would give him a cigarette before they shot him. He wanted a cigarette badly. He tried to remember if his platoon had ever given cigarettes to the irregulars after they had finished their digging. He was pretty sure they had not. Cigarettes were much too precious to be wasted on stinking muzhiks who had sniped behind fences or buried weapons in back yards. Or maybe they had not, but they didn't tell who had, and it was just the same. Then he thought again of the bloodstained wall, the six rifles with their black bores pointed toward his head and his stomach and the red flashes in the dark, and a new wave of sickness swept over him. He heard the woman's voice as if it came from far off.

"That's how he is," she said. "He's deaf and dumb now. He was the best tractor man in the kolkhoz. When the commissary from Pinsk came, two years ago, he said to him, 'All right, Comrade Sergey Ivanitch. The district soviets are proud to have a man like you,' he said. 'I will take care that your picture is published in the Izvestia.' These are his words, exactly as he spoke them, and he had a picture taken of him, riding high up on the tractor like a general on his horse, and they sent it on to Moscow. It was a very beautiful picture. That's how he is now, Vladimir Iljitch."

Iljitch looked at the ashen face in the circle of his flashlight. "He was injured on the front, I suppose," he said.

"He was," the woman said. "The shell hit where he stood. The shell dug up the earth, more earth than seven men could dig up if they worked three days. When they dug him out he was like that. Blessed Virgin of Kazan, have pity on him."

"We gladly offer our lives on the altar of the Soviet fatherland," Iljitch said. He said it mechanically as if putting a rubber stamp at the end of a letter. His eyes were still on Gerbert's face, and he said in a casual tone, "There was a fellow over in Pronsk, a German corporal from the military police. He hanged two boys and a girl a few months ago. Looked a little like this one here, the fellow did. You certainly have a picture of your son, Lisa Fedorovna, haven't you? Maybe the one where he is riding high on a tractor, or what?"

"I have a better one," the woman said. She went over to the corner and took the photo from the wall. Iljitch's eyes quickly ran from the photo to the face before him, and he burst into throaty laughter. "One of the heroes of our gallant Red Army," he said and lifted two fingers to his fur cap in a kind of jeering salute. "Very much alike, Lisa Fedorovna. Very neat, comrade. May I congratulate you on your Red hero?"

His voice dropped, and he said very quietly into the frozen quietness of the room, "I could shoot this man like a mad dog. I could shoot him right here before your eyes, and I probably should do it. I know this man is a hangman and a German soldier. I can smell the blood on his fingers, and I can see the picture of the gallows mirrored in his eyes. He is deaf and dumb all right, Lisa Fedorovna. He's deaf and dumb with fear. They're cowards, all of them. They're brave only where there are thousands of them, and the officers over them to tell them what to do, and the generals over the officers. They don't have the courage of the single man in the night, the single man before the firing squad."

ECONOMICS AT A GLANCE

The Law of Supply and Demand

A wife is happy when she buys.
She constantly demands supplies.

A husband, on the other hand,
Must constantly supply demand.

—MARY WARD.

He turned to Gerbert, and he said calmly and almost pleasantly, as if he were alone with him in the room, and a bottle of Kontuszowka between them on the table, "Listen, fellow. When your comrades pushed us out from Sbirskoyo, ten days ago, they captured Astafi Alexandrov. Astafi Alexandrov was a railroad clerk before the war, and he couldn't kill a fly. He was a flabby, sentimental kind of a fellow, Astafi was; his hands were always damp, and his eyes grew wet when you told him a sad story, or any story at all for that matter. In September he came to us and became a specialist in blowing up railroad bridges and troop trains. When they stood him up against a wall, do you know what he said? 'Give me some soap and water, please,' he said with his gentle, timid voice. 'I am dirty where your hands have touched me. I want to die clean.' That's what he said, fellow. They struck him in the face, and then they shot him. I don't know what he felt. Probably he was scared, like you. But he didn't put on an idiotic act, and he didn't hide behind a woman's apron. He was a Russian irregular soldier, fellow."

THE men stirred uneasily. Some of them lighted cigarettes. The old man with the gray stubble beard cleared his throat and said, "Maybe we better finish him off, Iljitch. To be on the safe side. It's bad to have a fellow like that hanging round."

"No, Emelian," Iljitch said. He suddenly looked tired and worn out, just a stocky little muzhik in patchwork pants and mud-splashed boots. "We have no proof. He might be a Red soldier, for all we know. You can't kill a man like that." He went toward the door. The idiot, from his dark corner, said in a clear, light, almost singing voice, "It's Sergey Ivanitch. He has come back. They've kicked him out from hell."

There was a silence following his words, and some of the men crossed themselves. Another man angrily thrust the butt of his rifle on the floor. He was a big clumsy fellow with long hair and beard who looked like a vagrant or a saint. "Two witnesses," he said and spat contemptuously on the floor. "Two witnesses and no truth."

"Good night, Lisa Fedorovna," Iljitch said. Some of the men were

"Welcome to Rancho Higgins—where folks play hearty."

already outside; they could be heard breaking loose the iron bands of their heavy sledges that had frozen to the ground. Iljitch was the last to go. He turned back from the door and asked, "There's nothing you want to tell me, Lisa Fedorovna?"

"Nothing," the woman said. When the door fell shut, she went over to the corner and put the picture with the cheap golden frame back in its place like a priest who restores the bread to its receptacle.

The soldier still stood in the middle of the room, his knees sagging and his arms hanging down. He looked like a puppet made of loam and wire, dismal and ridiculous at the same time, and his head was bent forward a little as though he were listening to very distant music.

The idiot went to the bread basket and stuffed his mouth full with bread. Still chewing, he climbed up on the stove, turned over, and slept. He moaned in his sleep, and the wind went round the corners of the house like a sentinel.

The woman said, *"Some men die twice. Sergey Ivanitch died the second time tonight."*

The puppet in the middle of the room slowly turned its head. Its eyes were bloodshot and there was a cold fury in them.

IN the morning the soldier dressed himself. He put on the short coat that was lined with lambskin, the felt boots, and the fur-lined cap. The woman followed him with her eyes as he was walking about the room with a taut, sealed-up face, readying his little belongings like a wayfarer who has stayed for a night and who is anxious not to lose any more time. The idiot's voice came from the stove. "Sergey Ivanitch is going out for wood," he said. "I want to go with him."

The woman did not answer. She stood at the window, her forehead heavy with thinking, while the clouds in the east grew red and shifting arrows of light ran over the snow and the ruts in the road. When the soldier went to the door, she turned round.

"You are going away," she said.

"Yes," the soldier said.

"Probably you are going back to your regiment," the woman said, and there was a faint threat in her voice. "The winter is over."

"No," the soldier said after a moment's silence. "I can't go back to my regiment. They would shoot me as a deserter. I might as well stay here until the irregulars get me."

"Where else can you go?" the woman asked.

"I have a plan," the soldier said. "I'll go east until I reach the front. I'll avoid the German patrols, and I'll try to slip through the lines. They're pretty thin in places and it's not impossible to get through. When I am on the other side, I'll surrender to the first Russian platoon I run into." He paused a little, and then he said slowly, "it's my only chance to get out alive. I'm tired of being hunted like a rabbit that is running for its skin. There are many men who have died in this war, and there are many who will die. But there also are some who will live when the last shot has been fired and the fools have killed one another. I shall live, Lisa Fedorovna. Maybe I can come back here when everything is over."

"Maybe," the woman said. She did not look at him and her voice was flat and dry. "Good-by and good luck," she said.

"Good-by," the soldier said. He stood for a moment, awkward and silly, as if he were waiting for another word, and then he went out.

There was a pale sun outside, and a cold wind pushed down the little slope before the house. The soldier walked quickly, and from time to time he looked back to the house as it lay there in a shallow furrow of the ground, hugging it like a molehill. There was slight blue smoke rising slowly from the chimney, and it looked peaceful and very humble from where he stood.

He walked on. Soon he passed the little ridge where his friend had fallen four months ago. They had buried him soon afterward when one of the warm spells of December had thawed up the ground a little. The soldier expected for a moment to see the body still in its old place, face-down and very still, and suddenly he jerked round his head. He was quite sure that there was the gray barrel of an army rifle in the window, and there would be the flash of a gun, the sound rolling over the plain, and somebody would drop down. He put his hand in his pocket. There was the automatic, greased and cleaned from rust and mud. It was a good feeling to clench one's hand round the cold rough butt. It was a man's feeling. He smiled and continued on his way.

HE had almost reached the edge of the forest when he heard steps behind him. It was the idiot, leaping and running, the sledge behind him bouncing up and down on the rugged ground. When he saw the soldier he yelled something and waved his arms like a strange and ugly bird that is flapping its wings.

"You have forgotten the sledge," the idiot said, panting heavily. "You know you mustn't go out for wood without me."

"I can't use you today," the soldier said. "Go back home and don't bother me, little brother."

"I go where I want," the idiot said stubbornly. "I spit on what you say. You're just a stinking muzhik like me. Or maybe you're really a German soldier, and then you're still a bigger swine." He looked up to him, his mouth open, with an expression of curiosity. "Do you know at all who you are?" he asked.

The soldier did not answer and walked on, and the idiot went by his side, dragging the sledge behind him.

THE GYP OF THE WEEK

By FRANK W. BROCK

VICTORY GARDENS

IT will be more important than ever this year to buy your seeds from reliable dealers. Seed and fertilizer shipments abroad have greatly depleted our own supply.

At the Great Texas Fair in Dallas a crew of seed fakers dyed barley and lentil seeds and represented them as new varieties. Business was rushing until a man with wet hands handled the seeds. Off came the dye and out went the fakers.

The Boston Better Business Bureau bought varieties of bulbs, plants, shrubs, and seeds which were turned over to the Waltham Agricultural Experiment Station of Massachusetts State College. Professor Ray M. Koon reported that out of thirty-five tested only seven would live.

"Of course," said Professor Koon, "they have been given the best of attention. It is a question whether the average backyard gardener would get any of them at all to live."

You cannot expect 100 per cent of the seeds in the packets marketed by the most reliable seedsmen to grow, but that is honestly admitted right on the package. It is not due to any lack of care on the part of the growers but to imperfect pollenization.

Anything that appears to be rich, dark, and loamy will be offered as "fertilizer" by itinerants. Pennsylvanians were gypped by a trucker whose concoction was composed of bark, dirt, and mineral oil, and it killed everything it touched. After his arrest it was found that he had an almost inexhaustible supply—direct from the refuse heap!

But it isn't all gloom. Florists' trade magazines, as a war measure, have succeeded in inducing professional growers to plant vegetable seeds and sell the hardy seedlings—young plants which *will* produce—to Victory gardeners. These seedlings are inexpensive and may be transplanted when the soil is ready.

The sun came up. There were wet patches in the snow and stretches of cold half-frozen mud. Walking became hard and tiresome. Once the idiot fell, but he got up again, his face splashed with mud and water, and he kept going.

Toward noon the sky grew gray and a cold wind rose. With the wind came a thin spray of rain and sleet, stinging the faces like a wire brush and freezing hair and fur into a stiff sheet.

Suddenly the idiot stopped.

"I am hungry," he said, whining. "I want to eat. I am hungry."

"Eat your boots," the soldier said and quickened his step. The idiot ran after him, screaming and spitting abuse. He could not keep up with his pace, but he hung on. The soldier avoided the country road. He made his way through the underbrush and the patches of woodland, and his eyes unceasingly searched the terrain ahead. The idiot kept behind him, falling back from time to time and catching up again when the soldier slowed down to examine a stretch that looked like swamp ground. The sun broke through the gray sheet and almost touched the treetops of the forest when they saw the straight ridge that marked the highway to Bobruisk. The soldier stopped and waited for the idiot to catch up.

"ALL right, little brother," he said. "You have come a long way with me and you are tired, and now it's time to rest." He spoke calmly and almost jokingly, but there was a peculiar glint in his eyes, and his hand was hidden in his coat. "I'd like to take you with me," he said. "But you'll squeal, little brother. I know you'll squeal. You'll tell your old story of your brother Sergey Ivanitch who came back from the dead and lived with you for four months, and the men said he was a German soldier. It's quite a nice story, and you'll have a lot of fun telling it. But I just don't like it any more, and I'm sick and tired of being a dead Russian soldier. I have no use for you any longer, and that's all. It's a bad hour you have come to, little brother."

The idiot stood in the soft snow, stepping from one foot to the other and wetting his lips with his tongue. His eyes were blank, without understanding. The soldier lifted the automatic, aimed carefully, and pressed the trigger. There was no report. The idiot stirred a little and scratched some splotches of caked mud from his forehead. The soldier said an ugly word in German. He pulled back the action of the gun and lifted it once more, and then, over the gun sight, he saw the man standing up on the ridge of the highway.

The man did not move. He might have stood there all the time, or he might just have come up from the other side of the ridge. He wore the long belted coat of a Red soldier, but instead of the cap he had a dirty dressing of gauze around his head, and there were dark brown stains on the gauze that looked like mud or like blood. His feet were wrapped in burlap rags that went up the legs like puttees and were fastened with pieces of string. The light of the sun, almost level now, sharply molded his face against the snow clouds in the east and made him look like an actor who suddenly has stepped out from the backdrop and stands now before the footlights, waiting for the stir in the audience to die down before he plunges into his part.

THE soldier's jaw sagged and there was a gurgling sound in his throat. He knew the man up there; he knew him very well. He had seen his picture day after day for four months in the dim light of the candle that was burning quietly in the cup of red glass between the Black Virgin of Kazan and the photos of Stalin and Dzerzhinsky, and he also knew that the man was dead. And then again, it was he himself who stood up there on the ridge. It was his image, stepped out from a mirror; a featureless shadow who had stolen his face; a second self who had departed from him and looked down on him, silently, dismally, with cold and lifeless eyes.

And then the thing on the ridge began to move and walked slowly toward him. The soldier heard somebody screaming. It was his own voice, strange and horror-stricken, like the crying of horses in a stable that is on fire. Little flakes of foam appeared on his lips as he struggled to break the spell, to move, to turn, to run away. But his feet were frozen to the ground, while the shadow came down, step by step, and then stood before him. For a moment he saw the face over there very big, the black holes of the nostrils, the pale blue eyes between high cheekbones, the short yellow stubbles of a week-old beard and the frayed edges of the bandage. Only when the hands closed around his throat he realized in a last flash of consciousness that it was more than a reflection woven of light and air; that it was a man like him, made of flesh and bones and skin, and that the man had come to kill him. But it was too late then.

THE END

LADY WITH WINGS

Continued from Page 23

Fortunately, Lennie had a great deal of flying to do; enough of it to prevent her from thinking of Bill—of losing him—for long hours at a time. All week, though the winds were cold, visibility was good. She flew an average of 600 miles a day, landing time after time with arms and legs frozen numb. But she was flying toward a goal and she didn't mind the physical strain. This was the final lap.

ON a Saturday afternoon in mid-December Lennie completed her last flight as a WAFS trainee.

When she set the plane down, her eyes glowed with a light of victory. The Director of Women Pilots came out on the field to shake her hand and offer congratulations. And when she went to her room, after checking in, Liz Wile was there, bending over the cot, pinning wings and insignia on a crisp new uniform.

"Well, it's here on time," said Liz, "and so are you. Now let's see you two get together."

Lennie felt wonderful. She felt as if she'd like to hug Liz—and she did.

The small blonde girl laughed. "I know how it is," she said. "Like getting a college degree when you'd expected to be flunked out. Well, congratulations. From now on you get tough work."

"No," said Lennie. "The tough part is over."

She undressed quickly, put on the uniform with a bride's excitement in slipping into a wedding gown. The gray trousers accentuated the slim length of her legs. The fit of the blouse was faultless. Watching her sling the utility bag over her shoulder, Liz Wile smiled and sang in a whisper:

"Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows the sorrow—"

And then she added, "It's all over, kid. Now you inherit the sky!"

Looking at herself in the mirror, seeing the silver wings of the Air Transport Command over her heart, Lennie tried hard to keep her sight clear. But the blur came, and she had to turn away so that Liz wouldn't see. It had taken four weeks of stoicism to win this uniform—four weeks of trial, four weeks of fighting through antagonism.

At mess, when she entered in the uniform, a few officers came to her with congratulations. The other girls of the WAFS shook her hand, too. It was a formality, cordial but still lacking enthusiasm; a duty to be observed, like filling out army papers, Lennie thought. Still, their manners didn't dull the glow of her smile. And she was glad Doris Taggart wasn't at the base tonight. Doris was flying somewhere in the Middle West and her absence helped avoid the usual embarrassment.

When she sat down, Lennie found an envelope on her plate. She tore it open and read:

Here's to happy landings.
Bill.

She smiled faintly as she slipped the note into the utility bag. Had Bill been well, she'd have enjoyed nothing more than seizing him, shaking him violently, and whispering in triumph, "I made it in *spite* of you!"

ON a morning a week and two ferrying flights later, Lennie walked into the Alert Room in time to see the officer at the long table pick up three cards. He called:

"Miss Taggart, Miss Bleecker, Miss Chase!"

Doris and the plump Agnes Bleecker rose out of the group awaiting assignments and reached the table together. They didn't glance at Lennie. Their attention was fixed on the officer.

"Out at the Granger plant near Wichita," he said, "there are thirty liaison planes going to Penn Field, Arizona." He extended a few papers to Doris Taggart. "The delivery job belongs to you three. You'll be ferried out there in half an hour."

Doris sent an experienced eye through the sheaf. When she looked at Lennie, a corner of her mouth twitched in a cynical way which seemed to say, "Well, I didn't ask for this—our being thrown together. It can't be helped."

"You'll each make ten flights," the officer went on. "Arrange to stay out there till the job's done. The Granger people will have quarters ready."

Being billeted away from New Castle was irregular, Lennie knew; yet, as the WAFS increased their size and importance in the Air Transport Command, such innovations were certain to come again and again.

The three left the Alert Room together. They walked over frozen ground toward their quarters, Lennie lingering behind a few steps, debating with herself. Then she lifted her head in abrupt determination

THE GROUNDED GREMLIN

C
H
C
H
W
BATH
Eric Ericson

No unpleasant Scrubbing!

Cleans Toilets FAST!

For over 30 years, Sani-Flush has been the quick, easy, sanitary way to keep toilet bowls sparkling-clean. Use it at least twice a week. Every application cleans away recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Removes unsanitary film.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is absolutely safe in toilet connections.* Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
Replacement or Refund of Money
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
If defective or not as advertised therein

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

DON'T SUFFER FROM DRY CRACKED LIPS!

Get quick relief with Fleet's Chap Stick. Gently medicated, it soothes the smarting *fast*—helps heal broken skin. A household standby for over 50 years—now on duty with U. S. Forces all over the world. 25c at all drug stores. Chap Stick Co., Lynchburg, Va.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

and hurried to Doris Taggart's side.

"Look here, Doris," she said. "As long as we've got to work together out there—and maybe live together—how about calling a truce?"

Doris lifted innocent brows. "A truce to what?"

"To—to everything!"

"Why," the tall girl said, "*I'm* perfectly happy the way I've been getting along. Aren't you, Agnes?"

Agnes Bleecker had the grace to flush and look uncomfortable. After a moment she stopped and faced Lennie.

"I know how you feel," she said. "I guess you're right." She held out her hand. "To peace for the duration."

"That's pretty swell of you, Agnes."

"Not at all. I just want to work in a friendly atmosphere."

Lennie was still holding Agnes Bleecker's hand when she saw Doris shrug, turn away, and continue toward the WAFS barracks. Doris, it was apparent, had neither the inclination nor the interest to change matters. Lennie shook a hopeless head.

It hurt. And the pain continued while she packed enough clothes for a few weeks' stay in Wichita. *Doris and Bill,* she thought bitterly. *The immovable two.*

With the suitcase locked, Lennie shook off all thoughts. She got into her fur-lined togs. There was still a parachute to pick up in a hangar, and then she'd be ready to fly. She took up the grip, walked out of the barracks.

OUTSIDE, near the steps, she found Bill Keith waiting. The shock halted her. He had never before done anything like this, though he had been free to walk about the base for several days. His coat was buttoned over the useless left arm.

"The Alert Room officer told me. Thought I'd come say good-by."

"Nice of you, Bill. I'll be back in three weeks."

"But *I'll* be gone. I'll be leaving in a few days."

She suddenly felt cold. Many weeks ago, she couldn't help remembering, in talking of Bill she had said to her father, "I don't know what there is about that man, but—I've got to make him change his mind about me. And I can't do it by running away from him." She hadn't run away, but now Bill was going away from *her.*

A motor began to sputter and roar on the field. Bill Keith looked toward it.

"That's your plane, Lennie."

"Bill, this is all crazy!" She put down the suitcase, determined to be frank. Her eyes became bright in a hard, dangerous way. "It's about time we had a few things out! You—you once said you loved me."

His lean face became cynical and he nodded at the bulge of his arm.

"That was before this happened."

"What's *that* got to do with it?"

"Only that it sort of leaves me nowhere, Lennie. What's a man flyer who can't fly? What am I going to do for a living?"

"You'll find something! I don't care whether you fly or not—I mean, as far as things between *us* go. Besides, I—" Then she stopped, realizing she was throwing herself at Bill Keith—pleading with him.

"Look, Lennie." His voice became harsh. His good hand seized her arm, squeezed it so hard that it hurt, and his eyes burned into hers. "Don't make me say things I'll regret. I'm washed up, see? I'm through! Add that to other considerations and—oh, for heaven's sake, good-by!"

INSPIRATION

The people with money
Ought really to lend it
To those who don't have it
But know how to spend it.

—SIS WILLNER.

"But, Bill—"

"That's all I came to say—*good-by!*" She had never before heard so much bitterness in his voice. "I—I'll drop you a card from the Coast."

Then he touched his cap, turned stiffly, and walked away. She stared after him in misery.

Behind her Agnes Bleecker, hurrying out of the barracks, urged, "Come on. We've got to hop." . . .

The 720-mile flight from the Granger plant in Wichita to Penn Field, Arizona, reached across the mountains of New Mexico. It meant flying high among cold and crazy winds. It meant, for Lennie, fixing her attention on immediate problems, to the exclusion of Bill Keith.

On the first six flights she went with Doris Taggart and Agnes Bleecker. Doris assumed leadership without consultation—without ever thinking about it, probably, because of her longer service in the WAFS. Lennie didn't mind, and Agnes accepted the situation with a quiet smile. After the first few flights, when they had established landmarks among mountain peaks, valleys, and streams, the matter of navigation became routine.

It was the trips back to Wichita that threw them together most intimately — dragging their sixty pounds of equipment through buses and railroad cars, taking eighteen weary hours to make a journey which required less than four by air. After six trips Lennie lived in the constant limpness of exhaustion.

Then, because three planes were not always ready simultaneously, they broke ranks. Doris took the first flight; a few hours later Lennie followed; and when the third plane was rolled out, Agnes took off.

So the return trips, following solo flights, were no longer made together.

ON the last day of the year, when she was to deliver her ninth plane to Penn Field, Lennie came down to breakfast in the Wichita hotel at eight. She had almost reached the dining room when a voice behind her said:

"Take it easy—you're not flying now."

Her heart seemed to jump. She turned with a gasp. *"Bill!* What—what on earth are you doing in Wichita?"

"Thought I'd stop by and let you know I'm being taken out of flight service. They're making me a lieutenant colonel. I'm to be on the Washington staff of General George. Planning routes for the Transport Command."

"Why, Bill, that's *marvelous!"* Then she held her breath. "You didn't come just to tell me—"

He laughed. "As a matter of fact, I'm on my way to the Coast. On leave. Got a lift this far with Major Rider, who's here to test a new filter. Thought I might fly on as far as Penn Field with one of you girls, and then—"

"Of course, Bill! I'll be glad to—"

He shook his head. "Thanks. It's all arranged. I'm flying at nine with Doris Taggart."

She stood still, feeling her muscles become rigid. *Why is it,* she thought, *that whenever we meet I have to leave myself open to a slap?* She could feel the heat of humiliation creeping into her cheeks.

"Two reasons," Bill said.

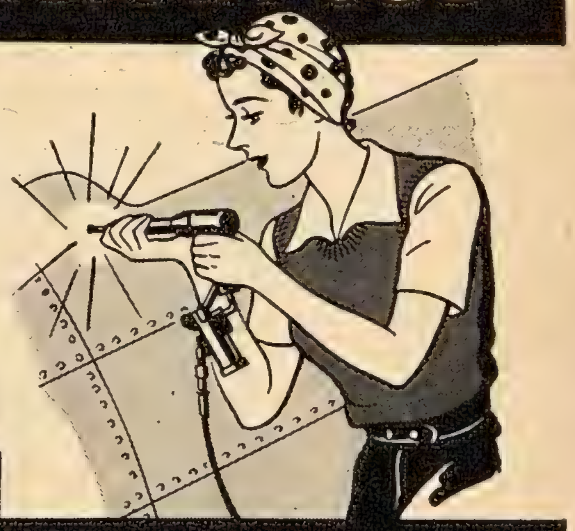
"You don't have to give me reasons."

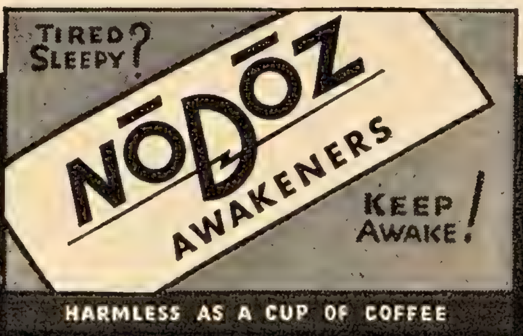
"Maybe not; but I want to. In the first place, I wired my mother I'd be home in time to spend New Year with her. Doris is leaving this morning. I saw her while she had breakfast. If I fly with her, I can make the Coast by tonight—provided I get another lift out of Penn Field. *You* won't be flying till late this afternoon. The plane isn't ready."

"Did Doris tell you that?"

How to KEEP AWAKE ON YOUR VICTORY JOB

Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use NoDoz Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do—*don't take a chance*...TAKE A NODOZ AWAKENER! ©




TIRED? SLEEPY?
NōDōz AWAKENERS
KEEP AWAKE!
HARMLESS AS A CUP OF COFFEE

AT YOUR DRUGGIST . . . 25¢

OVER 50,000,000 NODOZ AWAKENERS HAVE BEEN USED TO FIGHT FATIGUE SINCE 1933

Convenient, easy-to-take tablets—harmless as coffee!

SPECIAL OFFER: Send 10¢ for trial-size package of NoDoz Awakeners
Mail to NoDoz Awakeners, Richfield Building, Oakland, Calif., Dept. L-1

- You help win the war
- You save something for a rainy day!

by BUYING WAR BONDS!

Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!

Switch to Frank

MEDICO FILTERED SMOKING

ABSORBENT FILTERS for Frank MEDICO
PAT'D WITH BAFFLE SCREEN INTERIOR "CELLOPHANE" EXTERIOR
GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX
$1.00

66 Baffle Filter Thrills Smokers

USED IN MEDICO PIPES, CIGAR, AND CIGARETTE HOLDERS

New York—The scientific, absorbent filter has contributed mightily to the smoking pleasure of millions of men and women who have switched to Medico Filtered Smoking. Actually, the smoke must travel through 66 "baffles" before reaching the mouth. Flakes and slugs are trapped; and the smoke is whirl-cooled as it winds its way through the filter.

"MAN *Bites* DOG"

Here's a Barber who approves a Safety Razor Blade

"Always wondered if a safety razor blade could be hollow ground like my barber's straight-edge razor. Now you've done it – and Pal was sure worth waiting for."

Wichita, Kan. V. E. LaCoss

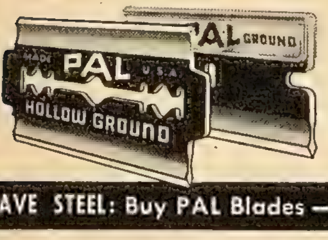
PAL BLADE
FLEXIBLE in razor
USUAL BLADE
RIGID in razor

PAL BLADES ARE HOLLOW GROUND LIKE A BARBER'S RAZOR

They flex in the razor—shave with just a "Feather-touch" stroke.

PAL

"hollow-ground" RAZOR BLADES



4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢
Double or Single Edge

SAVE STEEL: Buy PAL Blades—They Last Longer

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. For a free package of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also a free book entitled "How They May Help One Feel Better," address Carter's, Dept. V-102, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

FOR DRY SCALP AND DULL HAIR USE JERIS HAIR OIL

AT ALL DRUG STORES & BARBER SHOPS

"Yes. I checked with the field, too."

"I see."

"And the second reason is—more personal."

"Now that you've started, you may as well finish."

He looked down at the cap in his hand.

"The truth is, Lennie, flying with you is bound to be an emotional strain."

"One you're afraid of."

"Frankly, yes."

The confession stirred an illogical warmth in Lennie. She took his arm. "Come in and have breakfast with me. We can thrash this out over coffee."

But he drew back. "I had my breakfast. And they won't give me a second cup of coffee. Besides, I've got to get to the field."

She stopped trying to urge him. "So you waited just to—to say good morning and good-by. Bill Keith, sometimes I can't make you out!"

"Sometimes," he admitted, "I have a hard job making myself out. As it happens, I couldn't pass through Wichita without looking you up."

He held out the good hand. "Good-by again, Lennie."

She said tightly, "And look me up any time you're passing through my town. Any time at all. I'll always be on hand to say good-by."

SHE was angry throughout breakfast. Angry at Bill, at herself, at the waiter. She was angry when she phoned the Granger field and learned it would be useless for her to report before three in the afternoon. It wasn't only the memory of Eddie Bonham which now hovered between her and Bill Keith, she realized. It was this new feeling that he was finished as a flyer. Without flying, he appeared to think, he could amount to nothing. And that, too, she was certain, now hung as a barrier between them.

When she reached the Granger field in the afternoon, carrying her suitcase, flying togs, and parachute, she found a ground crew still working on her plane. The propeller turned slowly on a humming engine.

"She's ready and all gassed up," a man in overalls told her, "but you'll have to wait till she's been tested. All we've got to put in now is a new transmitter. Radio isn't working right."

"When can I start?"

"Better ask Mr. Davitt."

Lennie nodded and went to deposit her burdens in a hangar. When she was rid of them, she walked to the administration building.

"Where's Mr. Davitt?" she asked the girl at the desk.

"Up in the control tower, Miss Chase. You want me to ring him?"

"No-o. I'll go up."

The girl gave her a queer glance. "You don't look a bit worried, Miss Chase," she said.

Lennie had started to walk off, but she glanced back in perplexity. "About what?"

"Miss Taggart. Didn't you know she's missing?"

"Missing?"

The girl nodded. "She should've reached Penn Field at one. They say her ignition must have got gummed up. Radio stopped about eleven and they haven't heard from her since."

Lennie felt a cold stream of horror trickle through her. She stared at the girl, seized the edge of the desk. "Are—are they searching?"

"Oh, sure. Army planes."

"She—had a passenger—"

"That's right. A Major Keith."

Lennie raced up the stairs. She couldn't be admitted to the control tower, but there was a small anteroom in which she found Wallace Davitt, the gray-haired traffic manager, talking to several other men. When she broke in on their conference, she was breathless.

"Any word, Mr. Davitt?"

He frowned at her. "Not a thing. Of course they're only two hours late."

"What—what about this ignition trouble?"

"Just a guess. All we know is their radio died." Wallace Davitt saw the terror in her eyes, and he tried to be reassuring. "No sense getting too scared, Miss Chase. They've got a dozen army planes hunting over the mountains right now. Left Penn Field at two."

Lennie wasn't thinking of the army planes. She was remembering her own crash in the Rockies. The wreck of her plane hidden by timber, so that it was hardly visible from the air. Eddie Bonham dead in the debris. And she saw Bill as she had been—Bill and Doris in the wreckage of a plane, waiting to die.

THE vision drained her of all color. She said to Wallace Davitt, "Let me take my plane and start. I know where to look!"

He said, "It isn't ready. Hasn't been tested."

"But I've *got* to go! I know all the landmarks Doris followed. We've flown over them together six times."

"You can't do more than twelve army planes are doing."

"I can! The army planes don't know the route she took."

"Didn't she ride the beam?"

"No! She flew contact. She flew to avoid bumpy air, downdrafts, head winds, high peaks! It's a zigzag route. I can't chart it, but I know—"

Davitt frowned. "She had no right to—"

"She used her judgment. It was usually good judgment. I can't map her course, but I tell you I can find it by landmarks!"

Wallace Davitt patted her arm. "You go down and take it easy, Miss Chase. They'll find her, all right."

Lennie went down, but not to take it easy. She went down with one of those wild impulses that were forever causing her trouble. She'd succumbed to such an impulse the day she had flown off with Andy Rogers. She'd done it again when she had risked her career in the WAFS to see Bill Keith taken out of the transport. Now she had to stake her future once more. For what she was going to do she might be dropped from the WAFS, might lose her flying license. Yet it had to be done. *She knew where to seek Doris Taggart's plane.*

She ran to the hangar and got into her flying togs. When she'd strapped on the parachute, she went out to the liaison plane. Its propellers were still turning and the ground crew was standing close to it, bent over radio equipment.

THEY didn't see Lennie until she was climbing into the cockpit. Then one of the mechanics looked up and yelled, "Hey!"

"It's all right!" Lennie shouted. "I'm testing. Just talked to Davitt!"

"You got no phone in there!"

"Don't need it to test!"

She pulled the door shut. There was no time to close the hood of the cockpit now. That could wait. As she sat down, the mechanics yelled to her, waved their arms in protest. But she opened the throttle wide and the roar of the motor overwhelmed their cries. She glanced toward the control tower and saw somebody waving his arms.

Well, it was too late to stop now. She didn't want to stop! She taxied out to the runway, turned into the wind. Perhaps this flight would be her last; but she knew where to search for Doris Taggart's plane—and for Bill—and that was the only thing that counted now.

The motor thundered. Hunched forward, Lennie raced down the runway, with the wind thrashing her face. She no longer looked at the control tower. Halfway down the field, she took off, climbed to 1,500 feet, then banked westward toward the mountains of New Mexico.

Once more Lennie has risked her career in the WAFS for Bill. Will it mean discharge? The dramatic final chapter of this swift exciting novel will appear next week.

FOOD MAGIC IN THE ARMY

Continued from Page 27

pressed graham crackers, enriched biscuits, a fruit bar, canned ham and eggs, dextrose malted-milk tablets, soluble coffee, sugar, chewing gum, and four cigarettes. Enough for a good hearty breakfast! Dinner and supper are on the same scale.

Another development is ration D, for use in extreme emergency, when all other foods are lacking, or to give troops extra energy when engaged in continuous combat, with no opportunity to prepare or eat their regular meals. Ration D consists of three four-ounce bars of concentrated chocolate, sugar, skim-milk powder, cocoa fat, oat flour, vanillin and vitamin B—150 I. U.

This formula prevents the chocolate from "oozing," even at high temperatures.

EVERY ration, while containing the ingredients of a balanced diet, is designed for a specific purpose. For example, the mountain ration must be light in weight for ease in carrying—with a high caloric value for energy. Since water is no problem on mountains, this ration can consist largely of dehydrated foods. The desert ration, however, must lean more heavily toward food with liquid content and salt. Canned fruit juices are essential. They're experimenting now with a five-in-one ration, all tinned foods, for five men separated from their base but able to do light cooking. A special ration for the Air Forces is also in preparation, consisting of foods that won't form gas on the stomach, because at high altitudes gas expands rapidly and causes acute pain.

In the Chemical Section of the laboratory Captain L. W. Horne is interested in how food reacts to varying conditions. He determines, by chemical analysis, the value of fatty foods. In housewives' language, he ascertains at what point they will grow rancid. Here are carried on all the experiments on the shortening products used by the army in bread and pastries.

One of the products is the new "army spread." Ordinary butter melts at 93 degrees. "Army spread" has a butter base in which has been incorporated fresh cheese curd and skim-milk powder. The cheese does not start to melt until 140 degrees and will retain its soft character until the mercury hits 32 degrees. It looks and tastes like sweet butter—with slight cheese flavor.

Next to the selection of the food itself, the most important problem

New Vicks Inhaler Makes Nose Feel Clearer In Seconds

YOU CAN USE IT AS OFTEN AS NEEDED
VICKS Inhaler
USE AS SOOTH... REPEAT ...
Charged With ... Salicylate 2 c.c.
TURN TO OPEN

When your nose stuffs up from a cold, get greater breathing comfort—quick—with the new handy Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective medication that makes the nose feel clearer in seconds. And you can use it as often as needed!

VICKS INHALER

CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm, brings comfort. VICKS VAPORUB

THE GREATEST WEAPON WE CAN PUT IN THE HANDS OF OUR MEN IS THE FEELING THAT AMERICA CARES DEEPLY FOR THEIR WELFARE.

GIVE TO THE U. S. O.

Beyond the shadow of a doubt, top-quality Cat's Paw rubber heels and soles wear better, stop slipping, stay level, longest.

CAT'S PAW

Non-Slip Rubber Heels & Soles

CLICK!
Enders shaving's easier. Just click blade in and go.

QUICK!
Enders modern design streamlines your shaves—saves time.

SLICK!
Enders *twice-thicker* blade can be *stropped* many times—to keep 'em shaving—and smoothly!

Enders users—Save steel. Send $1 for Enders Stropper.

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

Wonderful for Skin and Scalp Irritations

Effective Home Treatment Promptly Relieves Torture!

To quickly soothe the itching, burning of eczema, psoriasis, skin and scalp irritations due to external cause—apply odorless *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years' success. Zemo ALSO aids healing. Being stainless, invisible—you can apply Zemo anytime—it won't show on skin. Over 25,000,000 packages sold! 35¢, 60¢, $1.00. **ZEMO**

FOR VICTORY
BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

You profit two ways:
- You help win the war
- You save something for a rainy day!

by BUYING WAR BONDS!
Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!

If You Suffer Distress From
Monthly **FEMALE WEAKNESS**
And Want To Build Up Red Blood

If at such times *you* suffer pain, tired, nervous feelings, distress of "irregularities"—due to functional monthly disturbances — start *at once* — try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound TABLETS (with added iron)—so helpful to relieve such distress because of their soothing effect on *one of woman's most important organs.*

Taken regularly — Pinkham's help build up resistance against such symptoms. Also, their iron helps build up red blood. Follow label directions.

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 853 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

is keeping it pure and fresh. "Packing," Colonel Isker points out, "must protect food against moisture, heat, cold, insects, dust, dirt, and warfare gas."

Cellophane, the only material which is proof against mustard gas, is widely used in packing. So is moisture- and odor-proof aluminum foil. Packages are dipped in or sealed with wax. Tin cans are used but efforts are being made to find substitutes.

Captain S. G. Dunlop, the laboratory bacteriologist, concentrates on discovering the cause of spoilage in any ration adopted by the army. His quarters are filled with what appear to be electric refrigerators, but are really constant-temperature cabinets. Each is regulated so as to reproduce the climate of some country. Various foods are placed inside, dated, and left there for months, to test for the development of thermophilic organisms, which originate at temperatures above 100 degrees. If Captain Dunlop discovers something has gone bad on him, he checks back and finds out how to eliminate the hazard without changing the food value.

No army is happy without meat, especially our doughboys. Americans are meat eaters. Colonel Isker's crew has gone to town on meat. Under the guidance of Lt. Col. J. H. White, the meat section of the laboratory has developed many new products.

BONELESS beef is number one on its list. The scientists found there was no flavor or juice supplied by the bone, so they eliminated it for overseas shipment. They evolved a method of boning complete carcasses which saves 70 per cent in shipping space and 30 per cent in waste, to say nothing of time and labor conserved in preparation. The finished product is divided up into 25 per cent ground meat, 25 per cent stew meat, 50 per cent for roasts and steaks, and is then packed in fifty-pound boxes. Probably all overseas beef in the future will be of the boneless variety. They can duplicate the process with lamb, and are awaiting the "go" signal from the proper authorities.

You will hear a lot in the future about "war hams." By removing the shank, fifteen hams can be packed where only twelve went before—a saving of 20 per cent in storage space. Sausage is made from the discarded shanks, bone meal and gelatin from the bones.

Another trick with war hams lies in the curing. Longer smoking and curing makes it possible to keep them four or five months without refrigeration.

After the experimental work on a new product has been finished and approved, another section prepares and issues specifications, to give all food bidders an identical understanding of army requirements. For of course the laboratory itself does not manufacture food. Its specifications are turned over to commercial firms for mass production.

TODAY the Quartermaster Subsistence Laboratory belongs exclusively to the army. But we all have a stake in it. For on its studies and experiments a bridge is being built into a new food domain, a bridge which all of us in the United States will cross when the war is over. The cautious and modest staff scientists are cagey about prophesying how their work will change the eating habits of the nation. Yet they do agree on certain concrete benefits to be derived from it.

1. The nutrition studies in troop feeding in every part of the world and under all types of conditions will be of great benefit to every one. The army will have made exhaustive studies of vitamins, minerals, protein intake, how much sugar and fat the system can tolerate, and these findings will be available to the nutritionists of the nation.

2. Marching back from war will come ten million men who have formed correct eating habits. They will never be willing to fall back again on a deficient, unscientific diet. Remember, these new foods are not medicines; they have eye and taste appeal.

3. Our growing understanding of food is already leading to a huge educational program. Government pamphlets, magazines, radio talks are teaching the public food values. Families are going to be food-conscious and better fed, which will give us a stronger nation.

4. The new products developed for army use will be available to the public. Immensely improved dehydrated soups and vegetables, instant cereals, cooling and health-giving drinks will be on every pantry shelf. Our food horizon will be broadened to the ends of the earth. Exotic foods from distant countries, because of our improved knowledge of processing and packaging, will be accepted as a matter of course.

5. Distribution will be simplified. The new types of packages have less weight, less volume, and should cost less to distribute. The new foods can be prepared for the table more easily. You, Mrs. Jones, will not only be free from kitchen drudgery but your storage space and refrigeration problems will be reduced to a minimum.

THE END

HELEN OF NYACK—Continued from Page 21

her occasional brief responses are noncommittal masterpieces — since it's doubtful that she's heard anything at all.

Although Miss Hayes minimizes her contribution to the war effort, she's actually done a good deal. From the beginning she lined up unequivocally on the side of Intervention, and worked hard on the committees dedicated to that cause. Apart from her activities as a vice-president of the American Theater Wing War Service, she has spoken to hundreds of thousands of people throughout the country at various patriotic rallies, and in behalf of Russian, British, and Chinese war relief.

LONG one of the more articulate Fascist haters, Miss Hayes was pleased by a story she heard some time ago from a young girl, a German refugee. As a youngster in Berlin, the girl had clipped all items relating to Helen Hayes and pasted them in a scrapbook. When the Nazis started their anti-Semitic persecutions, the girl's family decided to leave Germany with her while there was still time. At the border, the Nazis confiscated every paper in their possession and held the family overnight. Next morning all the papers were returned, with the single exception of the Hayes scrapbook. The officer in charge angrily explained: "Helen Hayes is an enemy of the German Reich!"

Seeing her in more relaxed moments, it's difficult to conceive of Miss Hayes as an enemy of anything at all, much less the Gestapo. No one roots louder at a baseball game, cries harder at a sentimental movie, or flings more peanuts to the monkeys at the zoo.

She's very impressive at the zoo, any zoo, because she's always been there before. She can tell you the exact number of pandas, giraffes, and hippopotamuses in the country, giving you their proper ages and zoological classification. When she calls "Go hide" to a certain white cockatoo at the Chicago Brookfield Zoo, he picks up his feeding pan, runs with it to the rear of his cage, and crouches behind it as noiselessly as a Commando. In Cincinnati, Jimmy and Sally, a pair of chimps from the local zoo, invariably turn up for a visit in her dressing room.

Another valued acquaintance is an aardvark in St. Louis. Recognizing her interest as genuine, curators and keepers entrust her with all the latest back-cage gossip, and her fund of animal lore is fabulous.

Her preoccupation with the animal kingdom also extends to the livestock on the MacArthur farm—an interest sometimes evidenced at rather incongruous moments. Such a moment occurred in Boston last year. Miss Hayes, playing there in Candle in the Wind prior to the New York opening, was as close to exhaustion as she ever gets. She went to a beauty salon and lay in a luxurious mountain of perfumed suds. An attendant hovered close, ever watchful, ever soothing. But suddenly there came a restrained clack of disapproval. "Come, come," said the young woman. "Now we're not relaxing. There's a line between our eyes. What are we thinking about?" Miss Hayes sat up in the temple of beauty, its walls painted a subtle flesh pink, its ceiling covered with silver-starred paper. "Oh," she said, "I was just wishing that Jersey had had a heifer instead of a bull."

Miss Hayes always sees a good deal of the country on foot. She is a phenomenal walker, stomping off seven or eight miles without a blink. Although she walks for pleasure, there is usually an objective. This means a brisk pace, through which she remains maddeningly unaffected by strong men who falter in the rear. A familiar sight in Nyack is Mr. MacArthur—to whom three steps are anathema—plodding home alone, having left his wife just as she was warming to her stride. Only her secretary, Margaret English, who is even slighter than Miss Hayes, can regularly withstand the mileage. Together they will spend a day hiking around the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago, walk two miles to the theater that evening, and another two getting back to the hotel. And in the East, no matter how tired Miss Hayes is when she reaches Nyack at night, she never fails to lead the dogs on a major swing. Walking rests her; she takes to it as other people take to their beds for a nap.

THE fact that few of her friends can survive these route marches is a source of disappointment to Miss Hayes, since along with her walking she likes talking. And for those who are able to keep the pace the talk is very good indeed. Always a graphic conversationalist, Miss Hayes reaches her zenith in what might be described as her walkie-talkie moments. Perhaps that's because she can converse with her mind free from the detailed world of phones and telegrams and all the other interruptions that close in when people know where to find her. Talking with Helen Hayes when she's on her own, one realizes that were she

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

LAST WEEK we said something about authors' looks in relation to their stories. Is there any connection? For instance, do you think that after studying Cecile Gilmore's picture you would declare, "I'd know a girl with that face would write a charming, sensitive story like Such Sweet Sorrow"?

At all events, Cecile was born on Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Georgia. Her literary efforts began with composing poetry as a little schoolgirl in the shadows of the family barn.

THE AUTHOR of The Ghost's Return, Stanley F. Donath, also in these pages, is an Austrian of Czechoslovakian parents. When Hitler took over, he "went underground," crossed to Switzerland, and finally flew to London, where after a year of red tape he was permitted to sail for America. His tastes are decidedly various: newsreels, Beethoven, fresh rye bread, and, to quote him, "the smell of babies." (The Donaths have a toddling son.)

ERNEST KIDDER LINDLEY, whose Ten Years of Roosevelt and Hitler is in this issue, is well known as an all-round newspaper man and political writer. For ten or more years he has made a study of Roosevelt the man, his ideas and policies, and written several books on his findings.

CREDIT FOR TAKING the fine photograph of the American eagle which was reproduced on the February 27 Liberty cover was not given to L. Willinger, to whom it belongs. Sorry, sir.

THE EDITORS

not famous as an actress she would probably be famous as something else. Her ideas stem from an informed and challenging mind. Her judgment is unsentimental, based on fact not fancy, and aided by a keen power of observation.

Even her temper is rather specialized, flaring up from time to time, brief and memorable as an electric shock. Miss Hayes regards those seizures as some kind of Irish aberration, and tries to give advance notice when she feels one coming on. But the transition from placidity to rage is so abrupt, it terrifies people. Jed Harris, who produced Coquette and is widely celebrated as an intimidator of actresses, met his master when he met Miss Hayes. Explaining his defeat, he says: "I just look at that face and see all those lines going down, and I run."

More recently, Gilbert Miller, under whose auspices Harriet is being presented, fled from a stormy session with its star, and immediately got Charles MacArthur on the phone. "Listen, Charlie," he said. "I'm terribly worried about poor Helen. I've never known her to act this way. Why, she's apt to have a breakdown or something. I'm really afraid for her health." To which MacArthur replied: "Look. Stop worrying about Helen's health; just keep your guard up or you'll lose your left eye!"

HELEN HAYES is sometimes described as an actress who has capitalized her commercial assets to the fullest. Being an excellent business woman, she has. But that is an incidental consideration. All the money in the world couldn't have persuaded her to continue acting in motion pictures. She made them, half a dozen of them, until her dislike of Hollywood became so great that she decided she would make no more. Since then she has rejected some twenty-three offers to return. Next she turned to radio, which interfered neither with her Broadway engagements nor with her extensive road tours.

Because of her willingness to try each new entertainment medium, Helen Hayes has probably made more frequent contact with more people in this country than any other stage star. Which is by no means a fortuitous achievement. She's always regarded good drama as an enriching experience to be spread throughout the land. And, in no small way because of her, every home from Azusa to Allentown, from Pomona to Peoria, has been able to share in the wondrous alchemy that is the theater.

THE END

PITY THE POOR WHITE-COLLAR MAN

THE farmers' organizations and their strong bloc in Congress are always trying to get a bigger helping of the gravy for the toilers of the soil. Sometimes it takes a little maneuvering, but in the end the farmer usually winds up with a bigger wad of money in his pocket than he had before.

We're not saying he isn't entitled to it. Maybe he is. At any rate, the farmer is able to give reasons from here to breakfast why he is bound to go broke unless he gets constantly higher prices.

But every time farm prices go up, organized labor wants more wages and sets about getting them by direct and forceful means. We're not discussing the right or wrong of this, either. It's logical, we suppose, for labor to ask higher wages when living costs go up. As the saying goes, a man must eat and feed his family.

But there's a large group of people in this country, neither farmers nor wage earners, who also have families to feed. We refer to the white-collar salaried workers, civil employees, small storekeepers, professional men, etc. This group always gets it in the neck in the tug of war between the farmer and the industrial worker. It's beginning to hurt.

As we understand it, the cost of living was supposed to be stabilized and inflation prevented. This good intention is in process of being nullified, and poor old John Q. White Collar stands in a fair way to take the rap again.

Let's stop kidding ourselves. If, as we all agree, nobody wants inflation, let's not have it. And the way not to have it is to allow no prices to rise anywhere. To permit higher farm prices is to set in motion a chain of increases all along the line, with no net gain to any one.

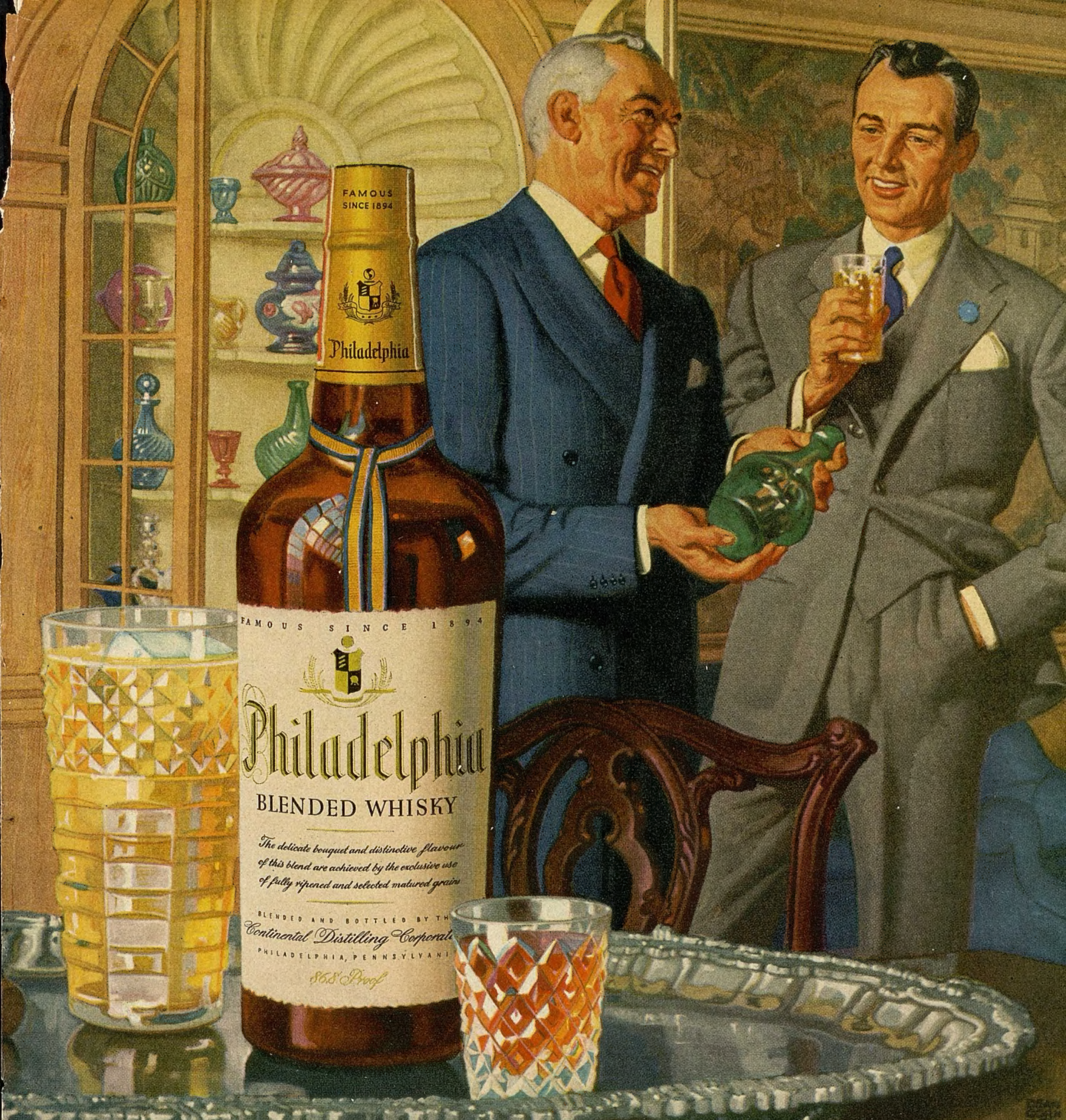
We're none of us doing too badly in a country at war. Sacrifice is supposed to be the order of the day, yet there is little visible evidence of any one sacrificing to any great extent, except the men who are giving up their jobs and home life to don their country's uniform. The farmer's income is higher today than ever before. The wage earner is making more money than he ever did. What if the factory owner is able to count bigger profits? He's hardly got them in his hands long enough to count them before they go to the tax collector.

If all of us, individually and in groups, stop trying to chisel a better deal for ourselves at the other fellow's expense, we'll ride out this war on a firm and solid footing.

It's time the farm and labor groups realized the white-collar guy is not going to stand much more squeezing. One of these days he's going to get mad and do a little squeezing on his own hook.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL


FAMOUS
SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavour of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY TH
Continental Distilling Corporati
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANI
86.8° Proof

Heritage of Hospitality

86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Sp

YES, THE FINE ART OF HOSPITALITY SET A GLORIOUS STANDARD IN EARLY AMERICAN DAYS. IT FOUND EXPRESSION IN SUCH PLEASANT FORMS AS THE EXQUISITE GLASSWARE ROM EARLY NEW JERSEY. MUSEUM PIECES NOW, BUT A DELIGHTFUL SETTING FOR THAT GRACIOUS CULTURE WHICH FLOWERED IN PHILADELPHIA. TODAY THIS TRADITION IS PROUDLY UPHELD BY PHILADELPHIA BLENDED WHISKY. YOU SENSE, WITH YOUR FIRST DELIGHTED IP, THAT HERE IS A WHISKY OF DISTINGUISHED BACKGROUND, ORDINARILY RESERVED OR SPECIAL OCCASIONS . . . YET ONE YOU CAN ENJOY, REGULARLY AND OFTEN.

FAMOUS SINCE 1894

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

MAKING HOME PORT
The men of the American Merchant Marine are doing the greatest ocean transport job in history

ON THE LONG VOYAGE OUT AND THE LONG VOYAGE HOME . . .

where a cigarette counts most . . .

IT'S CHESTERFIELD

. . . and Chesterfields count *plenty* these days . . . they give pleasure where other pleasures can't be had.

When your hours are long and you're working hard you'll like Chesterfields . . . they're Milder, Cooler and have the Better Taste that only the *right combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.

TRY CHESTERFIELDS TODAY — YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE

BUY
U.S. BONDS
STAMPS

Copyright 1943, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.